

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXIX. — JUNE, 1872. — NO. CLXXVI.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

VI.

IT is not in our power, nor in our wish, to produce the original form, nor yet the spirit, of a production which is better lost to the world: because it was the expression of a human intellect originally greatly gifted and capable of high things, but gone utterly astray, partly by its own subtlety, partly by yielding to the temptations of the lower part of its nature, by yielding the spiritual to a keen sagacity of lower things, until it was quite fallen; and yet fallen in such a way, that it seemed not only to itself, but to mankind, not fallen at all, but wise and good, and fulfilling all the ends of intellect in such a life as ours, and proving, moreover, that earthly life was good, and all that the development of our nature demanded. All this is better forgotten; better burnt; better never thought over again; and all the more, because its aspect was so wise, and even praiseworthy. But what we must preserve of it were certain rules of life and moral diet, not exactly expressed in the document, but which, as it were, on its being duly received into Septimius's mind, were precipitated from

the rich solution, and crystallized into diamonds, and which he found to be the moral dietetics, so to speak, by observing which he was to achieve the end of earthly immortality, whose physical nostrum was given in the recipe which, with the help of Doctor Portsoaken and his Aunt Keziah, he had already pretty satisfactorily made out.

“Keep thy heart at seventy throbs in a minute; all more than that wears away life too quickly. If thy respiration be too quick, think with thyself that thou hast sinned against natural order and moderation.

“Drink not wine nor strong drink; and observe that this rule is worthiest in its symbolic meaning.

“Bask daily in the sunshine, and let it rest on thy heart.

“Run not; leap not; walk at a steady pace, and count thy paces per day.

“If thou feelest, at any time, a throb of the heart, pause on the instant, and analyze it; fix thy mental eye steadfastly upon it, and inquire why such commotion is.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. XXIX. — NO. 176.

41

"Hate not any man nor woman ; be not angry, unless at any time thy blood seem a little cold and torpid ; cut out all rankling feelings, they are poisonous to thee. If, in thy waking moments, or in thy dreams, thou hast thoughts of strife or unpleasantness with any man, strive quietly with thyself to forget him.

"Have no friendships with an imperfect man, with a man in bad health, of violent passions, of any characteristic that evidently disturbs his own life, and so may have disturbing influence on thine. Shake not any man by the hand, because thereby, if there be any evil in the man, it is likely to be communicated to thee.

"Kiss no woman if her lips be red ; look not upon her if she be very fair. Touch not her hand if thy finger-tips be found to thrill with hers ever so little. On the whole, shun woman, for she is apt to be a disturbing influence. If thou love her, all is over, and thy whole past and remaining labor and pains will be in vain.

"Do some decent degree of good and kindness in thy daily life, for the result is a slight pleasurable sense that will seem to warm and delectate thee with felicitous self-laudings ; and all that brings thy thoughts, to thyself tends to invigorate that central principle by the growth of which thou art to give thyself indefinite life.

"Do not any act manifestly evil ; it may grow upon thee, and corrode thee in after-years. Do not any foolish good act ; it may change thy wise habits.

"Eat no spiced meats. Young chickens, new-fallen lambs, fruits, bread four days old, milk, freshest butter, will make thy fleshy tabernacle youthful.

"From sick people, maimed wretches, afflicted people, — all of whom show themselves at variance with things as they should be, — from people beyond their wits, from people in a melancholic mood, from people in extravagant joy, from teething children, from dead corpses, turn away thine eyes and depart elsewhere.

"If beggars haunt thee, let thy servants drive them away, thou withdrawing out of ear-shot.

"Crying and sickly children, and teething children, as aforesaid, carefully avoid. Drink the breath of wholesome infants as often as thou conveniently canst, — it is good for thy purpose ; also the breath of buxom maids, if thou mayest without undue disturbance of the flesh, drink it as a morning-draught, as medicine ; also the breath of cows as they return from rich pasture at eventide.

"If thou seest human poverty, or suffering, and it trouble thee, strive moderately to relieve it, seeing that thus thy mood will be changed to a pleasant self-laudation.

"Practise thyself in a certain continual smile, for its tendency will be to compose thy frame of being, and keep thee from too much wear.

"Search not to see if thou hast a gray hair ; scrutinize not thy forehead to find a wrinkle ; nor the corners of thy eyes to discover if they be corrugated. Such things, being gazed at, daily take heart and grow.

"Desire nothing too fervently, not even life ; yet keep thy hold upon it mightily, quietly, unshakably, for as long as thou really art resolved to live, Death, with all his force, shall have no power against thee.

"Walk not beneath tottering ruins, nor houses being put up, nor climb to the top of a mast, nor approach the edge of a precipice, nor stand in the way of the lightning, nor cross a swollen river, nor voyage at sea, nor ride a skittish horse, nor be shot at by an arrow, nor confront a sword, nor put thyself in the way of violent death ; for this is hateful, and breaketh through all wise rules.

"Say thy prayers at bedtime, if thou deemest it will give thee quieter sleep ; yet let it not trouble thee if thou forgettest them.

"Change thy shirt daily ; thereby thou castest off yesterday's decay, and imbibest the freshness of the morning's life, which enjoy with smelling to roses

and other healthy and fragrant flowers, and live the longer for it. Roses are made to that end.

"Read not great poets; they stir up thy heart; and the human heart is a soil which, if deeply stirred, is apt to give out noxious vapors."

Such were some of the precepts which Septimius gathered and reduced to definite form out of this wonderful document; and he appreciated their wisdom, and saw clearly that they must be absolutely essential to the success of the medicine with which they were connected. In themselves, almost, they seemed capable of prolonging life to an indefinite period, so wisely were they conceived, so well did they apply to the causes which almost invariably wear away this poor, short life of men, years and years before even the shattered constitutions that they received from their forefathers need compel them to die. He deemed himself well rewarded for all his labor and pains, should nothing else follow but his reception and proper appreciation of these wise rules; but continually, as he read the manuscript, more truths, and, for aught I know, profounder and more practical ones, developed themselves; and, indeed, small as the manuscript looked, Septimius thought that he should find a volume as big as the most ponderous folio in the college library too small to contain its wisdom. It seemed to drip and distil with precious fragrant drops, whenever he took it out of his desk; it diffused wisdom like those vials of perfume which, small as they look, keep diffusing an airy wealth of fragrance for years and years together, scattering their virtue in incalculable volumes of invisible vapor, and yet are none the less in bulk for all they give; whenever he turned over the yellow leaves, bits of gold, diamonds of good size, precious pearls, seemed to drop out from between them.

And now ensued a surprise which, though of a happy kind, was almost too much for him to bear; for it made his

heart beat considerably faster than the wise rules of his manuscript prescribed. Going up on his hill-top, as summer wore away (he had not been there for some time), and walking by the little flowery hillock, as so many a hundred times before, what should he see there but a new flower, that during the time he had been poring over the manuscript so sedulously had developed itself, blossomed, put forth its petals, bloomed into full perfection, and now, with the dew of the morning upon it, was waiting to offer itself to Septimius? He trembled as he looked at it, it was too much almost to bear; — it was so very beautiful, so very stately, so very rich, so very mysterious and wonderful. It was like a person, like a life! Whence did it come? He stood apart from it, gazing in wonder; tremulously taking in its aspect, and thinking of the legends he had heard from Aunt Keziah and from Sybil Dacy; and how that this flower, like the one that their wild traditions told of, had grown out of a grave, — out of a grave in which he had laid one slain by himself.

The flower was of the richest crimson, illuminated with a golden centre of a perfect and stately beauty. From the best descriptions that I have been able to gain of it, it was more like a dahlia than any other flower with which I have acquaintance; yet it does not satisfy me to believe it really of that species, for the dahlia is not a flower of any deep characteristics, either lively or malignant, and this flower, which Septimius found so strangely, seems to have had one or the other. If I have rightly understood, it had a fragrance which the dahlia lacks; and there was something hidden in its centre, a mystery, even in its fullest bloom, not developing itself so openly as the heartless, yet not dishonest, dahlia. I remember in England to have seen a flower at Eaton Hall, in Cheshire, in those magnificent gardens, which may have been like this, but my remembrance of it is not sufficiently distinct to enable me to describe it better than by saying that it was crimson, with a

gleam of gold in its centre, which yet was partly hidden. It had many petals of great richness.

Septimius, bending eagerly over the plant, saw that this was not to be the only flower that it would produce that season; on the contrary, there was to be a great abundance of them, a luxuriant harvest; as if the crimson offspring of this one plant would cover the whole hillock,—as if the dead youth beneath had burst into a resurrection of many crimson flowers! And in its veiled heart, moreover, there was a mystery like death, although it seemed to cover something bright and golden.

Day after day the strange crimson flower bloomed more and more abundantly, until it seemed almost to cover the little hillock, which became a mere bed of it, apparently turning all its capacity of production to this flower; for the other plants, Septimius thought, seemed to shrink away, and give place to it, as if they were unworthy to compare with the richness, glory, and worth of this their queen. The fervent summer burned into it, the dew and the rain ministered to it; the soil was rich, for it was a human heart contributing its juices,—a heart in its fiery youth sodden in its own blood, so that passion, unsatisfied loves and longings, ambition that never won its object, tender dreams and throbs, angers, lusts, hates, all concentrated by life, came sprouting in it, and its mysterious being, and streaks and shadows had some meaning in each of them.

The two girls, when they next ascended the hill, saw the strange flower, and Rose admired it, and wondered at it, but stood at a distance, without showing an attraction towards it, rather an undefined aversion, as if she thought it might be a poison flower; at any rate she would not be inclined to wear it in her bosom. Sybil Dacy examined it closely, touched its leaves, smelt it, looked at it with a botanist's eye, and at last remarked to Rose, "Yes, it grows well in this new soil; methinks it looks like a new human life."

"What is the strange flower?" asked Rose.

"The *Sanguinea sanguinissima*," said Sybil.

It so happened about this time that poor Aunt Keziah, in spite of her constant use of that bitter mixture of hers, was in a very bad state of health. She looked all of an unpleasant yellow, with bloodshot eyes; she complained terribly of her inwards. She had an ugly rheumatic hitch in her motion from place to place, and was heard to mutter many wishes that she had a broomstick to fly about upon, and she used to bind up her head with a dish-clout, or what looked to be such, and would sit by the kitchen fire even in the warm days, bent over it, crouching as if she wanted to take the whole fire into her poor cold heart or gizzard,—groaning regularly with each breath a spiteful and resentful groan, as if she fought womanfully with her infirmities; and she continually smoked her pipe, and sent out the breath of her complaint visibly in that evil odor; and sometimes she murmured a little prayer, but somehow or other the evil and bitterness, acridity, pepperiness, of her natural disposition overcame the acquired grace which compelled her to pray, insomuch that, after all, you would have thought the poor old woman was cursing with all her rheumatic might. All the time an old, broken-nosed, brown earthen jug, covered with the lid of a black teapot, stood on the edge of the embers, steaming forever, and sometimes bubbling a little, and giving a great puff, as if it were sighing and groaning in sympathy with poor Aunt Keziah, and when it sighed there came a great steam of herby fragrance, not particularly pleasant, into the kitchen. And ever and anon,—half a dozen times it might be,—of an afternoon, Aunt Keziah took a certain bottle from a private receptacle of hers, and also a teacup, and likewise a little, old-fashioned silver teaspoon, with which she measured three teaspoonfuls of some spirituous liquor into the teacup, half filled

the cup with the hot decoction, drank it off, gave a grunt of content, and for the space of half an hour appeared to find life tolerable.

But one day poor Aunt Keziah found herself unable, partly from rheumatism, partly from other sickness or weakness, and partly from dolorous ill-spirits, to keep about any longer, so she betook herself to her bed; and betimes in the forenoon Septimius heard a tremendous knocking on the floor of her bedchamber, which happened to be the room above his own. He was the only person in or about the house; so, with great reluctance, he left his studies, which were upon the recipe, in respect to which he was trying to make out the mode of concoction, which was told in such a mysterious way that he could not well tell either the quantity of the ingredients, the mode of trituration, or in what way their virtue was to be extracted and combined.

Running hastily up stairs, he found Aunt Keziah lying in bed, and groaning with great spite and bitterness; so that, indeed, it seemed not improvidential that such an inimical state of mind towards the human race was accompanied with an almost inability of motion, else it would not be safe to be within a considerable distance of her.

"Seppy, you good-for-nothing, are you going to see me lying here dying, without trying to do anything for me?"

"Dying, Aunt Keziah?" repeated the young man. "I hope not! What can I do for you? Shall I go for Rose? or call a neighbor in? or the doctor?"

"No, no, you fool!" said the afflicted person. "You can do all that anybody can for me; and that is to put my mixture on the kitchen fire till it steams, and is just ready to bubble; then measure three teaspoonfuls — or it may be four, as I am very bad — of spirit into a teacup, fill it half full, — or it may be quite full, for I am very bad, as I said afore; six teaspoonfuls of spirit into a cup of mixture, and let me have it as soon as may be; and don't break

the cup, nor spill the precious mixture, for goodness knows when I can go into the woods to gather any more. Ah me! ah me! it's a wicked, miserable world, and I am the most miserable creature in it. Be quick, you good-for-nothing, and do as I say!"

Septimius hastened down; but as he went, a thought came into his head, which it occurred to him might result in great benefit to Aunt Keziah, as well as to the great cause of science and human good, and to the promotion of his own purpose, in the first place. A day or two ago he had gathered several of the beautiful flowers, and laid them in the fervid sun to dry; and they now seemed to be in about the state in which the old woman was accustomed to use her herbs, so far as Septimius had observed. Now, if these flowers were really, as there was so much reason for supposing, the one ingredient that had for hundreds of years been missing out of Aunt Keziah's nostrum, — if it was this which that strange Indian sagamore had mingled with his drink with such beneficial effect, — why should not Septimius now restore it, and if it would not make his beloved aunt young again, at least assuage the violent symptoms, and perhaps prolong her valuable life some years, for the solace and delight of her numerous friends? Septimius, like other people of investigating and active minds, had a great tendency to experiment, and so good an opportunity as the present, where (perhaps he thought) there was so little to be risked at worst, and so much to be gained, was not to be neglected; so, without more ado, he stirred three of the crimson flowers into the earthen jug, set it on the edge of the fire, stirred it well, and when it steamed, threw up little scarlet bubbles, and was about to boil, he measured out the spirits, as Aunt Keziah had bidden him, and then filled the teacup.

"Ah, this will do her good; little does she think, poor old thing, what a rare and costly medicine is about to be given her. This will set her on her feet again."

The hue was somewhat changed, he thought, from what he had observed of Aunt Keziah's customary decoction; instead of a turbid yellow, the crimson petals of the flower had tinged it, and made it almost red; not a brilliant red, however, nor the least inviting in appearance. Septimius smelt it, and thought he could distinguish a little of the rich odor of the flower, but was not sure. He considered whether to taste it; but the horrible flavor of Aunt Keziah's decoction recurred strongly to his remembrance, and he concluded that, were he evidently at the point of death, he might possibly be bold enough to taste it again; but that nothing short of the hope of a century's existence, at least, would repay another taste of that fierce and nauseous bitterness. Aunt Keziah loved it; and as she brewed, so let her drink.

He went up stairs, careful not to spill a drop of the brimming cup, and approached the old woman's bedside, where she lay, groaning as before, and breaking out into a spiteful croak the moment he was within ear-shot.

"You don't care whether I live or die," said she. "You've been waiting in hopes I shall die, and so save yourself further trouble."

"By no means, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius. "Here is the medicine, which I have warmed, and measured out, and mingled, as well as I knew how; and I think it will do you a great deal of good."

"Won't you taste it, Seppy, my dear?" said Aunt Keziah, mollified by the praise of her beloved mixture. "Drink first, dear, so that my sick old lips need not taint it. You look pale, Septimius; it will do you good."

"No, Aunt Keziah, I do not need it; and it were a pity to waste your precious drink," said he.

"It does not look quite the right color," said Aunt Keziah, as she took the cup in her hand. "You must have dropped some soot into it." Then as she raised it to her lips, "It does not smell quite right. But, woe's me! how can I expect anybody but myself to

make this precious drink as it should be?"

She drank it off at two gulps; for she appeared to hurry it off faster than usual, as if not tempted by the exquisiteness of its flavor to dwell upon it so long.

"You have not made it just right, Seppy," said she in a milder tone than before, for she seemed to feel the customary soothing influence of the draught, "but you'll do better the next time. It had a queer taste, methought; or is it that my mouth is getting out of taste? Hard times it will be for poor Aunt Kezzy, if she's to lose her taste for the medicine that, under Providence, has saved her life for so many years."

She gave back the cup to Septimius, after looking a little curiously at the dregs.

"It looks like bloodroot, don't it?" said she. "Perhaps it's my own fault after all. I gathered a fresh bunch of the yarbs yesterday afternoon, and put them to steep, and it may be I was a little blind, for it was between daylight and dark, and the moon shone on me before I had finished. I thought how the witches used to gather their poisonous stuff at such times, and what pleasant uses they made of it,—but those are sinful thoughts, Seppy, sinful thoughts! so I'll say a prayer and try to go to sleep. I feel very noddly all at once."

Septimius drew the bedclothes up about her shoulders, for she complained of being very chilly, and, carefully putting her stick within reach, went down to his own room, and resumed his studies, trying to make out from those aged hieroglyphics, to which he was now so well accustomed, what was the precise method of making the elixir of immortality. Sometimes, as men in deep thought do, he rose from his chair, and walked to and fro, the four or five steps or so that conveyed him from end to end of his little room. At one of these times he chanced to look in the little looking-glass that hung between the windows, and was startled at the paleness of his face. It was

quite white, indeed. Septimius was not in the least a foppish young man; careless he was in dress, though often his apparel took an unsought picturesqueness that set off his slender, agile figure, perhaps from some quality of spontaneous arrangement that he had inherited from his Indian ancestry. Yet many women might have found a charm in that dark, thoughtful face, with its hidden fire and energy, although Septimius never thought of its being handsome, and seldom looked at it. Yet now he was drawn to it by seeing how strangely white it was, and, gazing at it, he observed that since he considered it last, a very deep furrow, or corrugation, or fissure, it might almost be called, had indented his brow, rising from the commencement of his nose towards the centre of the forehead. And he knew it was the brooding thought, his fierce, hard determination, his intense concentrativeness for so many months, that had been digging that furrow; and it must prove indeed a potent specific of the life-water that would smooth that away, and restore him all the youth and elasticity that he had buried in that profound grave.

But why was he so pale? He could have supposed himself startled by some ghastly thing that he had just seen; by a corpse in the next room, for instance; or else by the foreboding that one would soon be there; but yet he was conscious of no tremor in his frame, no terror in his heart; as why should there be any? Feeling his own pulse, he found the strong, regular beat that should be there. He was not ill, nor affrighted; not expectant of any pain. Then why so ghastly pale? And why, moreover, Septimius, did you listen so earnestly for any sound in Aunt Keziah's chamber? Why did you creep on tiptoe, once, twice, three times, up to the old woman's chamber, and put your ear to the keyhole, and listen breathlessly? Well, it must have been that he was sub-conscious that he was trying a bold experiment, and that he had taken this poor old woman to be the medium of it, in the

hope, of course, that it would turn out well; yet with other views than her interest in the matter. What was the harm of that? Medical men, no doubt, are always doing so, and he was a medical man for the time. Then why was he so pale?

He sat down and fell into a reverie, which perhaps was partly suggested by that chief furrow which he had seen, and which we have spoken of, in his brow. He considered whether there was anything in this pursuit of his that used up life particularly fast; so that perhaps, unless he were successful soon, he should be incapable of renewal; for, looking within himself, and considering his mode of being, he had a singular fancy that his heart was gradually drying up, and that he must continue to get some moisture for it, or else it would soon be like a withered leaf. Supposing his pursuit were vain, what a waste he was making of that little treasure of golden days, which was his all! Could this be called life, which he was leading now? How unlike that of other young men! How unlike that of Robert Hagburn, for example! There had come news yesterday of his having performed a gallant part in the battle of Monmouth, and being promoted to be a captain for his brave conduct. Without thinking of long life, he really lived in heroic actions and emotions; he got much life in a little, and did not fear to sacrifice a lifetime of torpid breaths, if necessary, to the ecstasy of a glorious death!

[*It appears from a written sketch by the author of this story, that he changed his first plan of making Septimius and Rose lovers, and she was to be represented as his half-sister; and in the copy for publication this alteration would have been made.*—ED.]

And then Robert loved, too, loved his sister Rose, and felt, doubtless, an immortality in that passion. Why could not Septimius love too? It was forbidden! Well, no matter; whom

could he have loved? Who, in all this world, would have been suited to his secret, brooding heart, that he could have let her into its mysterious chambers, and walked with her from one cavernous gloom to another, and said, "Here are my treasures. I make thee mistress of all these; with all these goods I thee endow." And then, revealing to her his great secret and purpose of gaining immortal life, have said: "This shall be thine, too. Thou shalt share with me. We will walk along the endless path together, and keep one another's hearts warm, and so be content to live."

Ah, Septimius! but now you are getting beyond those rules of yours, which, cold as they are, have been drawn out of a subtle philosophy, and might, were it possible to follow them out, suffice to do all that you ask of them; but if you break them, you do it at the peril of your earthly immortality. Each warmer and quicker throb of the heart wears away so much of life. The passions, the affections, are a wine not to be indulged in. Love, above all, being in its essence an immortal thing, cannot be long contained in an earthly body, but would wear it out with its own secret power, softly invigorating as it seems. You must be cold, therefore, Septimius; you must not even earnestly and passionately desire this immortality that seems so necessary to you. Else the very wish will prevent the possibility of its fulfilment.

By and by, to call him out of these rhapsodies, came Rose home; and finding the kitchen hearth cold, and Aunt Keziah missing, and no dinner by the fire which was smouldering, — nothing but the portentous earthen jug, which fumed, and sent out long, ill-flavored sighs, she tapped at Septimius's door, and asked him what was the matter.

"Aunt Keziah has had an ill turn," said Septimius, "and has gone to bed."

"Poor auntie!" said Rose, with her quick sympathy. "I will this moment run up and see if she needs anything."

"No, Rose," said Septimius, "she has doubtless gone to sleep, and will awake as well as usual. It would displease her much were you to miss your afternoon school; so you had better set the table with whatever there is left of yesterday's dinner, and leave me to take care of auntie."

"Well," said Rose, "she loves you best; but if she be really ill, I shall give up my school and nurse her."

"No doubt," said Septimius, "she will be about the house again to-morrow."

So Rose ate her frugal dinner (consisting chiefly of purslane, and some other garden herbs, which her thrifty aunt had prepared for boiling), and went away as usual to her school; for Aunt Keziah, as aforesaid, had never encouraged the tender ministrations of Rose, whose orderly, womanly character, with its well-defined orb of daily and civilized duties, had always appeared to strike her as tame; and she once said to her, "You are no squaw, child, and you'll never make a witch." Nor would she even so much as let Rose put her tea to steep, or do anything whatever for herself personally; though, certainly, she was not backward in requiring of her a due share of labor for the general housekeeping.

Septimius was sitting in his room, as the afternoon wore away; because, for some reason or other, or, quite as likely, for no reason at all, he did not air himself and his thoughts, as usual, on the hill; so he was sitting musing, thinking, looking into his mysterious manuscript, when he heard Aunt Keziah moving in the chamber above. First she seemed to rattle a chair; then she began a slow, regular beat with the stick which Septimius had left by her bedside, and which startled him strangely, — so that, indeed, his heart beat faster than the five-and-seventy throbs to which he was restricted by the wise rules that he had digested. So he ran hastily up stairs, and behold, Aunt Keziah was sitting up in bed, looking very wild, — so wild, that you would have thought she was going

to fly up chimney the next minute; her gray hair all dishevelled, her eyes staring, her hands clutching forward, while she gave a sort of howl, what with pain and agitation.

"Seppy! Seppy!" said she, "Seppy, my darling! are you quite sure you remember how to make that precious drink?"

"Quite well, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius, inwardly much alarmed by her aspect, but preserving a true Indian composure of outward mien. "I wrote it down, and could say it by heart besides. Shall I make you a fresh pot of it? for I have thrown away the other."

"That was well, Seppy," said the poor old woman, "for there is something wrong about it; but I want no more, for, Seppy dear, I am going fast out of this world, where you and that precious drink were my only treasures and comforts. I wanted to know if you remembered the recipe; it is all I have to leave you, and the more you drink of it, Seppy, the better. Only see to make it right!"

"Dear auntie, what can I do for you?" said Septimius, in much consternation, but still calm. "Let me run for the doctor, — for the neighbors? something must be done!"

The old woman contorted herself as if there were a fearful time in her insides; and grinned, and twisted the yellow ugliness of her face, and groaned, and howled; and yet there was a tough and fierce kind of endurance with which she fought with her anguish, and would not yield to it a jot, though she allowed herself the relief of shrieking savagely at it, — much more like a defiance than a cry for mercy.

"No doctor! no woman!" said she; "if my drink could not save me, what would a doctor's foolish pills and powders do? And a woman! If old Martha Denton, the witch, were alive, I would be glad to see her. But other women! Pah! Ah! Ai! Oh! Phew! Ah, Seppy, what a mercy it would be now if I could set to and blaspheme a bit, and shake my fist at the sky! But

I'm a Christian woman, Seppy, — a Christian woman!"

"Shall I send for the minister, Aunt Keziah?" asked Septimius. "He is a good man, and a wise one."

"No minister for me, Seppy," said Aunt Keziah, howling as if somebody were choking her. "He may be a good man and a wise one, but he's not wise enough to know the way to my heart, and never a man as was! Eh, Seppy, I'm a Christian woman, but I'm not like other Christian women; and I'm glad I'm going away from this stupid world. I've not been a bad woman, and I deserve credit for it, for it would have suited me a great deal better to be bad. O, what a delightful time a witch must have had, starting off up chimney on her broomstick at midnight, and looking down from aloft in the sky on the sleeping village far below, with its steeple pointing up at her, so that she might touch the golden weathercock! You, meanwhile, in such an ecstasy, and all below you the dull, innocent, sober human-kind; the wife sleeping by her husband, or mother by her child, squalling with wind in its stomach; the goodman driving up his cattle and his plough, — all so innocent, all so stupid, with their dull days just alike, one after another. And you up in the air, sweeping away to some nook in the forest! Ha! What's that? A wizard! Ha! ha! Known below as a deacon! There is Goody Chickering! How quietly she sent the young people to bed after prayers! There is an Indian; there a nigger; they all have equal rights and privileges at a witch-meeting. Phew! the wind blows cold up here! Why does not the Black Man have the meeting at his own kitchen hearth? Ho! ho! O dear me! But I'm a Christian woman and no witch; but those must have been gallant times!"

Doubtless it was a partial wandering of the mind that took the poor old woman away on this old-witch flight; and it was very curious and pitiful to witness the compunction with which she returned to herself and took herself to

task for the preference which, in her wild nature, she could not help giving to harum-scarum wickedness over tame goodness. Now she tried to compose herself, and talk reasonably and godly.

"Ah, Septimius, my dear child, never give way to temptation, nor consent to be a wizard, though the Black Man persuade you ever so hard. I know he will try. He has tempted me, but I never yielded, never gave him his will; and never do you, my boy, though you, with your dark complexion, and your brooding brow, and your eye veiled, only when it suddenly looks out with a flash of fire in it, are the sort of man he seeks most, and that afterwards serves him. But don't do it, Septimius. But if you could be an Indian, methinks it would be better than this tame life we lead. 'T would have been better for me, at all events. O, how pleasant 't would have been to spend my life wandering in the woods, smelling the pines and the hemlock all day, and fresh things of all kinds, and no kitchen-work to do,—not to rake up the fire, nor sweep the room, nor make the beds,—but to sleep on fresh boughs in a wigwam, with the leaves still on the branches that made the roof! And then to see the deer brought in by the red hunter, and the blood streaming from the arrow-dart! Ah! and the fight too! and the scalping! and, perhaps, a woman might creep into the battle, and steal away the wounded enemy of her tribe and scalp him, and be praised for it! O Seppy, how I hate the thought of the dull life women lead! A white woman's life is so dull! Thank Heaven, I'm done with it! If I'm ever to live again, may I be whole Indian, please my Maker!"

After this goodly outburst, Aunt Keziah lay quietly for a few moments, and her skinny claws being clasped together, and her yellow visage grinning, as pious an aspect as was attainable by her harsh and pain-distorted features, Septimius perceived that she was in prayer. And so it proved by what followed, for the old woman turned to him with a grim tenderness on her face,

and stretched out her hand to be taken in his own. He clasped the bony talon in both his hands.

"Seppy, my dear, I feel a great peace, and I don't think there is so very much to trouble me in the other world. It won't be all housework, and keeping decent, and doing like other people there. I suppose I need n't expect to ride on a broomstick,—that would be wrong in any kind of a world,—but there may be woods to wander in, and a pipe to smoke in the air of heaven; trees to hear the wind in, and to smell of, and all such natural, happy things; and by and by I shall hope to see you there, Seppy, my darling boy! Come by and by; 't is n't worth your while to live forever, even if you should find out what's wanting in the drink I've taught you. I can see a little way into the next world now, and I see it to be far better than this heavy and wretched old place. You'll die when your time comes; won't you, Seppy, my darling?"

"Yes, dear auntie, when my time comes," said Septimius. "Very likely I shall want to live no longer by that time."

"Likely not," said the old woman. "I'm sure I don't. It is like going to sleep on my mother's breast to die. So, good night, dear Seppy."

"Good night, and God bless you, auntie!" said Septimius, with a gush of tears blinding him, spite of his Indian nature.

The old woman composed herself, and lay quite still and decorous for a short time; then, rousing herself a little, "Septimius," said she, "is there just a little drop of my drink left? Not that I want to live any longer, but if I could sip ever so little, I feel as if I should step into the other world quite cheery, with it warm in my heart, and not feel shy and bashful at going among strangers."

"Not one drop, auntie."

"Ah, well, no matter! It was not quite right, that last cup. It had a queer taste. What could you have put into it, Seppy, darling? But no

matter, no matter ! It's a precious stuff, if you make it right. Don't forget the herbs, Septimius. Something wrong had certainly got into it."

These, except for some murmurings, some groanings and unintelligible whisperings, were the last utterances of poor Aunt Keziah, who did not live a great while longer, and at last passed away in a great sigh, like a gust of wind among the trees, she having just before stretched out her hand again and grasped that of Septimius ; and he sat watching her and gazing at her, wondering, and horrified, touched, shocked by death, of which he had so unusual a terror, — and by the death of this creature especially, with whom he felt a sympathy that did not exist with any other person now living. So long did he sit, holding her hand, that at last he was conscious that it was growing cold within his own, and that the stiffening fingers clutched him, as if they were disposed to keep their hold, and not forego the tie that had been so peculiar.

Then rushing hastily forth, he told

the nearest available neighbor, who was Robert Hagburn's mother ; and she summoned some of her gossips, and came to the house, and took poor Aunt Keziah in charge. They talked of her with no great respect, I fear, nor much sorrow, nor sense that the community would suffer any great deprivation in her loss ; for, in their view, she was a dram-drinking, pipe-smoking, cross-grained old maid, and, as some thought, a witch ; and, at any rate, with too much of the Indian blood in her to be of much use ; and they hoped that now Rose Garfield would have a pleasanter life, and Septimius study to be a minister, and all things go well, and the place be cheerfuller. They found Aunt Keziah's bottle in the cupboard, and tasted and smelt of it.

"Good West Indjy as ever I tasted," said Mrs. Hagburn ; "and there stands her broken pitcher on the hearth. Ah, empty ! I never could bring my mind to taste it ; but now I'm sorry I never did, for I suppose nobody in the world can make any more of it."

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

I R I S

I.

I AM born from the womb of the cloud,
And the strength of the ardent sun,
When the winds have ceased to be loud,
And the rivers of rain to run.
Then light, on my sevenfold arch,
I swing in the silence of air,
While the vapors beneath me march
And leave the sweet earth bare.

II.

For a moment I hover and gleam
On the skirts of the sinking storm,
And I die in the bliss of the beam
That gave me being and form.
I fade, as in human hearts
The rapture that mocks the will ;
I pass, as a dream departs,
That cannot itself fulfil !

III.

Beyond the bridge I have spanned
The fields of the poet unfold,
And the riches of fairyland
At my bases of misty gold!
I keep the wealth of the spheres,
Which the high gods never have won;
And I coin, from their airy tears,
The diadem of the sun!

IV.

For some have stolen the grace
That is hidden in rest or strife,
And some have copied the face
Or echoed the voice of Life;
And some have woven of sound
A chain of the sweetest control,
And some have fabled or found
The key to the human soul:

V.

But I, from the blank of the air
And the white of the barren beam,
Have wrought the colors that flare
In the forms of a painter's dream.
I gather the souls of the flowers,
And the sparks of the gems, to me;
Till pale are the blossoming bowers,
And dim the chameleon sea!

VI.

By the soul's bright sun, the eye,
I am thrown on the artist's brain;
He follows me, and I fly;
He pauses, I stand again.
O'er the reach of the painted world
My chorded colors I hold,
On a canvas of cloud impearled,
Drawn with a brush of gold!

VII.

If I lure, as a mocking sprite,
I give, as a goddess bestows,
The red, with its soul of might,
And the blue, with its cool repose;
The yellow that beckons and beams,
And the gentler children they bear:
For the portal of Art's high dreams
Is builded of Light and Air!

Bayard Taylor.

RED REMINISCENCES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

THE MORRISONS.

FROM the hour I saw the three Morrisons, brothers they were, Sam, Bob, Tom, hanging in a row from the same limb, I have never been able to pass a tree of that kind without seeing again upon its peculiar boughs the same sepulchral fruit! Long before the Morrisons were hung, I used to pass, upon certain journeys of mine, a tree of the same diabolical convenience of lower bough by the roadside, two yards or so of the rope still dangling therefrom with which Judge Lynch had hung his man. In this case the criminal had killed a teamster while gambling with him by the camp-fire one night, burying the body beneath the turf upon which they had been seated while at their cards. In less than twenty-four hours after the murderer, hung upon the limb of the live-oak just overhead, had been laid beside his victim exactly beneath. It was somewhat monotonous to me, those long rides upon horseback day after day, but for miles before and after passing that spot there was food for reflection sufficient to diversify the same!

After witnessing the actual executions of the Morrisons the idea of death by violence connects itself in my mind inseparably and forever with the live-oak! The cypress brings to mind monumental marble; the willow recalls the winding funeral, the tolling bell, the officiating clergyman, the widow weeping, her orphans beside her. But with the live-oak comes the roaring mob; the struggling criminal; the frightened negro, compelled to climb the tree and adjust the rope; the exceeding anxiety of Judge Lynch in his successful effort to distribute himself into as many different persons as possible; the leaving, when the deed is done, so much more rapid than the coming together; the dead swing-

ing with that motion peculiar forever to the hung, revolving to the right and to the left as they swing!

May a very slight contribution, in these days of Buckle, Draper, and Darwin, be made just here to science? Why is it that there is no species of tree, east of the Mississippi, from where the Ohio strikes it, upon which a man can be hung? The elm and the hickory, and all those species of oak peculiar to that region, lift their boughs too vertically as well as too far out of reach for this. As to the maple and the pine, you could not bend them from their towering pride to such service as this, however desperate the needs of the criminal in your hands. There *is* a wonderful association of things, if we could understand it! Just where the earth bristles with the cactus and the bayonet-plant is found grass, too, studded upon every blade with thorns; the very cattle running into enormous horns; the least frog covered, too, with spikes; the very fish sprouting the same from snout to extremity of tail! Possibly the law of association which explains all the rest will explain likewise the intimate union of Lynch law with trees upon every hand so exactly adapted to and ready for the purposes of that Rhadamanthus!

I cannot recall, there were so very many cases of the kind, exactly why the Morrison brothers were put to death. Very likely they deserved death, had it been inflicted after fair trial by law. And this was to me the part of their execution most shocking, that, in being hurried through the streets to execution, the languid governor of the State, smoking his cigar upon the sidewalk as they passed, could have laid his very hand upon them as they were led by him, in arm's reach, to illegal death. He merely smoked his cigar and continued his

conversation ! Poor man, the feeblest among the sons of men, he rises before me as from the dead while I write these lines ! Tall, thin, sandy haired, colorless of eye, consumptive, no man ever came in this life to larger heritage of astonishment than did this man when, by some sudden legerdmain of politics, he found himself governor of the State ! He may have been an excellent man in every sense before ! Placed upon that giddy eminence, he endeavored to stimulate himself up to the needed energy and manhood by perpetual drink, soon making an end of himself, the pale moth of a very brief moment ! As those miserable Morrisons swept by, appealing in vain to him as the representative of the law, had he but had soul or even brandy enough in him for the emergency, what a name he could have made for himself ! Five minutes' speech upon the goods-box lying by him as he stood there would have rallied a *posse* more than enough for his purpose. Had the man thrown down his cigar and planted himself in the path of the mob, he could, single-handed, have stayed their crime until the law could have come in to decide in the matter. It would have made him the most popular man in the State ; it would have guaranteed, had he lived, his re-election. From the days of Aaron swept away by *his* mob, how many leaders have failed, in the same way, to rise instead upon the crest of the billow ; their very elevation upon and above the rolling mass being the measure, in that case, of the depth beneath it under which they would otherwise have been, and alas, were, submerged and drowned !

And there is the case of those

BURROWS BROTHERS.

A world of wisdom, believe me, and in reference to just this matter, is to be learned from the case of Saul Duden and the Burrows brothers. That wisdom lies in coming to know that Nature has the power of righting herself in the end ; *vis medicatrix naturæ*, the doctors call it in the instance of

disease. Divesting the fact of its dexterity, the God who made the world governs it also ! By human law where that exists. Where that does not exist, or exists in crippled condition, he rules men by principles within themselves underlying all human arrangements and as eternal and essential as himself.

Saul Duden, for instance. I am forced to begin with Saul. If one only knew the facts, no doubt the links of the chain of cause and effect could be traced back from Saul to Adam. Beginning with Saul, the case was this. One sultry afternoon I am told that Saul is shot, is dying, and wants to see me. His widowed mother is a member of our church, and I hasten to her house to find Saul lying upon a pallet in the hall which runs through the centre of her house, as it does through the centre of every house in all that region. Yes, Saul is shot, is dying ; one glance at his pallid face as he lies reveals that. The first rush of the curious crowd is over, and his miserable mother sits upon the pallet, his head in her lap, weeping convulsively. On the other side of Saul, who was some twenty years old, an hour before in burly, square-shouldered health, lies a young girl. I do not observe who she is, in my anxiety for the departing soul ; for we all know how very, very far from being a Christian Saul has been up to date. And in reply to my earnest efforts in view of this, Saul, whose glazing eyes are fixed eagerly upon me, beckons me to put my ear to his lips. Surely he is anxious to tell me of his sincere repentance, of his hope in the Saviour pressed upon him !

As I stoop down he takes in his own the hand of the weeping girl lying beside him and only says, "Marry us ! Soon's you can !"

Equally prompt, I reply, "No, Saul. Not now. If you get well !"

Because in the instant it all flashed upon me that his widowed and aged mother would need every cent of his property, which would, if I did as he asked, go to his wife instead ; pro-

vided a mere ceremony, without license from court, would have been legal; concerning which I am not certain.

The girl weeps silently, the mother also. A brief prayer is put up to the One who alone can help in a crisis so tremendous and so swift as this, and I open my eyes to see that Saul has gone with it to God! No syllable ever passed between the survivors and myself afterward in reference to the refusal of Saul's request. It would be more artistic to describe the betrothed as lingering on in widowed maidenhood till death. Only she did nothing of the kind. In a year she was married, lives to-day with a home full of children, and very happily, indeed, so far as is known.

And his broken-hearted mother lived on too. I often asked myself, For what? For she was very poor, in wretched health. The day I heard of the killing of the Burrows brothers I thought I understood why! These two brothers, Burrows by name, had stood side by side, emptying their revolvers together into the body of Saul Duden; the nature of the quarrel being something I have wholly forgotten as irrelevant in comparison with that wherein lies the pith of the matter. Side by side they stood while killing Saul. Side by side were they killed!

It was years, however, after Saul's death. The community had forgotten the whole affair, because, as a matter of course, the brothers had been acquitted. Quite an established ritual for all such cases as that. First, a storm of indignation against the murderers, nothing but hanging from the nearest tree the course for them. Second, the rescue of the murderers by personal friends in temporary alliance with friends of law. Third, and last, the utter cooling down of popular feeling; reaction, in fact, in the other direction, easily followed by legal acquittal.

And, restored again to society, the elder of the brothers makes, years after, dishonorable advances to a married lady; mistakenly encouraged thereto, as he pleads in dying, by a remark

from the lady of a meaning wholly different from that which he attaches to the same. The sequel is very swift. The husband is rapidly recalled, from the point across the continent to which he had gone upon business, by a letter from his insulted wife. Coming, the evening of his arrival, upon the brothers in the streets, he shoots down one. The other, standing beside him, is also shot down, lest he avenge his brother's death, dying in total ignorance of the meaning of the matter. Side by side they slew Saul Duden; upon the very spot in the street where that slaying took place so long before, side by side are they slain. As if it had been but for that she was waiting, the aged mother of their former victim hears of their death and dies.

There was a man in my knowledge, who pointed out to a crowd, with the glee of a marksman who takes pride in his accuracy of aim, how exactly his ball had hit and killed a certain man they were lynching, but who had escaped from them and run. Next week this same marksman was as accurately killed by a ball in precisely the same vital spot of *his* body. So with the retribution in the case of these brothers. Yet how shall we account for the fact that a ball from the weapon of the exasperated husband, in the act of slaying them, misses its aim to pass through the brain, as it did, of a boy of twelve years old, hurrying by on an errand for his aged and widowed and poverty-stricken mother, of whom he was the sole dependence? Enough of manifest purpose in events to prove beyond all hesitation the government of the Great King; sufficient inexplicability in that Providence to remind us, likewise, that all is the interweaving of threads which reach from beginning to end of the life of the race, to be comprehended perfectly now only by the Being that, of all apparent complexity, will bring before the eyes of the universe the perfect design at last! Where it is unbounded wisdom which weaves, be sure it is love as infinite which colors, too, all the mani-

fold threads of the glorious result ! It is greatly to be doubted whether Goethe got his catechism, longer or shorter ; yet of the imperial robe now making for the King of kings, even Goethe can sing, as uttering the words of the Worker : —

“ Thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
And weave the garment thou seest me by ! ”

Possibly one mode, be it cause or result, by and in which the manifold threads of existence are woven into one, may be found in that subtle law of association which defies all analysis.

TWO INSTANCES THEREOF.

The writer happened one bright day to arrive from a distance upon a visit to a certain distinguished and greatly beloved clergyman, it matters not of what city or State. He was received, although unexpected, with the cordiality natural to said clergyman, and from which he derives in large measure his great success. It was impossible, however, not to remark the extreme nervousness of my excellent host even from the first. His parlor was immediately over a business office and upon the leading street of the city. As we conversed, my friend walking up and down the room, the voices of some children passing by upon the sidewalk beneath the open window were heard. I should not have noticed it at all, had not my host hastened across the room at the sound, put his head out of the window and called in sharpest tones, “ Silence there ! cease that noise this instant ! ” which command, as they were merely laughing and talking along the public street, must have amazed them as much as it did myself. The next moment he said to me, in much the same tones, “ This is Wednesday. You must take charge of my lecture to-night ! ”

For certain reasons I began to decline.

“ Silence ! ” thundered my friend. “ You *shall* do it ! ” And so I did, heartily forgiving my reverend brother, or rather father, when I learned next day that, while conversing with me, his

son, also a person of distinction, although in a different line from his father, was during all that day engaged in another city in the punctilious preliminaries and carrying out of a duel, from which, however, he escaped, un-killing and un-killed. No doubt the father had some knowledge, greater or less, at the time of what was going on. But it was not the natural anxiety shown, it was the kindred *fierceness* rather, the heat in the veins because the same blood, though miles away, was in boiling rage ! Since science encourages you to believe in an otherwise wholly unknown ether, by whose undulations light is conveyed to us through measureless and empty abysses from the farthest suns, why may there not be, perhaps by the same medium, subtlest communication, quite around the globe, of kindred flesh and spirit ?

Leaving the analysis of the mystery to yourself, let one instance of it be related which came under the immediate knowledge of the writer. It has reference to a lady remarkable for noble *physique*, perfect health, and vigorous common sense. One night, for the first time in her life, she suddenly awoke from deep and healthy sleep in anguish of mind, declaring that her lover, then at a distance and to whom she was shortly to be married, was dying in agony ! In vain the whole household reasoned with her that he was known, almost up to date, to be in health as well established as her own. During all that memorable night she walked the floor, weeping and exclaiming in agonies only less than if she were herself dying. By morning she had settled down into a sullen certainty of the death of her lover. Although the writer is by no means as old as you might gather therefrom, this was before the days of the telegraph, there being, thus, no means of proving or disproving the apprehensions of the afflicted lady. Two weeks after a knock was heard at the door, but one of many every day. Immediately the lady arose in her fixed sorrow and said in accents of entire certainty, “ It is the messen-

ger to tell me of the death of John!" — her lover.

It is but relating simple fact to say that this was the case! During all her night of suffering, her far-away lover, suddenly attacked by the cholera, a disease of the very existence of which in the country she had not heard, lay in the agonies of collapse and death!

But this was death merely, while murder is the precise theme in hand. In direct connection with that, then, allow the mention of another instance of that mysterious power of association which so aids to blend the life of the race into one; this case also coming under the direct knowledge of the writer.

One night I arrived at the hotel in a certain city in company with a fellow-traveller, both of us exceedingly fatigued by the ride of days and nights in a stage. Shown, soon after supper, to my room, I tumbled into bed, and by the same act into the deepest depths of sleep. Waking late next morning, entirely refreshed, I went to the room of my friend, in a distant part of the building. To my surprise I found him pacing the floor, not having slept, he assured me, at all during the night! A more haggard man one does not often see.

"I *could n't* sleep!" he said emphatically. "I never was so tired and sleepy in my life as when I came in here. I can't tell whether it is in the bed, in the room, or in me! I opened all the windows, unmade and made over again the bed, said the multiplication-table over backwards and forwards, dozens of times, and walked the room as if for a wager! I thought there might be something in the points of the compass, and have made my bedstead box all the points of the compass around and around. Something horrible in the room or in me! Not a wink of sleep the entire night. I would n't pass such another night for thousands!"

"Pshaw, I know the reason!" I said; and, turning down the disordered bed-clothing, I entered upon certain rapid entomological researches. Nothing of

the kind. Yet, as I tossed the sheets back, my eye caught certain faint marks upon the pillow-case. I glanced eagerly at the curtain of the window near by, at the wall! The same very faint stains! No wonder! And I gave my astonished friend ample explanation in two words, "Judge Jaynes!"

"You unprincipled individual!" I thundered at the negro servant who answered the bell. "Tell the truth. Is n't this the room in which Judge Jaynes —"

"Law, massa, yes. But how did you find it out? We whitewash an' whitewash an' whitewash! Scrub? We scrub de carpet, de curtains, de bedclothes, till dey scribbled nearly to nothin'. Law, massa, how *did* you find it out?" Superstition largely developed in eyes and accents. You see, he was only a negro, superstition is the word for *him*; we who are white and exceedingly advanced in the sciences are, of course, superior to all that!

Yet, so far, I have written but the unvarnished facts of the case. The rest of them are these. Everybody had read with horror about Judge Jaynes. You could not have induced any man living to pass the night in that room, knowing it to have been the one in which it all took place. My friend and I were but strangers, the wayfarers of a night. No fear of our finding it out.

For Judge Jaynes was a man of great former eminence and ability and natural ambition; I dare say an excellent man in many senses of the term. I saw him but once, at the seat of government of the State, and during the exciting election in the Legislature for United States senator. Dressed, as I had observed when introduced to him, in a perfectly new suit of broadcloth, and exceedingly agreeable in his manner, as well as of grave and senatorial demeanor, I needed not the information that he was a candidate for the Senate. Yet who would have dreamed of the catastrophe brewing under the cold exterior of that gray-complexioned, white-headed, Quaker-

mannered man? However, of all lands on earth, it is from under the snows of Iceland that Geysers spout their boiling torrents and that volcanoes rage. Once before he had rendered great service to the State, and would have made, I dare say, as good a senator as the one, — I have n't the least idea who it was — who was elected. Whatever other causes may have conspired with this I know not; hundreds who read these pages could tell far more about *that* than myself. Everybody knows that, soon after his return, defeated, from the capital, he blew out his brains with his own hand, after retiring to bed at his hotel one night; and was found in bed in the morning, lying in his blood. But everybody does not know the experience of my friend therein, as herein recorded with more than stenographic fidelity. Nor lives there a human being who can explain *why* my friend was kept wide awake as he was. Superstitious? O no, not for the world! All that we leave to low and uneducated people. It is purely a question of icy science. As a matter for dissection upon the open table in broad day of the most positive Positivism, will some *savant* please say *why*, in utter ignorance of the history of his room, my friend passed such a night there as he never did before or since?

Doubtless there is, also, sufficient reason why such an experience happened to us and through us, in a sense, to every person who reads this truthful statement of the same. Yet, in all the wonderful interweaving of men's experiences into one, there is something remarkable in the way in which the million-fold threads not only cross, but sometimes exactly *miss* one another!

One day the writer rang at the door of a certain stately house upon Fifth Avenue, New York, upon a visit to a friend. He had barely been admitted when a crash upon the doorstep he had just quitted announced the fall of a shutter from the fourth-story window overhead. Upon the exact spot on which he had stood waiting for minutes to be admitted lay the

fragments of the thoroughly shattered shutter!

But it is intended that all the personal experiences herein related shall be strung upon the scarlet thread of murder. The case, then, of the

JACKSON SLAUGHTER

may illustrate this matter of the close and amazing misses as well as the very palpable hits of life.

One morning the writer awoke with a very clear sense of its being his immediate duty to visit, in a pastoral way, the house of Mrs. Jackson. Not that there was not a Mr. Jackson, the husband, but that, by a singular usage in that section, you always spoke of going to the house of *Mrs.* Smith or *Mrs.* Jones, instead of that of *Mr.* Smith or *Mr.* Jones; because, it was explained, the law of the State exempted the homestead from legal seizure for debt, regarding it as the peculiar property of the wife, never to be alienated without her entire consent. Besides, Mrs. Jackson was a member of the church and an excellent woman; while, I fear, Mr. Jackson was very much the reverse, very profane, never at church, a man of stormy character at home and abroad.

The home of Mrs. Jackson being distant about two miles in the country, I was rather annoyed, after having got some hundreds of yards upon my way thither, by being recalled; one of the children hurried after me for the purpose, to attend to some forgotten but indispensable matter about the house. After exactly twenty minutes, by my watch, of detention, I started once again; that twenty minutes being my preservation, as by the hand of the little one who recalled me, from, in all probability, a terrible death! For, just as I arrived at the Jackson house, the negro cook, after laying the dead body of Mrs. Jackson upon one bed, and that of Laura Jackson, also dead, upon another, had succeeded in lifting Mr. Jackson, bleeding to death, upon the floor of the hall which divided the two rooms of the log-house.

It is all a story easily told. A runaway negro had come in a starving condition to the house the night before. Mr. Jackson had managed, it is not known how, to secure "the boy" in an outhouse, intending to get word to his master next day and thus secure the reward. The runaway had succeeded, soon after breakfast, in obtaining — that, also, was never explained — a large knife; had cut his cords, forced the window of his prison, and was in the act of leaping the front fence, when Mr. Jackson sprang upon him. But the negro was a Hercules in size, and then, his terrible knife! Mrs. Jackson, and afterward Laura, a girl of sixteen, rush to his assistance! About twenty minutes from first to last, and the negro leaps the fence and disappears in the Postoak woods, leaving the dying and the dead behind! Just twenty minutes, as the dying man himself told me! As it was, a negro passing by and seeing me leaning upon the floor of the hall beside the dying man, gallops to my house, calls my household to the fence, and with the unspeakable eagerness of every soul of us to impart news of any kind, informs them that I have been murdered! Yes, somewhat, to some degree, we *do* know in reference to matters taking place, however far away from us; provided they be matters of a decided nature and connected with those in whom we are most interested. Not for a moment, at least, did a member of the household believe the tale; it met with a total unbelief instead, which drove the messenger off in something of disgust in search of listeners more sympathetic.

Not always, however, do we find this singular knowledge in regard to the absent. Was it not but a few weeks since that Mrs. Smith was telling me about the manner in which she had received the tidings of the death of her husband, who had dropped dead of heart disease while away from her? Not the slightest suspicion of the fact, even when friends tried to break the terrible news to her.

"And when, at last, they said, 'Mrs.

Smith, your husband is dead!'" the lady told me, "I had no sense of personal pain at all! My one thought and feeling was of pity for myself, as if I was but a friend of the widow. I only said, 'Poor, poor Mrs. Smith, you and your fatherless children, what will you, will you do!' Days upon days before I could realize that my husband, who had left me but a few hours before in perfect health, was indeed and actually dead! I almost fear the shock has injured my reason," the poor lady added; "but I find it impossible to realize it *now*. I know it, but have a singular deadness of feeling in regard to it!"

Even as Dr. Livingstone tells us he had only a singularly dreamy sense, pleasurable even, when lying in the paws of an African lion, the very violence of the shock deadening all pain! Or just as a person, who had accidentally shot a companion while hunting, told me, "The report of my gun sounded to me as if it were miles off; even while my friend lay bleeding beside me, it seemed as if he and the whole accident were in another country!" So mercifully is the edge of sorrow blunted in proportion to its very violence! All of which is a digression, excusable only upon the principle that what one writes most naturally will be read most easily.

And to return to that house spotted throughout with blood. Mrs. Jackson and her daughter had been killed with the knife on the spot. But Mr. Jackson lying there in the hall, his head propped up against the log wall, his life steadily flowing away, the soul passing rapidly from earth! So far as human eye can discern, no readiness whatever for that other life, so like yet so exceedingly unlike this! Suppose upon *you*, there beside that bleeding man, devolved the effecting in him all the essential change. For nature is so wretchedly unritualistic as to allow quite a number of most important matters to take place wholly outside any church, never a bell tolled, a candle lighted, an organ touched, a surpliced clergyman ready thereat!

With that man's eyes fastened on yours, hungry for life and for eternal life; during that tremendous ten minutes only God and you left to him, and God himself only through you, — what are you to say to him? How would a few of the most striking apothegms from the profoundest of the moral philosophers of the day do for the nonce? If you only had the latest volume of the most popular sermons in hand, while he dies so fast, suppose you try to satisfy those thirsting ears with the most brilliant passages therefrom! Quite a sensation they made in the congregation when delivered; not a man there but soon to die also, liable, too, to die any moment. Though you had climbed the sciences quite past the God of vulgar belief, just there and then, and by an instinct as irrepressible in you as the wail of a babe for its mother, you would have called upon that God, though to you only some twenty centuries less obsolete than Jupiter, for help! Yes, and though you rank Jesus but as a later Socrates, not only would his simplest words, in preference to all others ever spoken on earth, have forced themselves through your lips there, but your cry to God would have been a cry to Christ! Nor would it have hurt you to have been thus driven, as in the very rescue of the drowning, through all the roaring and ever-changing froth of things, to the primal facts! Amazing how the whole world revolves, in moments as supreme as these, and exclusively upon its two poles, — sin, Saviour!

Let this be added. Betrayed under a haystack by the negro cook, the cause and dire effect, too, of his visit to the Jacksons, the murderer is right swiftly taken and hung. Whether by Judge Lynch, just then upon the Supreme Bench there, or by his half-brother, Judge Law, cannot now be remembered. What does it so much matter at last? The entire case and all the parties involved have gone up, as do all cases and parties by the universal appeal, to the last as He is the highest Judge of all!

As no house is a complete house without a child or two therein, so not even a paper for a magazine, notwithstanding it be upon a topic as red as this, can be considered true to nature without

A CHILD OR SO.

As I passed on my way home from the scene of blood, the path lay over a certain spot which brought kindred memories to mind. The fact is, after living long in one neighborhood, it becomes to you like a book of memories; scarce a part thereof but is as a page recalling to you, whenever you pass it, some definite event, pleasurable or the reverse. The spot now alluded to was in sight from my back yard. One morning I ran from the latter to the former, called thither by the crack of a revolver, followed by such a scream as one hardly hears twice during life. When I arrived there was nothing there but a negro girl of twelve lying upon the ground, and a girl of the same color and age screaming beside her. A brief examination shows that the one upon the earth is dead; but the perplexity is, where did the bullet strike? Guided by the blood oozing from the lips, the mouth when opened shows that the ball struck the palate, passing out through the spine, causing instant death. While "making a mouth" at a certain white boy on the other side of a fence near by, the bullet from his revolver, with singular accuracy of aim, had entered the opened lips. It was said to have been "an accident." The boy was sent abroad to school, and further this deponent knoweth nothing! Doubtless the pain endured by the parents of the child, who came screaming over fence and field to the spot a moment after my arrival, was less than that endured by the parents of the boy, possibly by the boy himself as long as he lives.

Since the plural is used in the heading of these lines, let but one other case be mentioned, — Albert Johnson. If, while a boy is bathing, another boy hides his clothes, it is not considered wonderful if the first boy, after finding

them, seizes an early opportunity to retaliate in some way. But suppose the boy has heard all his life of killing as the frequent retaliation for wrong, as Albert certainly had. And suppose, as was the case with Albert, your little son has owned and used a revolver from his earliest years. Possibly even your darling boy might have done as Albert Johnson did, take the revolver from the clothes when found, and shoot his aggressor dead as he comes up the bank, dripping and laughing from his swim! Amid the natural horror inspired by an event so almost unprecedented was mingled the perplexity of the question, What in the world is to be done with a murderer not ten years of age? A problem which ultimately solves itself by the doing with him, in the upshot, nothing whatever!

A PROPHECY

must be inserted here, though it be driven in like a wedge, to make this article as complete and truthful and therefore strong as possible!

There is another form of murder from any mentioned here, no drop of blood about it, entirely deliberate, prompted by a passion colder and stronger than anger, possibly more disastrous in the result, and disastrous to a larger number than merely to the slayer and to the slain. No man denies that the politicians have halted this government upon the highway as with pistol and bludgeon, and, with the gauziest of crape over their faces, are rifling it of its property! And men are despairing of a rescuer. Here, then, let this prophecy be made. There is a certain section of this Republic in which passion has prompted to many a deed of blood; yet, in that section, the passion for plunder is *not* the characteristic. Rather a scorn for gold gained by corruption! If this Republic is to be rescued from the hands of its public plunderers, may it not be by the arrival, just in the emergency, of men in places of power with, at least, other forms of passion than that of greed? If the North rescued

the South from one evil which was destroying it and the nation, in the unceasing and eternal compensation and balance of things may it not be possible that the South may one day rescue the North and the nation from that evil which now has its harpy clutch upon its vitals? Laugh at "chivalry," if you please; in corruption there is nothing to laugh at at all! Rather Don Quixote himself, than Sancho Panza with his clutch and his entire soul in the pots and pans of Camacho the rich! But is it not by the unity of the two, mutually correcting each the other, that the perfect result is reached?

As illustrative in the winding up thereof of a certain force adequate to the compelling of this same in the case of the Republic, allow me right here to introduce to your better acquaintance my former foe and friend,

TIGE CLARKE.

And long, lean, gaunt, ever on the move, terrible exceedingly is the particular Mr. Clarke, who wears, as a deserved compliment, this quite other than Christian name given him by some admiring jackal. Nothing in nature more like him than a hungry tiger, pacing forever up and down behind the bars of his cage, with now and then a tremendous bound against said bars, always more than ready for mischief. Juvenal paints just such in Rome as wholly unable to sleep at night, unless after doing somebody a deadly mischief. Many a man had Tige Clarke killed before I knew him. His first victim may possibly have been slain in self-defence; as may possibly have been the case with the tiger's. Certainly ever after there was a craving for blood with Tige Clarke, and a craving after blood shed in new ways. At least, there was singular variety in his "difficulties"; a dead man being the invariable result, but always killed in a way unlike that of his predecessor. Somehow, such men, like the salamander, make the fire in which they live a sustenance also, for no man ever saw axe or hoe in Tige Clarke's hand; as

natural as a hammer to the hand of a carpenter, a book to the grasp of a student, was bowie-knife and revolver to the horny palms of Tige; these and cards being, literally, the tools of his trade.

But one day Tige finds himself in the gutter of a certain town, riddled with balls and slashed with a knife, the result of an effort upon the part of a sturdy citizen to arrest him for a murder, summoned to do so by the sheriff, who had occupied during the attempt a singularly unofficial position out of harm's reach.

Imagine a message from such a man, requesting you to come immediately, reaching you as you sit at breakfast, ignorant of the whole transaction. You know on the spot that the wounded man makes no such request at all. At a glance you know it is the miserable wife instead. Like many a Beast, Tige, too, has a Beauty to wife. Not a Beauty in the bodily sense at all; such a life as Tige has led her would have turned a Venus into the poor, pale-faced, haggard creature Mrs. Clarke is,—her beauty lying in the loveliness, superior to all else, of sincerest piety. Weeping and praying beside her dying husband, dragged out of the gutter into a barber's shop near by, she imagines Tige really wants to see a Christian minister, when the desire is exclusively her own.

That minister does not tell her so, but his first visit is to the wounded man who succeeded, since that was the only way to do so, in making the arrest. Thanking him heartily for his fearless vindication of law, after rendering him all help he can, the minister hastens to Tige. The usual crowd of eager lookers-on are coming and going; while the dying man lies on a mattress upon the floor, writhing in the agony of wounds getting cold.

"O, talk to him, pray with him!" the wife exclaims to the minister as he presses his way through and stands by her side. "He is not fit to die so! But he was in the right in *this* difficulty! They have murdered him,—murdered him for nothing at all!"

Not the smallest opening for surplice, sermon, or any of the formal proprieties just here.

"Why, Tige Clarke! Sorry to see you so hurt! In much pain?" the minister says, sinking the official as much as possible in the mere friend.

"Pain?" Tige replies in the same tones. "You bet! I am in hell!" For the man writhes in torture.

After preparing the way by further attempt at inducing Tige to forget the mere clergyman in the friend, his visitor adds, "You can live but a few moments longer, Tige. You are about entering quite another world, in which you are to stay forever. Any objections to my asking you a question or two, and praying with you? God, you know, is the only one can help you now!"

"O yes, perfectly willing!—Tom, old fel, how do *you* feel about it all?" This to a well-known desperado standing with arms folded upon his breast near by, whose face Tige catches on the instant as he writhes upon his mattress.

"Me? *Me*, Tige? Mighty bad, feel. *mighty* bad!" says Tom, with a sorrowful shake of his head. Judge Lynch has hung Tom since; devoted friends in life, in death they were not far divided. Just this word here about Tom. A noble-hearted man had taken him, a boy then of sixteen, into his trade and to his table, trying to rescue him from a drunken father who was half his time in jail.

"Tom," this friend said to him one morning at breakfast, "did you know the jail was burned down last night?"

"An' the old man in it?" said Tom, with brightening eyes; "no, I had n't!" as at glad news. "I do *hope* he was burnt up in it!" with all sincerity.

"Only a question or two," the minister says to Tige Clarke, as he writhes toward him. "Do you believe in the Bible, in religion?"

"Certainly I do, every word of it! Why, of *course* I do. Think I'm a heathen?"

"Well, then, Tige, you acknowledge yourself to be a sinner against God?" in kindest tones.

"Acknowledge *what*?" Tige, ceasing his writhing, looks at the questioner steadily.

"Acknowledge yourself to be a sinner, a sinner, Tige, against a holy God!" question pressed in manner as little offensive as possible.

"No, SIR!" Tige replies with all the emphasis left in him. "A sinner!" with utmost indignation. "No, SIR!" very angry. "I *may* have done some things a little out of the way, — driven to it," the dying man adds with an air of magnanimity and gentlemanly candor; "but a *sinner*? a sinner against *God*?" anger rapidly rising again. The hand of the questioner holds that of the deeply offended man, finger upon pulse. The body rolls and turns, doubles up and in and out like the incessant writhing, coiling, uncoiling of a wounded snake. But the gray haze creeping over the eyes is dispelled by the flashing up of the soul again therein. "*Acknowledge!*" in accents of sarcasm. . . . "A *sinner* against God!" the tones as of one re-stating an assertion as preposterous as it was insulting! A moment more to collect sufficient vehemence therefor. "No, SIR!" with a violence which hurls the man out of his body! In the eyes the fire is utterly gone, — only haze there. From the writhing body all motion is instantly passed, no stone stiller than that. For fire and unceasing motion were of the man himself. With that bound of the pulse, Tige Clarke had gone, taking with him all he is, leaving nothing at all behind him but that riddled body, really no more an essential part of him than the jeans clothing he wore, also riddled with balls and cuts. At ten o'clock this man was alive here and was Tige Clarke! I looked at my watch in the instant of that last wave of life's red ebb and flow which receded, leaving him ashore elsewhere. Half a minute after ten. If, body excepted, he did not stand upon that shore the same Tige Clarke he

was the half-minute before, please explain how a thing so exclusively physical as death effects also a moral change. Or, if it is more than the mere separation of Tige Clarke from his body, please prove it. Who denies the sensation this long, lank, notorious desperado would have made had he suddenly walked down the aisle of any church, revolver and bowie-knife begirdled, say upon a bright and quiet Sabbath morning in the midst of the service. Now, imagine, if you dare, the sudden leap of this wild animal out of this world into the very centre of white angels and serene saints in full heaven of service and song. True, his knives and revolvers are left behind. But every passion which prompted to the use of them. The effect of such entrance upon such company, upon himself? The eternal absurdity of the same reaches the insanity of laughter!

And this as a matter of scientific inquiry. To what degree do men in general share Tige Clarke's ignorance upon *that* point of his personal standing elsewhere? But this further: a Divine power specially given could alone have enlightened Tige Clarke herein. To what degree can your ignorance and mine in the same direction dispense with that same peculiar power?

Surely it is not often given to anybody to ride at the head of such a procession as bore Tige Clarke's body to the grave next day. Emerged like vermin from who knows what lurking-places; bound by who knows what fraternity to Tige and to one another, with jingling spurs they rode along, upon sorry scrubs of horses, twenty strong, jeans-clad, full-bearded, slouch-hatted, revolver- and -bowie-knife-girdled desperadoes, every man of them. Through the community flowed the funeral, like the Mississippi through the purer waves of the Gulf; for the good people of that region bear the same proportion to such a crew as these, as does the Gulf deep and broad to the muddy Mississippi flowing through it; the mass of those looking upon us as we rode being as thor-

oughly superior to and separate from Tige Clarke and his clan as any who read these lines.

As we stood around the open grave there came to the mind of the minister a sermon he had before preached to a like congregation in an extremer West. It was an effort to demonstrate to every man there that he was the direct reverse of a child of God, unless he repented and reformed. There was a horse-thief sitting among the congregation that day, the sheriff having brought him to church, the jail being too insecure for him to trust his charge out of his sight. With every clank of the criminal's chains, the speaker himself winced lest he should have hurt the feelings of the prisoner by the exceeding pungency of his train of thought. That it was presented with all due caution and tenderness may be hoped, however, from the fact that, the next day, one of the worst of all present sought out the speaker to say, "Look here, passon, you said yesterday we was children of the Devil —"

"Yes, my dear sir, but —" attempts the clergyman, in persuasive accents.

"An' you told the square fact! About *me* at least. Now, look here," continued the man, with gravest meaning, "if I don't quit from this day bein' a son of Satan, may I be —" a tremendous oath. "Because, you know an' I know I will be just *that*, if I don't quit off!"

One can be a vast deal more at rest in reference to the recording angel in this case than in that of Uncle Toby. His whole after life, as well as the tears that sprang to his eyes as he spoke, proved the omnipotence in his case, as of myriads, of the very peculiar Power!

Therefore, as respectfully and lovingly as a man naturally speaks when addressing demons who may change to angels, the minister told, at the open grave, exactly what he thought concerning those present if they did not change. This wind, however, bloweth where it listeth; that very night these same mourners break into a certain treasury with sledge-hammers and cold chisels, each man filling his wool hat

with gold, scattering the same over the ground as he runs. One was shot as he ran. Something of Roman grandeur in the man, dying for days with sealed lips as to his associates. He had stood too near me at the grave for me not to know who all the rest were. Ah, if we could but enlist the heroes of darkness, *all* of the Sauls of Tarsus, into the ranks of light!

THE HON. ALEXANDER ANDERSON deserves your attention, in this connection, for something more than the having been a brilliant lawyer and former member of Congress. When he had his famous difficulty with Jefferson English, he was member and pillar too of a certain church. Yet when his pastor eagerly sought an interview with him, the day before the "affair," what could that pastor say, at last? Jefferson English had already had his terrible card printed, denouncing the Hon. Alexander Anderson, the "HON." being in the largest type the market afforded, as scoundrel, coward, liar. In vague hopes of arresting the inevitable, a friend of both sides, one of the truest gentlemen in the world, had caused a copy, yet damp from the press, to reach the hands of said pastor. There was a shade even of the ludicrous in the sudden and utter halt to which that pastor was reduced after he had been closeted with the Hon. Alexander for an hour; after he had showed him the card, which would be posted next morning upon every wall in town; after he had exhausted all the abundant arguments which Christianity supplies for the successful use, it is generally held, at least of a clergyman in the case of parishioner who is also a pillar, in such a case as this. Exhaustion upon both sides; blank silence upon both sides, from want of anything which can possibly be said under such circumstances. The pastor is as anxious as a man can be to save his personal associate and friend from almost certain death in the affray which dawns with and as certainly as the next morning; especially as the church, in any case, will receive

such shock from the same. And the Hon. Alexander is, on these, on all accounts, fully as anxious, although there is no man braver than he, to avoid a difficulty. But what can possibly be done? In the gathering night, there in the parlor of the Hon. Alexander, they sit in painful silence, endeavoring to solve the irresolvable.

Very easy for you to suggest that the pastor should quietly inform the authorities, or should induce mutual friends to arrange the matter. Had he only thought of that before coming! But, then, the card had been shown him only after a solemn pledge that no one but the Hon. Alexander should know of it; the vague hope being that *he*, being a pillar, would "fix it up" in some way other than by battle. Besides, now that the pastor is in the house of his friend, that friend has distinctly informed him that he cannot leave the house unless under pledge, having been there, not to make any effort to arrest the result; people would say the Hon. Alexander had, in a cowardly manner, suggested the same!

"But consider the disastrous influence your killing English will have upon our church!" the clerical friend suggests yet again, after a long pause.

"You know perfectly well, sir, my *not* fighting him would have a worse influence upon St. Samuel's! Why, sir," the lawyer continues, in tones of cool statement of undeniable fact, "not only would it almost kill St. Samuel's, in that case, to have me as an officer, but there is hardly a woman, even among the communicants, would take, say, the bread or the wine from my hand, after my refusing to kill English, under the circumstances!"

The clergyman yet again, with tears, with vastly more eloquence than ever in the pulpit, urges at length the Sermon on the Mount, the Death on another Mount, the One himself, as acknowledged to be the Master! Had he been speaking of Balder or Epictetus, it would have had as much and as little weight under the circumstances. You observe, "What is the *use*?" It

is replied, "Pardon me, but you know I have my will to write, and it must be near midnight. If there was any *practical* suggestion—" For the Hon. Alexander has risen to his feet.

"But to think of leaving your wife a widow!" the impracticable friend will venture to suggest for the third time.

"As I told you before, I could never look in my wife's face if I did *not* fight. She loves me as much as a woman can; yet, you know as well as I do, she would go back to her father, the General, the day I backed out, and neither the General nor herself would speak to me again as long as I lived!"

"Do you think, sir," says the clergyman, with affected sharpness, "the people will vote you again to Congress, a man whose hand is red with the blood—"

"I run next time for judge of the Supreme Court, and you know as well as I, not one vote will I get if I incur even the suspicion of backing down in this matter!" the Hon. Alexander replies in judicial tones. "True, a regular duel would disqualify for office, so we'll make it a chance rencontre instead!" he adds in business accents.

"But your children, my dear friend!" his persistent companion begins, "darling little Lutie, bright little Charlie! and, pardon me, I'm afraid you will not have much to bequeath them in that will."

"Beggars all, Sir John," the other quotes. "Yet what *is* the use? You know so well," he continues, wearied of his reasoning as with a child, "that, if I showed the white feather to-morrow, I could not make a dollar for them in my profession! Besides, as they grew up, Lutie and Charlie would despise me more and more." Yes, both acknowledge the same. Napoleon, and Hannibal before him, managed to get over the Alps: obstacle here which leaves no alternative!

When the minister hears the rapid revolver shots the next morning, where he sits in a convenient room in waiting for the same, there is positive relief after painful suspense. Possibly to

Mrs. Anderson also ; for, with heartiest approval of her husband's course, — as what other possible alternative is there ? — she, too, waits near by, Lutie and Charlie with her, in case a last farewell with their father is necessary.

"Had English killed Alec," she tells her pastor next day, stroking the head of Charlie, standing at her knee, "I would have begun to-day putting Charlie in practice with his father's revolver. I would have laid everything else by to train him till he could be certain of killing English at the first shot !" And she says it with no violence, though she is a lovely brunette, but with the repose of a blonde. No member of the church could be more devoted and energetic than beautiful Mrs. Anderson. And you might almost as well blame the poor chameleon with being red when all the woods are scarlet in autumn, as blame the Hon. Alec and herself, under the circumstances ! And we will say it is all changed now, these events taking place — will a thousand years ago do ?

Only, the remark was made in the privacy of the vestry and is wholly irrelevant !

Returning to our "difficulty," strange to say the parties had accidentally passed each other in the early morning. The "card" had not as yet been posted, however, and nothing could have been more *suave* than the demeanor of the gentlemen to each other, both perfectly aware of the approaching event. "Gentlemen !" Yes, to save your life, you cannot give the name to the polished plunderers in public life to-day any more than you can refrain from giving "that grand old name" to these, however great their defects. There is a fragrance, old-fashioned as its perfume, to daisy and buttercup, which will cling to men with these ideas of honor and courage, in distinction from Cassius with his ticklish palm, so long as buttercup and daisy bloom upon the earth !

Why sing at length an Iliad which lasted scarce ten minutes ? After the

"card" had been duly posted, by an instinct so unanimous as to be of the nature of harmony, the poster and the posted meet in the most public part of the public street, and, keeping marvelous time, open fire upon each other ! Five shots to a revolver, two revolvers each, twenty shots ! A good many beside Mrs. Anderson and the pastor kept account with painful accuracy, the simultaneousness of the reports requiring a nice ear for the same.

All the town had converged to the arena in a thrill of excitement. The very negroes, too ; for here, all on a sudden, was Fourth of July, circus, Christmas, all at once and not a cent to pay ! True, as the assailants perpetually changed their position in reference to each other as they fired, the balls whizzed never twice in the same direction among the encircling crowd, keeping up a perpetual expectation and movement among the same, which gave to the lookers-on all the zest of being themselves, also, actually engaged.

The twentieth shot ! Highly unclerical for a minister to be on the scene during the battle ; exceedingly proper for him to be there immediately after. To qualify the dying, you observe, for death. But when the clergyman hurried to the spot on the signal of silence, he found, not so strange to say to one familiar with the statistics of duels, neither man killed ! That would have mitigated the disgust of the crowd. At least, one of them wounded ? Not even that.

Apart from intimate friends, the crowd had with the last shot as instantly resolved itself into its three constituents as ever water does under the battery of the chemist.

CLASS A. "It is perfectly outrageous that men should assault each other thus in the public street, endangering our lives ! The only regret is that they did not kill each other !" Yet Class A had taken its gold-headed cane and walked eagerly down to see, enjoyed it as much as any, would not have missed it for the world !

CLASS B. "I do solemnly declare," leaning against the nearest support in convulsions of laughter, "it was the funniest thing I ever saw in my life. I laughed here while it was going on till I cried. The way they twisted and dodged and stooped and jumped while they-fired! Talk of the circus! And the way they let fly at each other with their empty revolvers! I'm sorry, of course, that nobody was killed, but it certainly *was* the funniest thing!" Laughter at the very idea for weeks after.

CLASS C. Profoundly indignant. Personally mortified. Seriously hurt. "Sir, that those two men should have had all the time for preparation they had, and neither killed, or even grazed at last! So near each other, too. Two revolvers,—*two* each!" Deep contempt. "Why not four apiece? Better still, double-barrel shot-gun full of buck-shot. It's a shame! If it was me I'd never show my face again in *this* community!" And these never recur to the painful failure to draw blood without deep indignation!

Before night another "card" was pasted over the first, everywhere announcing that, friends interposing, the Hon. Alexander and General Jefferson did hereby mutually withdraw everything said about the other. Amazing power in a "card" either way. Yet, somehow, we cannot merely laugh at such men. This, at least, can be repeated. Men of the sort of these may be in Congress, upon leading committees therein, before very long; as sure as you approach them, however adroitly, with a bribe of money or land, so surely will you feel their hasty right hand full in your face! Certainly, dead opposition to you henceforth in that "little matter of mine now pending in Washington."

If you are justly dissatisfied with a reminiscence of so pale a red as this last, indulge the artist if he drops the unskilful pen, grasps, as it were, the pencil instead, and tries to sketch in outline

JUDGE LYNCH IN LAWN.

Possessing the fine imagination you do, dear reader, conceive yourself upon a brilliant Sunday morning in the spring, in the centre of the vast Cypress Swamp, west of the Mississippi River. You are one of a large camp of emigrants from east of the father of waters, on your way with the twenty-two households composing the camp to a new home upon the banks of the White River. Be deliberate in acceding to this imagination, since, if you do, it makes you a member of a church, for the camp is not only a neighborhood afloat, a future town upon White River in the air, it is also a regularly organized church, pastor, officers, members, and all. In that large red wagon with the close covering, off to the right, is a particularly large and new trunk containing the pulpit-cushion, the communion-service and font, the huge gilt Bible, the church records, and all the lesser volumes for the psalmody and the Sabbath school of the building for worship, which, by the by, will be the very first structure erected when this church itinerant shall have reached its selected resting-place.

Look around you! If the woods are nature's churches, these gigantic live-oaks and cypresses which environ the closely clustered tents and wagons of the camp, with their limbs interlocking overhead, draped in great banners of hanging moss of the peculiar gray of an old man's beard, make up to-day a cathedral. Nor is the dim religious light wanting, so dense is the hanging moss and the foliage above and around.

Nor is actual worship lacking. The men and women in their Sunday demeanor and clothing are seated in a semicircle, of which a rude pulpit is the centre, upon the hide-bottomed chairs, brought along largely for this very purpose. A baby being carefully hushed upon its mother's bosom there, an aged woman here, a white-headed patriarch supporting his chin as he sits upon the horn-handled top of his cane,

his right hand hollowed behind his ear, that he may lose none of the sermon, — these, with others of every age, make up the congregation; one more solemn and deeply serious meets nowhere else in the world this Sunday morning.

Breathless solemnity, even, for the venerable pastor is just closing a sermon upon the divine command from creation to slay the murderer; and, immediately before him, beside some long object supported by a horse-trough under each end, and covered with a quilt of white Marseilles, sits the murderer, already condemned to die, and to be hung as soon as the benediction is pronounced! The facts being simply these: John Armstrong, a sandy-haired, huge-limbed, resolute Scotch-Irishman, pillar of this church, and born leader among men, was the getter up of this move of the church from its worn-out lands in North Carolina to the new and fertile location selected by himself, after years of careful examination out West, sent out by the church for the purpose. As the leader of the party he always rides a few hours in advance of the camp, along the military road upon which they are journeying through the swamp, to select a camping spot for each night. Now, only last Monday, they stayed in Memphis a day or so, making the last purchases before leaving all civilization behind and plunging into a world almost as new as if created the year before. At that date Memphis swarmed with desperadoes, flying from the older States, unwilling to go on to Texas if they could possibly avoid it. One of these, Beauty Harmon by name, chances in Memphis upon John Armstrong while making his purchases, for Armstrong is treasurer of the colony as well as everything else; sees him in possession of large sums; follows him upon his lonely ride in advance; shoots him from behind upon this very spot; rides on with his plunder only to be ridden down and captured by the young men of the colony, for escape is impossible in such a swamp, no turning off to the right or the left from the embank-

ment for the military road through the same, and the horses of the pursuers were freshest and swiftest. And so, there the murderer sits! But far from silent.

Now it is impossible for the camp to halt while the criminal is guarded back to civilization. A long trial tarried for, almost certain escape from the log jail there while awaiting trial! Besides, the colony are wholly satisfied that no jury can be found just now in Memphis which will not be a "hung jury," whatever the evidence, even if it does not acquit the murderer, leaving him free to wreak after-vengeance upon them; associated, as they have every reason to believe he is, with the "Murrell Gang," then the terror of that region. No! The matter has been thoroughly discussed all the Saturday night by the men of the colony, the pastor presiding, and with frequent prayer for Divine guidance. Are they not a town? The having not yet reached, and actually turned their tents into log-cabins upon their town site, — what difference does that make? And who doubts or denies the guilt of the murderer? Money, watch, memorandum - book, well-worn pocket Testament even, of the murdered man found upon him! And Beauty Harmon never denies the crime at all; only curses and strikes and spits at them till he is exhausted, boasting all the time of what "the boys" will do to them for his death, bewailing only the fact that he separated himself from "the boys," and "took to rough gambling" by himself!

Very easily could the criminal have had his case at least postponed, for he is not twenty years old; "the most perfectly handsome human being I ever saw," one of the men afterwards told the writer. He had but to acknowledge all, beg and pray, and promise for the future, and over the very body of his victim, possibly, — by the women first, the men afterward, — he would have been held, at least, under advisement. But he has driven the women into silence from the first by his obscene curses upon them; simply a beautiful

wild animal, a sleek and spotted panther, utterly untamable, too wicked and dangerous to let loose!

And so the sermon is ended, not without doxology and benediction. The weeping pastor attempts a beseeching exhortation to the condemned, till cursed by him into despairing silence. The women uncover the face of the dead for a last look, but are hastened from it by the brutal language of the murderer. Then the men, the pastor following in the rear, bear the murdered and the murderer to the live-oak beneath which the body was found, and where a wide grave has been already dug, a stout halter from one of the horses already secured to the limb overhead. It is wholly useless, the attempted prayer of the pastor, for Beauty Harmon gives way to a fiercer frenzy of cursing, possibly to keep his courage up to the last, — cursing which ceases only when a sudden blow upon the horse on which he is seated with the rope about his neck, leaves him struggling in the Sunday light, in a few minutes to hang revolving to right and left, — dead! And so the two are laid side by side in the same grave. The women, too, cluster about the dead now and lend their tears and their voices to the funeral Psalm. Another prayer in which both of the dead are left in the hand of God, with humble entreaty for forgiveness if any sin has been committed in the matter. The doxology and benediction yet again, and the service is ended!

It was years after, that one of the officers of the church, now an old man, told the writer the whole story with no shade of regret as to the course they had pursued!

"And, you see, we wrote to Beauty Harmon's people as soon 's we could learn where they lived, told them the whole story just how it happened," the old pioneer said to me in continuation.

"And what did they write?" I asked.

"They never wrote. The old man, the boy's father, *he* came out here. You see, we had kept the boy's saddle-bags, an' didn't know what to do with the things. Mighty bad boy Beauty always was, desperate bad boy, the old man said!" my aged friend added.

"But what did he say to your hanging his son?" I ventured to ask. And how the exact words of my informant's reply linger to this hour in my ear!

"O, the old man, he grumbled about that mightily! It was such a cold-blooded murder, and John Armstrong he was such a good man, real valuable man, I had no more feeling in hanging that young wild-cat, — what a Beauty he was, eyes and claws and satin skin!" my friend added after a long silence. "But when we came to examine his saddle-bags closely after he was buried, we found one little bundle. The women they had a cry over it. I could n't help feeling some myself!"

"But what was it?"

"O, nothing in the world! In that saddle-bag was loaded dice, decks of marked cards, books full of the dirtiest pictures you ever saw. But that little bundle! Nothing at all, at last, but a pair of little red baby shoes tied up very carefully in a bit of white paper all to themselves. It is mighty foolish I know," added my friend, taking out his large, black, greasy pocket-book, selecting a crumpled bit of paper therefrom and putting the same in my hand, "but I've kept *that*, tied up in the shoes it was, ever since, a reminder like!"

I carefully unrolled the worn paper, and could hardly make out the faded words. What a foolish old man he was! Nothing at last written there but the words, "A nise pare of littul shoose bought by Beauty for his deer littul Babby brother!"

William M. Baker.

THE LAUNCH OF THE VALKYRIE.

"BUILD me a swift avenger,
Now, for my royal dead !
Build me a ship, O master,
Whose name shall breathe disaster,
Whose soul shall wed with danger !
Build a sea-scourge !" she said.

Hard by the eagle's eyry
They felled the witch's pine.
"Now, may the gods have pity
On seaboard thorp and city,
When that this fiend Valkyrie
Is loosed upon the brine !"

So spake the master-builder,
Who, daily at his toil,
Trembled to feel the yearning
Of pulses seaward turning,
Beneath the gyves that held her
Bound to the sluggish soil ;

Till, of a glad gray morning,
Folding his arms, "'T is done,"
He said ; and the sea-king's daughter
Down by the green sea water,
Pale in her sad, sweet mourning,
Rose, and came with the sun.

"O ship of hope and passion !"
She sang ; "O ship of doom !
From winds and waters listening
This saga for thy christening,
How shall we frame and fashion
A song of days to come !

"In whirl of shouting weather
Thy chief delight shall be,
When plumed Niorder urges
His racing, tossing surges,
With ringing spur and tether,
On foamy shoals of sea ;

"When swift with nodding motion.
And chime of smiting mail,
Uprise and ride together,
With blowing robe and feather,
Down rainy rims of ocean,
The squadrons of the gale.

"Through nights ringed round with thunder,
When, landward, gull and loon
Go by thee, gray and wailing,
Thou shalt be sailing, sailing,
By lone sea-reaches, under
The rainy yellow moon ;

"And death-lights, night and morning,
Shall burn upon thy spars,
And hollow, hollow, hollow,
Adown thy wake shall follow
A wind of fear, and warning,
Of tempests, and of wars.

"So sail ! The tides shall slumber
About thy keel no more,
And vainly for thee, ever,
The harbor light shall quiver,
Through years no man may number,
Till thy great quest is o'er."

Gone is the toiling master ;
Gone are the workmen old ;
And princess proud, and maiden,
With years and sorrow laden,
Have crept from life's disaster
Beneath the turf and mold ;

But oft, from crag and eyry,
When winds are whirled with snow,
And headlands blend together,
The watchers through the weather
Still hail the ship Valkyrie,
And mark her canvas blow ;

And eyes of lone sea torches
Espy her sailing down,
And bells, with horror shaken,
On midnight coasts awaken,
And clamor from their porches
To sleeping thorp and town.

Wm. W. Young.

JEFFERSON IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

SIXTY gentlemen, in silk stockings and pigtails, sitting in a room of no great size in a plain brick building up a narrow alley, — such was the Continental Congress; “the Honorable Congress,” as its constituents made a point of calling it; “the General Congress at Philadelphia,” as Lord Chat-ham styled it, when he told an incredulous House of Lords that no body of men had ever surpassed it “in solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion.” The present generation of Philadelphians has seen the hall wherein Peyton Randolph presided and Patrick Henry spoke, a second-hand furniture salesroom, and none too large for the purpose; while the committee-rooms up stairs, to which Franklin and Samuel Adams repaired for consultation, were used for a school. The principal apartment must have been well filled when all the members were present; and we may be sure that the Society of House Carpenters, to whom the building belonged, did not violate the proprieties of the Quaker City so far as to furnish it sumptuously.

The Congress was not an assemblage of aged sires with snowy locks and aspect venerable, such as art has represented the Roman Senate. Old men could neither have done the work nor borne the journeys. Franklin, the oldest member, was seventy-one, though still ruddy and vigorous; and there were two or three others past sixty; but the members generally were in the prime of their years and powers, with a good sprinkling of young men among them, as there must be in representative bodies which truly represent. John Jay was thirty, not too old to be a little vain of the papers he drew. Maryland had sent two young men, — Thomas Stone, thirty-two, and William Paca, thirty-five. From South Carolina came eloquent John Rutledge,

thirty-six, and his brother, Edward Rutledge, twenty-six. Patrick Henry was not quite forty; John Adams, only forty; John Langdon, thirty-five; and Jefferson, thirty-two. Nor could the Congress be called a learned body, though about one half of the members had had college and professional training. By various paths these men had made their way to the confidence of their fellow-citizens; and the four powers that conjointly govern the world — knowledge, character, talents, and wealth — were happily combined, as well in the whole body as in some individuals. Franklin had them all. Patrick Henry wielded one most brilliant and commanding gift; and there were two or three members, now dropped even from biographical dictionaries, who fulfilled the definition of “good company” reported by Crabb Robinson, — persons who “lived upon their own estates and other people’s ideas.” Some sturdy characters were there, who had fought their way from the ranks, like Roger Sherman of Connecticut, farmer’s son, shoemaker’s apprentice, store-keeper, surveyor, lawyer, judge, member of the Congress; or like John Langdon of New Hampshire, another farmer’s son, mariner and merchant till the British cruisers drove him ashore and to the Congress. It was, indeed, a wonderful body of sixty men, that could send forth to command its armies one of its own members, and retain orators like Lee, Henry, John Adams, and John Rutledge; writers of the grade of Dickinson, Jefferson, William Livingston, and Jay; lawyers like Sherman, Wilson, and Chase; men of business such as Hopkins, Langdon, and Lewis; a philosopher like Franklin; and such an embodiment of energetic and untiring will as Samuel Adams.

The new member from Virginia was most welcome in the Congress. Be-

sides being the bearer of encouraging news from home, he brought with him a kind of reputation which then gave perhaps even more prestige than it does at present, — “a reputation,” as John Adams records, “for literature, science, and a happy talent for composition.” Even now a new member of good presence and liberal fortune would be regarded as an acquisition to Congress and to the capital, concerning whom it should be whispered about that, besides the usual Latin and Greek, he had acquired French, Italian, and Spanish, and was going on to learn German, and even Gaelic if he could only get the books from Scotland; a gentleman of thirty-two who could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break a horse, dance a minuet, and play the violin. The papers which he had written for the Virginia Legislature, one of which he brought with him and another of which had been widely scattered in both countries, were known to members. Moreover, he was an accession to the radical side. His mind was keeping pace with the march of events. There were orators enough already, and no lack of writers; but Jefferson came, not only surcharged with that spirit which was to carry the country through the crisis, but full of the learning of the case, up in his *Magna Charta*, versed in the lore of the lawyers of the Commonwealth, and conversant with Virginia precedents. He could only take part in conversational debates; there was neither fluency nor fire in his public utterances; but, to quote again the language of John Adams, “he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in conversation, — not even Samuel Adams was more so, — that he soon seized upon my heart.” He was a Virginian, too; and that was a proud title then, and most dear to the people of New England. Massachusetts and Virginia, — Massachusetts oppressed and Virginia sympathizing, — that was the most obvious fact of the situation. And Virginia had espoused the cause of persecuted Bos-

VOL. XXIX. — NO. 176.

ton with so eloquent a tongue, and poured supplies into her lap with a hand so bountiful and untiring, and brought to her support so respectable a name and such imposing wealth and numbers, and sent men to the Congress of such splendid gifts and various worth, that to be a Virginian was itself an honorable distinction. Jefferson, too, united in himself the method and plod of a Yankee lawyer with the ease and grace which man began to acquire when he first bestrode the horse.

The prodigious greatness of this Congress is shown in its consideration for its weakest member. An ordinary parliament is controlled by its strongest; but this Congress deliberately allowed itself to be dominated by John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, timidest of gentlemen, though a man of ability and worth. He dared not face the crisis. “Johnny,” his mother used to say to him (so reports John Adams), “you will be hanged; your estate will be forfeited and confiscated; you will leave your excellent wife a widow, and your charming children orphans, beggars, and infamous.” And this, too, while the excellent wife stood by with confirmatory anguish visible in her countenance. Mr. Adams confesses that, if *his* wife and mother had held such language, it would have made him the most miserable of men, even if it did not render him an apostate. The Congress, if it could not regard Mr. Dickinson’s scruples as purely disinterested and patriotic, knew that they were representative, and felt the necessity of opposing to the king’s insensate obstinacy a united front. Hence it was that, when these lions and lambs sat down together, it was a little child that led them; and for his sake they committed the sublime imbecility of a second petition to the king. It was a wonderful condescension. “Ben Harrison” expressed the feeling of nearly every member when he said, in reply to Dickinson’s exulting remark, that there was but one word in the petition which he disapproved, and that was the word *Congress*, “There is

but one word in the paper, Mr. President, of which I approve, and that is the word *Congress*." It is only the great who can thus bend and accommodate themselves to the scruples of the little.

Nor was it timidity alone that influenced the excellent ladies of Mr. Dickinson's family. It was sentiment as well. In looking over the newspapers of that year, 1775, we gather the impression that the Ministry endeavored to turn to account the personal popularity of the king and queen, which was very great, particularly with mothers; for were they not the parents of ten children, — the oldest thirteen, the youngest a baby in arms? It is not possible for the scoffing readers of this generation to conceive of the tender emotions awakened in the maternal bosom of 1775 upon reading paragraphs in the newspapers describing the family life led at Kew by the royal parents and their numerous brood: how their Majesties rose at six in the morning, and devoted the next two hours, which they called *their own*, to Arcadian enjoyment; how, at eight, the five elder children were brought from their several abodes to breakfast with their illustrious parents. "At nine," as one reporter of the period has it, "the younger children attend to lisp or smile their good-morrows; and while the five eldest are closely applying to their tasks, the little ones and their nurses pass the whole morning in Richmond Gardens. The king and queen frequently amuse themselves with sitting in the room while the children dine, and, once a week, *attended by the whole offspring in pairs*, make the little delightful tour of Richmond Gardens"! Who but a republican savage could resist such a picture? The same faithful reporter bade a loyal empire take note that the Prince of Wales, aged thirteen, and the Bishop of Osnaburgh, aged twelve, promised to excel the generality of mankind as much in learning as in rank, for they were kept at their books eight hours a day, and were so fond of their les-

sons! "All the ten are indeed fine children."

We observe, also, that there was much petitioning this year, both for and against the Americans; which gave the king opportunities to indicate his own sentiments: for when a petition was presented adverse to the royal policy, no notice was taken of it; but when a delegation came to the palace charged to say that a malignant spirit of resistance had gone forth in America, fomented by selfish men resolved to rise upon the ruins of their country; or when a committee of aldermen gave utterance to the opinion that clemency was thrown away upon colonists who raised parricidal hands against a parent state to which they owed existence and every blessing; or when nine tailors from Tooley Street laid "their lives and fortunes at the foot of the throne," for a gracious king to employ in maintaining the authority of Parliament in every part of the Empire; — then the Majesty of Britain unknit its troubled brow, and the newspapers were enabled to state that "his Majesty received the address very graciously, and the gentlemen of the deputation had the honor to kiss his Majesty's hand." The king's deliberate opinion of the troubles in America was that Washington, Patrick Henry, the Adamses, Jefferson, Peyton Randolph, John Dickinson, and the Congress generally, had entered into "a desperate conspiracy," to use the language of the royal speech of 1775, for the purpose of wresting from him a valuable part of his dominions. All this petitioning and all these tender or timid scruples of the Dickinson party, he thought, were "meant to amuse" a too confiding British people; while the leaders, Dickinson himself being one of them, were "preparing for a general revolt." Thus do the stupid usually interpret the wise.

Mr. Jefferson's talent for composition was called into requisition on the fifth day of his attendance. The Congress was extremely solicitous concerning the wording of the documents which

they issued, not because they felt the eyes of the universe to be upon them, though everything they published *was* printed in all the newspapers of Christendom that dared insert it, but because they had, in all their formal utterances, to avoid many possible errors, and try for many desirable objects. They were resolved to remain in the right, to be the party sinned against, and they meant to make this clearly appear. They had to satisfy English Whigs without giving a handle to English Tories, and express the feeling of Samuel Adams without repelling John Dickinson. They had to resist General Gage, without appearing as rebels in the eyes of kings whose countenance and succor might become important to them. Hence, nothing was so much valued at the moment, next to the art of making saltpetre, as skill in the use of written words.

On the very day when Jefferson took his seat came the first tidings of Bunker Hill. How powerless is language to recall the thrill, the alarm, the capture, the apprehension, the triumph, the tumult, of those days when the tremendous and incredible details were arriving! One thousand and fifty-four of the king's own red-coated soldiers dead or wounded! Thirteen officers bearing the king's commission killed and seventy wounded! The king's general and army shut up in Boston, impotent. The Honorable Congress felt it necessary to get upon paper at once the correct theory of these events, with which the world would soon be ringing; for there had never before been such a slaughter as this in British America; not in the bloodiest of the Indian fights, nor when Wolfe completed the conquest of Canada on the Plains of Abraham. A committee was appointed to draw up a statement of the causes of taking up arms. This committee, on June 24th, Jefferson's third day in the Congress, presented a draft, written by a great orator, John Rutledge. Great orators have not the desk-patience to be great writers. The paper not being approved, the commit-

tee, two days after, was ordered to try again; and two gentlemen noted for their writing talent, John Dickinson and Thomas Jefferson, were added to the committee.

The members of this famous Congress, nobly as they acquitted themselves of their task, were not exempt from the foibles of human nature. They had their little vanities, antipathies, and resentments, like the rest of our limited race.

When the Congress adjourned that day, the members of the committee remained, and Jefferson found himself next to William Livingston of New Jersey, a lawyer of about his own age, much admired for the sweeping vigor of his written style. Jefferson regarded him with particular interest. Among the papers issued by the first Congress, the one he had liked best was the Address to the People of Great Britain, the most extensive and complete version of the case yet given to the world. Without being particularly well written, it was a plain, straightforward piece of work, free from those reserves and softenings supposed to be requisite in petitions to the king. When the Virginia delegates returned, he had inquired concerning the authorship of a paper so much to his mind, and Ben Harrison had told him that William Livingston was the author. Hence he now turned to Livingston and urged him to undertake the important and difficult draft committed to them. The member from New Jersey excused himself, and proposed the work to Jefferson. Upon this he renewed his request with such urgency that Livingston was puzzled. "We are as yet but new acquaintances, sir," said the Jerseyman; "why are you so urgent for my doing it?" He replied, "Because I have been informed that you drew the Address to the People of Great Britain, a production, certainly, of the finest pen in America." Livingston had, indeed, presented the paper to the house, but as it was the composition of John Jay of New York, he was compelled to waive the compli-

ment. "On that, perhaps, sir," said he, "you may not have been correctly informed."

The next morning, as Jefferson himself reports, he discovered that Mr. Jay was not disposed to lose the honor of his performance. As he was walking about in the hall before the house had been called to order, he observed Mr. Jay leading towards him, "by the button of his coat," Mr. R. H. Lee of Virginia. These gentlemen were not the best friends. "I understand, sir," said Jay to Jefferson, when he had brought up the Virginian orator, "that this gentleman informed you that Mr. Livingston drew the Address to the People of Great Britain." Mr. Jefferson set him right on the point; but Jay and Lee remained "ever very hostile to one another."

It is a relief to catch Mr. John Jay, who comes down to us with a reputation for austere virtue, behaving so much like a sophomore. The truth is, however, that at thirty he was a merry gentleman enough, who smoked his pipe, loved his jest, could be vain of his "composition," and was actually — if the reader can believe it — called by his intimate friends Jack!

The committee asked the new member from Virginia to try his hand at the draft; i. e. to put Lexington and Bunker Hill into documentary form for general circulation. He did his best, but his usual ill-luck pursued him. Mr. Dickinson thought the paper "too strong." No one as yet expected or desired any other ending of the controversy than reconciliation with Great Britain on the old terms. Why, then, asked Dickinson, make reconciliation more difficult by offensive words? "He was so honest a man," says Mr. Jefferson, "and so able a one, that he was greatly indulged even by those who could not feel his scruples." The committee asked him to take Mr. Jefferson's draft, which all seem to have approved but Dickinson, and put it into a form he could adopt. The result was a much better document for the purpose than either of them alone

could have prepared; for in nothing that man does is the old saying truer, than in the preparation of official documents, that two heads are better than one. Mr. Dickinson restated the course of events, but appended to his mild version of the facts four and a half paragraphs of Jefferson's flowing eloquence, which came in well when the document was read in town meetings and at the head of departing regiments. But Mr. Dickinson's part was not less effective. The very awkwardnesses of a piece of writing have convincing power when they arise from the struggle of an honest mind to get upon paper the exact truth. How effective and affecting some of Mr. Lincoln's messages for this very reason! It was not eloquent to describe the affair of Lexington as "an unprovoked assault upon the inhabitants of the said Province, as appears by the affidavits of a great number of persons"; nor was it a fine stroke of rhetoric to speak of the battle of Bunker Hill as a butchery of *our* countrymen (saying nothing of the 1,054 *British* dead and wounded); but Homer could not have stated it in a better way to reach the minds of the plain, scrupulous people of Pennsylvania. The committee and the Congress adopted Mr. Dickinson's draft. If the reader will turn to the document, he will easily discover the precise point where Dickinson's labored statement ends and Jefferson's glowing utterance begins.

There is one word of three letters in Mr. Jefferson's portion which I wonder the cautious Pennsylvanian did not erase. It is the word of threat italicized in this passage: "We mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not *yet* driven us into that desperate measure, nor induced us to excite any other nation to war against them. We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent States." These words render the date of the document

interesting. The attested copy bears date July 6, 1775. If John Hancock had found it convenient to sign two days before, he would have furnished the orators and historians of future ages with a "point"! A year later he put his name to a document of different tenor.

Toward the close of the session, it fell to Jefferson to do for the Congress what he had already done for Virginia, draft an answer to Lord North's Conciliatory Proposition. As there was no Dickinson upon the committee, his draft was approved; and the adoption of this paper was among the last acts of the session. August 1st, seventy-one days after Jefferson had taken his seat, the Congress adjourned.

Besides participating in the daily unreported debates, he had penned two important papers, one of which had been rejected and the other accepted. His presence in the house was his best service to the cause. His clear conception of the situation, his knowledge of the laws and precedents bearing on the controversy, the native fearlessness of his intellect, his curious freedom from some of the troublesome foibles of our nature, particularly his indifference as to who should have the *credit* of doing the best thing, provided the best thing was done, and a certain conciliatory habit of mind and manner, made him a valuable member of such a body as this; and he was happy, too, in being in a situation where his special gift was the one in request. With the good-will of all his colleagues, he set out for Virginia, Ben Harrison riding with him in his carriage, and the other Virginia delegates not far behind. These Virginians were wanted at home. They were waited for and anxiously desired.

For, in the church of St. John, on the loftiest height of Richmond, the Virginia Convention had been for several days in session, electing colonels to the regiments, examining specimens of saltpetre, preparing to frustrate the fell designs of Dunmore, and yet reluctant to go on until the arrival of the

honorable delegates from Philadelphia. Patrick Henry, in grateful remembrance of his powder exploit, was elected colonel of the First Regiment.

It took the delegates eight days to perform the journey from Philadelphia to Richmond. August 9th, in the midst of the morning session, four of them, as the Journal records, "Patrick Henry, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, and Thomas Jefferson, Esquires, appeared in Convention and took their seats, and the gentlemen appointed to represent their counties, in their necessary absence, retired." At once the four gentlemen were added to the important committee of the moment, and resumed legislative duty. On the 11th arrived another delegate, R. H. Lee, who took his seat; and this was the last of the arrivals, for George Washington was on other duty, and was not expected home that summer.

It was a great day in the Convention, this 11th of August, meagre as the record is. Again the Convention was to elect seven members to represent the Colony in the next Congress, which was to meet in September. First, three of the last delegation, no longer eligible, — General Washington, Colonel Patrick Henry, and Edmund Pendleton, the last named being in infirm health, — were solemnly thanked by the chairman, on behalf of the Convention, for their services in the Congress. The new soldier and the old lawyer becomingly responded, and then the chairman was "desired to transmit the thanks of this Convention by letter to his Excellency General Washington." These high courtesies performed, the balloting began. The result showed that Virginia was well pleased with the youngest of her representatives: Peyton Randolph, eighty-nine; R. H. Lee, eighty-eight; Thomas Jefferson, eighty-five; Benjamin Harrison, eighty-three; Thomas Nelson, sixty-six; Richard Bland, sixty-one; George Wythe, fifty-eight. Thus the delegate who, a few months before, had been sent to the Congress to fill a brief vacancy, stood

now third in the list; above Nelson, one of the richest men in Virginia; above Harrison, the favorite representative of the planting interest; above Wythe, his instructor in the law; above Bland, long regarded as the ablest political writer in Virginia, now venerable in years.

Virginia, we observe, stood by her faithful servants. The fatal notion of rotation in office had not yet been evolved. The delegates who could no longer serve were publicly applauded; those who could were re-elected with a near approach to unanimity, except in the case of Mr. Bland, whose age and infirmities rendered him incapable of efficient service. His re-election was probably only another form of honorable dismissal. Calumnious reports had been circulated of late, casting doubt upon the sincerity of his attachment to the great cause. The Convention, promptly yielding to his demand for an investigation, had "considered it their duty to bear to the world their testimony, that the said Richard Bland had manifested himself the friend of his country, and uniformly stood forth an able asserter of her rights and liberties." Copies of this vindication were ordered to be sent to the Congress, and to Arthur Lee, the London agent of the Province, in whose suspicious mind the slanders had probably originated. The re-election was an additional testimony which touched the old man's heart. The next morning he rose in the Convention to decline the honor conferred upon him. This fresh instance of the approval of the Convention, he said, was enough for an old man, almost deprived of sight, whose highest ambition had ever been to receive, when he should retire from public life, "the plaudit of his country"; and he begged the Convention to appoint "some more fit and able person to supply his place." The Convention declared that their thanks were due to Richard Bland for his able and faithful service, and that they were induced to accept his resignation only by consideration for his advanced age. The old

man then rose, and remained standing, while the chairman pronounced the thanks of the Convention in fit, impressive words. A community is not apt to be ill-served that treats its servants in this spirit.

Impatient for his home, Jefferson obtained leave of absence on the fifth day of his attendance in the Convention; but before he left Richmond he gave his voice and vote for a measure which proved to be the beginning of a revolution in Virginia of which he was to be the soul and director. Dissenters from the Established Church had, as yet, neither rights nor recognition, and, in ordinary times, both would have been denied them. But, at such a time as this, when the fundamental rights of man become living truths in all but the dullest minds, enthusiasm lifts men above the trivialities of sectarian difference, and enables them to lay aside sectarian arrogance. August 16, 1775, an address from the Baptists was presented to the Convention. Of this, the most numerous body of dissenters in the Colony, Rev. John Clay, father of the renowned Kentuckian, was then an active member, and doubtless his name was appended to the document. Differ as we may, said the Baptists of Virginia in this petition, we are nevertheless members of the same community, — a community now menaced with oppression and devastation, — and "we have considered what part it will be proper for us to take in the unhappy contest." The result of their deliberations was: 1. That, "in some cases, it is lawful to go to war"; and, 2. That this was one of the cases. Consequently many of their numbers had enlisted, and many more desired to enlist, who "had an earnest desire their ministers should preach to them during the campaign." Their petition was, that four Baptist ministers should be allowed to preach to Baptist soldiers, "without molestation or abuse." The Convention passed a resolution which both granted the request and conceded the principle: —

"Resolved, That it be an instruction

to the commanding officers of regiments or troops to be raised, that they permit dissenting clergymen to celebrate divine worship, and to preach to the soldiers or exhort, from time to time, as the various operations of the military service may permit, for the ease of such scrupulous consciences as may not choose to attend divine service as celebrated by the chaplain."

Thus began religious equality in Virginia.

Jefferson lingered another day in the Convention; perhaps to witness the election of a new chairman, R. C. Nicholas, in the place of Peyton Randolph, whom ill-health had compelled to withdraw; perhaps to cast his vote in favor of his brother-in-law, Francis Eppes, for the office of major of the First Regiment, of which Patrick Henry was colonel; perhaps to assist in the election of the great Committee of Safety, a body of eleven men, the ruling power in Virginia from the adjournment of the Convention till Dunmore was expelled and a new order of things instituted. The four personages of the Convention who are designated in the brief record as "Mr. Richard Henry Lee, Mr. Henry, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Jefferson," were appointed to count the ballots on this high occasion. Jefferson's old friend, John Page,—styled still "the Honorable," from his having been one of Dunmore's Council,—was elected a member of the controlling committee. I wonder if, at that stirring time, Jefferson and "dear Page" ever found time to recall the happy, miserable days when, both being crossed in love, Jefferson sought solace in Ossian and old Coke, and dear Page went home to his baronial hall and paid successful court to another; which Jefferson would not believe till he heard it from Page's own lips, well knowing that, for his own part, he had done with love forever!

Jefferson, at least, still played the violin. A violinist now of fifteen years' standing, extremely fond of music, an indefatigable practiser, and inheriting a touch of singular delicacy, he had become a superior performer. For jour-

neys he had one of those minute violins formerly called kits, with a tiny case, which could be packed in a portmanteau or even carried in a large pocket. Wealthy Virginians were late risers in those easy-going, luxurious times; but he was always an early riser; and he found his kit a precious resource in the long mornings while he was waiting, at country-houses, for the family to come down to breakfast. At night, too, he and his kit could whisper together without disturbing the occupants of adjacent rooms. If the absorbing political events of the period had much interrupted his playing, he now owed to them the acquisition of the finest violin, perhaps, in the Colonies, upon which he had fixed covetous eyes years before.

To say that this instrument belonged to John Randolph conveys no information, because there are so many John Randolphs of note in Virginia history, that the name has lost its designating power. We are obliged to say, John Randolph, the king's attorney-general, son of Sir John, and brother of Peyton Randolph, Speaker. This precious violin, brought from a foreign land by its proprietor, could not, in ordinary times, have become the object of vulgar sale; but the attorney-general, feeling doubtless that the best fiddle should properly belong to the best fiddler, had entered into a compact, four years before, by which the instrument should fall to Jefferson's possession, after his own death. An agreement was drawn up in legal form, signed and sealed by the parties, attested by seven of their friends, most of whom were young members of the bar, George Wythe and Patrick Henry among them, and duly recorded in the minutes of the General Court, to this effect:—

"It is AGREED between John Randolph and Thomas Jefferson, that, in case the said John shall survive the said Thomas, the executors of the said Thomas shall deliver to the said John 80 pounds sterling of the books of the said Thomas, to be chosen by the said John: and, in case the said Thomas

should survive the said John, that the executors of the said John shall deliver to the said Thomas the violin which the said John brought with him into Virginia, together with all his music composed for the violin."*

To the merry attestors of this unique document the transaction may have seemed a joke; but to Jefferson himself it was so serious, that he provided for the fulfilment of the compact in his will, and bequeathed a hundred pounds to "the said John" besides.

This paper was drawn in the piping times of peace, when, as yet, Jefferson was "Tom" to his familiars, and Patrick Henry was master of the Christmas revels; the whole party unknown beyond their native Province. But now the times were out of joint. John Randolph, like most men who held places under the crown, sided with the king so far as to think it his duty to leave the country, and, before leaving, sold his exquisite violin to Jefferson for thirteen pounds. This important bargain was concluded on this last day of his attendance in the Convention, and he carried the instrument home with him to Monticello, where it remained, a precious possession, for fifty-one years.

Short, indeed, was the vacation he now enjoyed, though it was longer than he meant it to be. August 19th he reached Monticello; and Congress was to meet at Philadelphia September 5th; leaving him only ten days to stay on his mountain-top, where he had a house enlarging, a family of thirty-four whites and eighty-three blacks to think for, half a dozen farms to superintend, and a highly complicated and extensive garden to overlook. Probably he did not on this occasion much enjoy his new violin. A few days after reaching home, however, he played upon its late proprietor by writing him a letter upon public affairs, which seems to have been designed to be shown in England, to aid in the correction of errors prevalent there. Like many other Americans, Jefferson was puzzled to ac-

count for the wonderfully absurd conduct of the home government. What could *possess* rational beings, that they should go on, year after year, repelling, alienating, the most valuable and loyal Colonies a nation had ever had, — Colonies that cost nothing, never had cost anything, and poured into the mother-country a clear revenue estimated at two millions sterling a year; which enriched seaport towns, nourished manufactures, and covered the land with new wealth? It must be ignorance, he thought; the Ministry had been deceived by their servants on this side of the Atlantic. But why the American governors and other official persons should *want* to deceive their employers, he declared, was a mystery to him. Why should they keep writing home that the American opposition was a mere faction, when they knew it was the whole brain and heart of the country? Without attempting to solve this enigma, he seized the occasion of the attorney-general's departure to write a letter which might assist individuals in England to arrive at the truth respecting America.

When he had finished his statement, he told his Tory friend that, though he still preferred a just union with Britain to independence, yet, rather than submit to the claims of Parliament, he would lend his hand to sink the island of Great Britain in the ocean. He added a prophecy which has been fulfilled: "Whether Britain shall continue the head of the greatest Empire on earth, or shall return to her original station in the political scale of Europe, depends, perhaps, on the resolutions of the succeeding winter." Happily for us, for the world, and for herself, Britain *has* returned to her original station in the political scale of Europe; and assists the progress of the human race in a nobler way by her Farradays, Spencers, Huxleys, Buckles, Mills, Darwins, and George Eliots.

The day named for the meeting of the Congress found the family at Monticello anxious for the preservation of a flickering life, precious to them all.

* Abbreviated from 1 Randall, 131.

Jefferson's eldest child, Martha, was now three years old. His second, Jane, aged seventeen months, died in this month of September, 1775. Detained from his seat by this event, he made such haste, when at last he did set out, that he performed the journey from Monticello to Philadelphia in six days, arriving September 25th. This was a feat that must have tasked both horses and rider severely; for the distance in a straight line appears to exceed two hundred and fifty miles, and much of the road was little more than a "blazed" path through the wilderness.

He might as well have travelled leisurely; for when he reached Philadelphia, the great news from England, for which Congress and the country were waiting with extreme anxiety, had not arrived; and nothing decisive could be intelligently considered until it did. The midsummer ships had carried to England the news of Bunker Hill, with that incongruous accompaniment, Mr. Dickinson's Second Petition to the king. How could Congress have doubted what the response would be? At the beginning of a war, it is bloodshed that takes the controversy out of the domain of reason and consigns it to that of mania. Before he had been many days in his seat, he had to send news to his brother-in-law, Major Eppes, that the Ministry were going to push the war with all the might of the British Empire. The Tower of London was despoiled of its cannon for use against the rebellious Colonies; two thousand troops were just embarking in Ireland; ten thousand more were to come in the spring; most of the garrison of Gibraltar, to be replaced by Hessians, were to swell the army of General Gage. And there was a piece of news still more alarming to Virginians: a fleet of frigates and small vessels, which Dunmore had expressly and most earnestly asked for, was coming to lay waste the plantations on the Virginia rivers. Soon arrived intelligence of Lord Dartmouth's reply to the agent who had delivered into his hands the absurd Second Petition: "No answer

will be given." The curiously perverse king's speech to Parliament was not long behind; in which his Majesty afforded Colonel Barré a text for an oration which the boys of three generations have been well pleased to declaim. The king was so unfortunate as to speak of the Colonies as having been "planted with great industry" by the mother country, "nursed with great tenderness, encouraged with many commercial advantages, and protected and defended at much expense of blood and treasure." Colonel Barré's reply is remarkable for this: it is one of the most eloquent passages ever spoken, and it is, at the same time, a perfectly unexaggerated statement of facts. The king added to the many other politic and conciliatory passages of his speech a delightful offer of "tenderness and mercy" to the "unhappy and deluded multitude" as soon as they should become "sensible of their error." The worst of the news from England was, that the people, wounded in their pride by the slaughter at Bunker Hill, were supporting the government with enthusiasm and seeming unanimity.

Jefferson was no longer so much puzzled to account for the conduct of the Ministry. He began to get that insight into the nature of personal government — "the folly of heaping importance upon idiots" — which became, in later years, so clear and vivid. And yet, with what strange pertinacity his radical nature clung to the connection with Great Britain! As late as November 29, 1775, he could still write to his kinsman, John Randolph, that there was not a man in the British Empire who more cordially loved a union with Great Britain than he did! Love it as he might, he had probably ceased to think it possible. "It is an immense misfortune to the whole Empire," he wrote, "to have such a king at such a time. We are told, and everything proves it true, that he is the bitterest enemy we have. His minister is able, and that satisfies me that ignorance or wickedness somewhere controls him." The last remark is interesting as show-

ing that Jefferson, at a time when the fact was not generally known, felt that a man of the calibre of Lord North was out of place in the Cabinet of George III., and did not in his heart approve the king's policy. "To undo his Empire," Jefferson continued, "the king has but one more truth to learn,—that after colonies have drawn the sword, there is but one more step they can take!"

This autumn of 1775 was a period of intense excitement. All America was drilling, the Philadelphia companies twice a day. Everybody with a tincture of science in his composition was brooding over the ingredients of gunpowder, and discussing with kindred spirits the great saltpetre problem. No day passed without something of deep interest coming up in the Congress. When there was no news from England to consider, the army around Boston, its destitution, its dwindling numbers, its defective organization, was an ever-present topic. Once more it was proved that militia are incapable of prolonged service in the field, and are useless except to hold important points while a proper army is forming. Bull Run was inexcusable; for we ought not to have been so ignorant or unmindful of General Washington's reiterated and most emphatic warnings on this point as to have hurled a miscellaneous multitude of citizens in soldier-clothes against a fortified position.

How curiously ignorant were those peaceful colonists of the art of war! Philadelphia seems to have confided implicitly in Dr. Franklin's row-galleys and marine *chevaux-de-frise* as a defence against the British fleet. Jefferson, doubtless, was one of the congressional party who went down the river to inspect them, when seven of the galleys were paraded and performed their evolutions. The names of the galleys, as John Adams records, were the Washington, the Effingham, the Dickinson, the Franklin, the Otter, the Bull-dog, and "one more which I have forgot." Mr. Jefferson, it is to be

hoped, went in the Bull-dog with Mr. Adams; for in that vessel were two gentlemen whom he would have found interesting. One was Mr. Hillegas, treasurer to Congress, "a great musician," says Adams, "talks perpetually of the forte and piano, of Handel, and songs and tunes." And besides, "He plays upon the fiddle." The other was the famous Rittenhouse, who, Mr. Adams informs us, was a mechanic, a mathematician, a philosopher, an astronomer; "a tall, slender man, plain, soft, modest, no remarkable depth or thoughtfulness in his face, yet cool, attentive, and clear." Then there was Mr. Owen Biddle, another member of the Philosophical Society. A delightful day Mr. Jefferson would have had upon the broad and placid Delaware with such companions; to say nothing of the galleys, and the *vaisseaux-de-frise*, and Dr. Franklin's explanations of the same. If some gentlemen questioned the efficacy of the galleys, all seemed convinced that the *chevaux-de-frise* (three rows of heavy timber, barbed with iron, anchored to the bottom of the river) would puzzle a British admiral extremely. Perhaps they did. Nevertheless, before two years were past, a British fleet lay at anchor off Philadelphia, in a line nearly two miles long.

In the midst of all this bustle, excitement, and alarm, Congress sat with closed doors, no reporter present; and Jefferson sat with them, serving laboriously on committees and doing his part. Merely to be present in the Congress, when he had at his distant home an infirm mother, a sickly and most tenderly beloved wife, a little child, and a great brood of dependent relatives, cost him the most painful self-sacrifice. It was only by chance that he could get a letter from or to his mountain-top. When he had been seven weeks away from home, he had still to write: "I have never received the scrip of a pen from any mortal in Virginia since I left it, nor been able by any inquiries I could make to hear of my family." The suspense in which he lived was "too terrible to be endured." "If anything

has happened," he added, "for God's sake, let me know it!"

It fell to his lot, this November, 1775, to witness the beginning of the long connection between France and America, which was destined to control, not the destinies of his country only, but his own career as a public man. That "French influence," according to the report of Mr. John Jay, to whom we owe our knowledge of it, had an almost ludicrous beginning. The scene, indeed, would be effective in a comedy. No sooner had the tidings arrived of the rejection of the Second Petition, than Congress began to receive mysterious notifications that there was a FOREIGNER in Philadelphia who desired to make to them an important and confidential communication. When this intimation had been several times repeated, Congress condescended to name a committee, Mr. Jay, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Jefferson, to receive the message. At the appointed hour, in a committee-room of Carpenters' Hall, this distinguished committee met the stranger, "an elderly lame man," as Mr. Jay describes him, "having the appearance of an old, wounded French officer." After preliminary civilities, the Lame Unknown delivered his communication. The king of France, he said, had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the Colonies in defence of their rights, wished them success, and would manifest his friendship for them openly whenever it should become necessary. The committee, of course, asked him what authority he had for making these assurances; but the old gentleman only answered by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." The committee inquired what proofs of friendship the Congress might expect from the king. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "if you want arms, you shall have them; if you want ammunition, you shall have it; if you want money, you shall have it."

This would have been comforting if the stranger would only have exhibited something in the way of credentials.

The committee said as much; but no response could be obtained except, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." The interview terminated, and, to use the romantic language of Mr. Jay, "he was seen in Philadelphia no more." His bearing and appearance, however, gained for him some credit; for Congress speedily appointed that ever-memorable secret committee to correspond with the friends of America in foreign lands, which had such momentous consequences. The mysterious stranger was indeed an emissary from the French government, — his name, De Bonvouloir, — an old courtier of noble lineage, who had been in America last year at the outbreak of the Revolution. He could indeed show no credentials, for his instructions were verbal. His duty in America was threefold: 1. To get exact information; 2. To convey warm assurances of sympathy; 3. To assure the Congress that they were quite welcome to get Canada if they could, for the French had ceased to think of it. On his return to France, he told the minister that the Americans were practically unanimous, and his report produced as important effects there as his presence had here.

As the winter drew on, it became distressing beyond measure for a Virginian with a large household to be absent from home. The Province was filled with alarm. A struggle was in progress between Dunmore and the Convention for the possession of the slaves; the governor proclaiming freedom to all of them who would join him, and the Convention threatening all who did join him with severest punishment. The Convention triumphed in this contest; but the mere attempt to seduce the slaves carried terror to hundreds of those isolated Virginia homes, the guardians of which were absent in camp, in Convention, and in Congress. The plantations then were almost all open to the ravages of a naval force, as every considerable plantation was of necessity within reach of a navigable stream, by which also the negroes could easily escape to Dunmore's head-quarters. It

seems, from the Journal of the Convention, that only twenty-nine slaves joined Dunmore; namely, Ishmael, Africa, Europe, Romeo, Tawley, Cato, Derry, Cuff, Jasper, Luke, and several Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, who were ordered to be sold into eternal exile in the West Indies or at Honduras.

Dunmore was successful in nothing except alarming the timid and exasperating the brave. Even his blockade of Hampton Roads did not prevent the Virginia "cruisers" in December from making the timely and precious capture of fifty-six hundred bushels of salt. Salt was getting very scarce in the Province; owing, as the Journal of the Convention assures us, "to the many illegal seizures of vessels laden with that article by his Majesty's ships of war, and sundry piratical vessels fitted out by Lord Dunmore." Having obtained this salt, the Convention disposed of it in a singularly wise and just manner. It was divided among all the counties of the Province according to their population, and consigned to the several Committees of Safety to be sold to the families most in need of salt at five shillings a bushel; and if it should be found that the captured salt belonged to persons "not inimical to this Colony," it was to be paid for at the rate of four shillings a bushel. It was a scant supply divided among thirty-one counties. Warwick County's share was only fourteen bushels, and populous Bote-court's but two hundred and ninety-seven. Mrs. Jefferson, perhaps, got a little, for Albemarle was assigned a hundred and forty-four bushels.

In all the proceedings of Virginia's little parliament, we find a most happy blending of courtesy, good sense, and rectitude. In the midst of Dunmore's savage and stupid war against the Province (only a few days before it culminated in the infernal bombardment and burning of Norfolk) a British frigate arrived in the Roads with a crew of four hundred men. The captain of this vessel, with an effrontery seldom paralleled, sent a flag on shore to ask leave to take in a supply of fresh

provisions; averring that he had no wish "to shed the blood of the innocent and helpless," but, if his men "should break loose in the uncontrollable pursuit of fresh and wholesome nourishment, the result must be obvious to every one." The reply of the Convention was politeness itself. They desired the captain to be informed that they were sensible of the hardship which many innocent people on board the frigate were suffering from the want of fresh provisions, and that nothing could prevent their permitting a supply but patriotic duty. The captain, they continued, was probably a stranger in Virginia; and hence they wished him to be further informed that "this country hath ever, till of late, considered the officers and men of his Majesty's navy as their friends, and have always had great pleasure in showing them every hospitality and civility; but many very recent and unwarrantable instances of the hostile behavior of some of the navy towards our inhabitants justify us in suspicions which we would not otherwise entertain. Who are the 'innocent and helpless' whose blood Captain Bellew would not wish to shed, we cannot from his expressions determine; but they carry with them the strongest implication, that the effusion of the blood of *some* of our countrymen is the object of his voyage to this country." If, however, Captain Bellew would condescend to satisfy them that he had come to Virginia on a friendly errand, the Convention would take every opportunity to pay proper respect to a gentleman in his station, and use every means in their power to render his stay as agreeable as possible. But if, on the contrary, Captain Bellew's design was to further the views of our enemies, "he must excuse the inhabitants of Virginia if they totally decline contributing towards their own destruction."

Three days after, — January 1, 1776, — Norfolk, the richest and most populous city in Virginia, was bombarded, set on fire, and nine tenths of it consumed, — a loss in money of three

hundred thousands sterling. Five thousand people were made homeless and houseless in the middle of winter, and those people as innocent of offence as are to-day the inhabitants of the most peaceful seaport town on the coast of Norway. The Convention, when this intelligence reached them, ordered the troops to evacuate the site, and, before doing so, to destroy the few houses which had escaped the fire. Norfolk accordingly was obliterated from the face of the earth. This event, and the burning of Falmouth on the coast of Maine, weaned all hearts from an unnatural "mother-country." It was not merely the unlettered portion of the people that were so deeply moved. Franklin's old heart was fired; he never forgot Falmouth and Norfolk; and, before he was many months older, he and Paul Jones were concerned in those "reprisals" that, for three or four years, kept the coasts of Great Britain in alarm, from John O'Groat's house to Land's End. Independence never could have been carried in 1776, but for these two conflagrations.

Jefferson heard this maddening news while he was on his way home from Philadelphia. Virginia did not require the constant attendance of all her seven delegates in Congress, but only of "any four" of them; and hence they took turns in going home. Nor was it desirable, in that critical time, for so many as seven of the most influential persons on the popular side to be absent from the Province at once. After three months' attendance, therefore, Jefferson bade farewell to his colleagues, and passed the rest of the winter in Virginia, raising further supplies for the people of Boston, collecting money for the purchase of powder, concerting measures for the relief of the inhabitants of Norfolk, entertaining relations and friends compelled to abandon their homes in the lower country, and preparing the public mind for that "one more step" which Colonies can take "after they have drawn the sword." What a houseful he must have had, with his brother-in-law's family, be-

sides his own multitude! His mother died in March, 1776, aged fifty-five, after a widowhood of eighteen years,—an occurrence which may have prolonged his absence from Philadelphia.

The march of events was swift that spring. General Washington took Boston, the country read Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," and Virginia instructed her delegates to propose independence to Congress.

May 13, 1776, Jefferson, after an absence of four months and a half, resumed his seat in Congress. It was the week when a committee of three gentlemen went from house to house in Philadelphia, buying old lead for bullets at sixpence a pound, but excusing families from giving up their clock-weights, because "the iron weights to replace them are not yet made." No one was *compelled* to give up his lead; O, by no means! but the public were notified that "if any persons should be so lost to all sense of the public good as to refuse, a list of their names is directed to be returned to the Committee of Safety!"

Before Mr. Jefferson had been many days in his place, came the intelligence, so long waited for, that the Virginia Convention were unanimous for independence. A kind of premature Fourth of July broke out everywhere, as the news spread from town to town. First, at Williamsburg, where the Convention sat, there were "military parades, discharges of artillery, civic dinners, toasts, illuminations"; and when "the Union flag of America proudly waved upon the Capitol, every bosom swelled with generous sentiments and heroic confidence." At Philadelphia, some gentlemen, as we read in the newspapers of the week, made "a handsome collection for the purpose of treating the soldiery"; and there was a grand parade on the ground since called Independence Square; and a glorious hoisting of the "Union flag of the American States" upon the Capitol; after which the troops enjoyed the repast provided for them, and the day ended with illuminations. Great

Virginia had spoken ; it was enough. "Every one," said the "Pennsylvania Journal" of May 29th, "seems pleased that the domination of Great Britain is now at an end!" The newspaper poets kindled into song :

"Virginia, hail ! Thou venerable State !
In arms and council still acknowledged great.
When lost Britannia in an evil hour
First tried the steps of arbitrary power,
Thy foresight then the continent alarmed,
Thy gallant temper ev'ry bosom warmed."

Independence was the only topic now. Members of Congress still held back, but the feeling "out of doors" was pressing them to take the inevitable step. Mr. Jefferson has recorded a long list of the reasons brought forward in debate by the Dickinsonians against a final severance of the tie that bound the Colonies to Great Britain, but to us those reasons seem mere pretexts for delay. Perhaps the true arguments against independence were those given as a burlesque in one of the radical newspapers : "1. I shall lose my office ; 2. I shall lose the honor of being related to men in office ; 3. I shall lose the rent of houses for a year or two ; 4. We shall have no more rum, sugar, tea, or coffee, except at a most exorbitant price ; 5. No more gauze or fine muslins ; 6. The New England men will turn Goths and Vandals, and overrun all the Southern Colonies ; 7. The Church will have no king for a head ; 8. The Presbyterians will have a share of power in this country ; 9. I shall lose my chance of a large tract of land in a new purchase ; 10. I shall want the support of the first officers of government in my insolence, injustice, and villany ; 11. The common people will have too much power in their hands." To this last reason the writer added a note of explanation : "N. B. The common people are composed of tradesmen and farmers, and include nine tenths of the people of America."

It was on the 7th of June that Mr. R. H. Lee obeyed the instructions of the Virginia Legislature by moving that Congress should declare Independence. Two days' debate revealed that the

measure, though still a little premature, was destined to pass ; and therefore the further discussion of the subject was postponed for twenty days, and a committee of five was appointed to draft a declaration, — Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston. Mr. Jefferson was naturally urged to prepare the draft. He was chairman of the committee, having received the highest number of votes ; he was also its youngest member, and therefore bound to do an ample share of the work ; he was noted for his skill with the pen ; he was particularly conversant with the points of the controversy ; he was a Virginian. The task, indeed, was not very arduous or difficult. Nothing was wanted but a careful and brief recapitulation of wrongs familiar to every patriotic mind, and a clear statement of principles hackneyed from eleven years' iteration. Jefferson made no difficulty about undertaking it, and probably had no anticipation of the prodigious celebrity that was to follow from so slight an exercise of his faculties.

The public seem to have had some intimation of what was transpiring in Congress. On June 11th, the day after the committee was appointed, and perhaps the very day on which Jefferson began to write the draft, he doubtless read in the newspaper of the morning that "the grand question of independence" was proposed to two thousand Philadelphia volunteers on parade ; when the whole body voted for independence, except four officers and twenty-five privates. One lieutenant, however, was so much opposed to the proceeding, that he refused to put the question ; which "gave great umbrage to the men, one of whom replied to him in a genteel and spirited manner." Jefferson may have witnessed this scene from his window. He lived then in a new brick house out in the fields, near what is now the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, a quarter of a mile from Independence Square. "I rented the second floor," he tells us, "consist-

ing of a parlor and bedroom, ready furnished," rent, thirty-five shillings a week; and he wrote this paper in the parlor, upon a little writing-desk three inches high, which still exists.

He was ready with his draft in time. His colleagues upon the committee suggested a few verbal changes, none of which were important; but during the three days' discussion of it in the house, it was subjected to a review so critical and severe, that the author sat in his place silently writhing under it, and Dr. Franklin felt called upon to console him with the comic relation of the process by which the sign-board of *John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money*, was reduced to the name of the hatter and the figure of a hat. Young writers know what he suffered, who come fresh from the commencement platform to a newspaper office, and have their eloquent editorials (equal to Burke) remorselessly edited, their best passages curtailed, their glowing conclusions and artful openings cut off, their happy epithets and striking similes omitted. Congress made eighteen suppressions, six additions, and ten alterations; and nearly every one of these changes was an improvement. The author, for example, said that men are endowed with "inherent and inalienable rights." Congress struck out *inherent*, — an obvious improvement. He introduced his catalogue of wrongs by these words: "To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world, *for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood*." It was good taste in Congress to strike out the italicized clause; for it was beneath such a body to use language of that nature. If gentlemen of the press, who are in secret revolt against chiefs insensible to the charms of eloquence, will turn to the first volume of Mr. Jefferson's works, and go carefully over the passages suppressed or changed in his draft of the Declaration of Independence, they may become more reconciled to a process by which writers suffer and the public gain.

That the passage concerning slavery

should have been stricken out by Congress has often been regretted. But would it have been decent in this body to denounce the king for a crime in the guilt of which the Colonies had shared? Mr. Jefferson wrote in his draft: —

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the LIBERTIES of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the LIVES of another."

Surely, the omission of this passage was not less right than wise. New England towns had been enriched by the commerce in slaves, and the Southern Colonies had subsisted on the labor of slaves for a hundred years. The foolish king had committed errors enough, but it was not fair to hold so limited a person responsible for not being a century in advance of his age; nor was it ever in the power of any king to compel his subjects to be slave-owners. It was Young Virginia that spoke in this paragraph, — Wythe, Jefferson, Madison, and their young friends, — not the public mind of America, which was destined to reach it, ninety years after, by the usual way of agony and blood.

One omitted passage, perhaps, might

have been retained, in which Jefferson gave expression to the mighty throb of wounded love which American Englishmen had suffered when they heard that foreign mercenaries had been hired to wage war upon them:—

“Our British brethren are permitting their chief magistrate to send over, not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch and foreign mercenaries to invade and destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur and of freedom, it seems, is below their dignity. Be it so, since they will have it. The road to happiness and to glory is open to us, too. We will tread it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation.”

Even this passage, so creditable to the author's feelings, was perhaps better suppressed; for, after all, the mother-country of America, as Paine remarked, was not Great Britain, but Europe; and, since the burning of Falmouth and the bombardment of Norfolk, such words were not expressive of the feelings of the people.

The “glittering generality” of the document, “all men are created equal,” appears to have been accepted, without objection or remark, as a short and simple reprobation of caste and privilege. Readers are aware that it has not escaped contemptuous comment in recent times. It would have been easy for the author of the Declaration—and I wish he had done so—to put the statement in words which partisan prejudice itself could not have plausibly pretended to misunderstand; for, as the passage stands, its most obvious meaning is not true.

The noblest utterance of the whole composition is the reason given for making the Declaration,—“A DECENT

RESPECT FOR THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND.” This touches the heart. Among the best emotions that human nature knows is the veneration of man for man. This recognition of the Public Opinion of the World—the sum of human sense—as the final arbiter in all controversies, is the single phrase of the document which Jefferson alone, perhaps, of all the Congress, would have originated; and in point of merit, it was worth all the rest.

During the 2d, 3d, and 4th of July, Congress were engaged in reviewing the Declaration. Thursday, the 4th, was a hot day; the session lasted many hours; members were tired and impatient. Every one who has watched the sessions of a deliberative body knows how the most important measures are retarded, accelerated, even defeated, by physical causes of the most trifling nature. Mr. Kinglake intimates that Lord Raglan's invasion of the Crimea was due rather to the after-dinner slumbers of the British Cabinet, than to any well-considered purpose. Mr. Jefferson used to relate, with much merriment, that the final signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by an absurdly trivial cause. Near the hall in which the debates were then held was a livery-stable, from which swarms of flies came into the open windows and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of honorable members. Handkerchief in hand, they lashed the flies with such vigor as they could command on a July afternoon; but the annoyance became at length so extreme as to render them impatient of delay, and they made haste to bring the momentous business to a conclusion.

After such a long and severe strain upon their minds, members seem to have indulged in many a jocular observation as they stood around the table. Tradition has it, that when John Hancock had affixed his magnificent signature to the paper, he said, “*There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles!*” Tradition, also, will never relinquish the pleasure of repeating that, when Mr. Hancock reminded

members of the necessity of hanging together, Dr. Franklin was ready with his, "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately." And this may have suggested to the portly Harrison — a "luxurious, heavy gentleman," as John Adams describes him — his remark to slender Elbridge Gerry, that when the hanging came he should have the advantage; for poor Gerry would be kicking in the air long after it was all over with himself.

French critics censure Shakespeare for mingling buffoonery with scenes of the deepest tragic interest. But here we find one of the most important assemblies ever convened, at the supreme moment of its existence, while performing the act that gives it its rank among deliberative bodies, cracking jokes, and hurrying up to the table to sign, in order to get away from the flies. It is precisely so that Shakespeare would have imagined the scene.

No composition of man was ever received with more rapture than this. It came at a happy time. Boston was delivered, and New York, as yet, but menaced; and in all New England there was not a British soldier who was not a prisoner, nor a king's ship that was not a prize. Between the expulsion of the British troops from Boston and their capture of New York was the period of the Revolutionary War when the people were most confident and most united. From the newspapers and letters of the time, we should infer that the contest was ending rather than beginning, so exultant is their tone; and the Declaration of Independence, therefore, was received more like a song of triumph than a call to battle.

The paper was signed late on Thursday afternoon, July 4th. On the Monday following, at noon, it was publicly read for the first time, in Independence Square, from a platform erected by Rittenhouse for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. Captain John Hopkins, a young man commanding an armed brig of the navy of the new

nation, was the reader; and it required his stentorian voice to carry the words to the distant verge of the multitude who had come to hear it. In the evening, as a journal of the day has it, "our *late king's* coat-of-arms were brought from the hall of the State House, where the said king's courts were formerly held, and burned amid the acclamations of a crowd of spectators." Similar scenes transpired in every centre of population, and at every camp and post. Usually, the militia companies, the Committee of Safety, and other revolutionary bodies marched in procession to some public place, where they listened decorously to the reading of the Declaration, at the conclusion of which cheers were given and salutes fired; and in the evening there were illuminations and bonfires. In New York, after the reading, the leaden statue of the *late king* in Bowling Green was "laid prostrate in the dirt," and ordered to be run into bullets. The debtors in prison were also set at liberty. Virginia, before the news of the Declaration had reached her (July 5, 1776), had stricken the king's name out of the Prayer-Book; and now (July 30th) Rhode Island made it a misdemeanor to pray for the king *as king*, under penalty of a fine of one hundred thousand pounds!

The news of the Declaration was received with sorrow by all that was best in England. Samuel Rogers used to give American guests at his breakfasts an interesting reminiscence of this period. On the morning after the intelligence reached London, his father, at family prayers, added a prayer for the *success* of the Colonies, which he repeated every day until the peace.

The deed was done. A people not formed for empire ceased to be imperial, and a people destined to empire began the political education that will one day give them far more and better than imperial sway.

Fourteen governments were now to be created, fourteen constitutions formed, fourteen codes established, even fourteen seals engraved. Heavens! what

a perplexity some of the new governors were in about a seal! No seal, no commission! Could an ensign or lieutenant's commission have the least validity without a dab of sealing-wax, with some letters and figures stamped upon it? Obviously not. George Wythe and John Page had devised a proper seal for Virginia; but not in all the Province, nor anywhere in America south of the Delaware, was there a creature who had the least idea how to engrave it. "Can you get the work done in Philadelphia?" writes Page to his old comrade, Jefferson, in this month of July. "If you can, we must get the favor of you to have it done immediately. . . . The engraver may want to know the size. This you may determine, unless Mr. Wythe should direct the dimensions. He may also be at a loss for a *Virtus* and *Libertas*, but you may refer him to Spence's *Polymetis*, which must be in some library in Philadelphia." The work, however, could not be done there, and the Legislature was obliged to pass an act empowering the governor to issue commissions without a seal, until one could be engraved in Europe. The words to be engraved upon this mystic piece of metal — words suggested by the gentlest and most benevolent of men, George Wythe —

acquired a mournful and horrible celebrity in 1865, *Sic semper Tyrannis*.

While Jefferson was going about Philadelphia in these burning summer days looking for an engraver, he was himself brooding over a design for a seal; Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and himself having been appointed a committee to devise a seal for the central power. But Congress, too, had to do without a seal for some years. The committee, by combining their ideas, achieved a most elaborate design, with the Red Sea in it, and Pharaoh, and a sword, and a pillar, and a cloud brilliant with the hidden presence of God. All of their suggestions were finally rejected, except the very best legend ever appropriated, *E Pluribus Unum*.

Jefferson could not remain in Congress at such a time. Besides that the condition of his wife and household now made his presence in Virginia, as he said, "indispensably necessary," he had been elected to his old seat in the Legislature, where duties of the most interesting nature invited him. Twice he asked to be released, before his request was granted and a successor appointed. In September, 1776, he left Congress, and went home to assist in adjusting old Virginia to the new order of things.

James Parton.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

L AZILY, through the warm gray afternoon,
 We sailed toward the land;
 Over the long sweep of the billows, soon,
 We saw on either hand
 Peninsula and cape and silver beach
 Unfold before our eyes,
 Lighthouse and roof and spire and wooded reach
 Grew clear beyond surmise.
 Behind us lay the islands that we loved,
 Touched by a wandering gleam,
 Melting in distance, where the white sails moved
 Softly as in a dream.

Drifting past buoy and scarlet beacon slow,
We gained the coast at last,
And up the harbor, where no wind did blow,
We drew, and anchor cast.
The lovely land! Green, the broad fields came down
Almost into the sea;
Nestled the quiet homesteads warm and brown,
Embraced by many a tree;
The gray above was streaked with smiling blue,
The snowy gulls sailed o'er;
The shining golden-rod waved, where it grew,
A welcome to the shore.
Peaceful the whole, and sweet. Beyond the sand,
The dwelling-place I sought
Lay in the sunshine. All the scene I scanned
Full of one wistful thought:
Saw any eyes our vessel near the shore
From vine-draped windows quaint?
Waited my bright, shy darling at the door,
Fairer than words could paint?
I did not see her gleaming golden head,¹
Nor hear her clear voice call;
As up the beach I went with rapid tread,
Lonely and still was all.
But on the smooth sand printed, far and near,
I saw her footsteps small;
Here had she loitered, here she hastened, here
She climbed the low stone wall.
Such pathos in those little footprints spoke,
I paused and lingered long;
Listening as far away the billows broke
With the old solemn song.
"The infinite hoary spray of the salt sea,"
In yet another tide,
Should wash away these traces utterly;
And in my heart I cried,
"O thou Creator, when thy waves of Time,
The infinite hoary spray
That sweeps life from the earth at dawn and prime,
Have swept her soul away,
How shall I know it is not even as these
Light footprints in the sand,
That vanish into naught? For no man sees
Clearly what thou hast planned."
And sadly musing, up the slope I pressed,
And sought her where she played,
By breeze and sunshine flattered and caressed,
A merry little maid.
And while I clasped her close and held her fast,
And looked into her face,
Half shy, half smiling, wholly glad at last
To rest in my embrace,

From the clear heaven of her innocent eyes
 Leaped Love to answer me, —
Divinely through the mortal shape that dies
 Shone immortality!
What the winds hinted, what the awful sky
 Held in its keeping, — all
The vast sea's prophesying, suddenly
 Grew clear as clarion call.
The secret nature strives to speak, yet hides,
 Flashed from those human eyes
To slay my doubt; I felt that all the tides
 Of death and change might rise
And devastate the world, yet I could see
 This steady-shining spark
Should live eternally, could never be
 Lost in the unfathomed dark!
And when beneath a threatening sunset sky
 We trimmed our sails and turned
Seaward again, with many a sweet good-by,
 A quiet gladness burned
Within me as I watched her tiny form
 Go dancing up and down,
Light as a sandpiper before the storm
 Along the beach-edge brown,
Waving her little kerchief to and fro,
 Till we were out of sight,
Sped by a wild wind that began to blow
 Out of the troubled night.
And while we tossed upon an angry sea,
 And round the lightning ran,
And muttering thunder rolled incessantly
 As the black storm began,
I knew the fair and peaceful landscape lay
 Safe hidden in the gloom,
Waiting the glad returning of the day
 To smile again and bloom.
And sure as that the morrow's sun would rise,
 And day again would be,
Shone the sweet promise of those childish eyes
 Wherein God answered me.

Celia Thaxter.

WHO WON THE PRETTY WIDOW.

A CONFEDERATE'S STORY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

II.

CHAPTER V.

MISTRESS and maid both slept, but when the gray of morning came, they were up, anxious and observant. "Did you hear or see anything, Lucy, after I went to sleep?" asked the widow.

"Seed de fire ; yond' 't is now. See de red ? Spec dey done burnt de barn," said the colored girl.

"No ! it is more likely the house. Well, let it go. I am very thankful. Can we go out now, do you think ?" said Lucy.

"S'pos'n' I see," said the maid ; but going, she soon returned with news that the figures and horses of the ruffians were still to be seen in the yard and grounds. It was twelve o'clock before they ventured cautiously out, and, avoiding the smoking ruins of Malvoisee, Lucy's dwelling, sought shelter at the Bucks, the Shandy place. They were very hungry, and, while the maid rummaged about for food and cooking-vessels in a bachelor's kitchen, Lucy strolled into her mother's old room. It was used apparently as a bedroom. There were pantaloons slung over the bed-post, a boot and some old crutches in one corner, a violin-case on a table, and above the mantel-piece a small, vigorous sketch of a female head. Lucy took it to the light. It was the face of a middle-aged lady with a mild, sweet face, that must have been very pretty once and was lovely even now. She placed it carefully back in its place, and then, a-tiptoe, opened the violin-case. Loose papers were scattered over the instrument, and she picked up one sheet. It was the commencement of some verses, — love-verses, too. "Whom does John Shandy write love-verses to?" she asked herself,

when her eye caught something that looked as if it might be another sketch. She picked the papers up, for there were several, and stepped smiling to the light. She started. It was her own fair face ; there was no mistaking it. "The eyes are too large," said Lucy to herself, softly, "and the lashes too long, and it is altogether too pretty, but —" But she felt there might have been a time when she looked like that. How did John Shandy see it ? Had he eyes to see what might have been behind what was ? She looked further, they were all the same. She blushed, for she had a thought that she knew to whom John Shandy wrote love-verses. But a familiar and irregular step startled her, and she hastily restored the sketches. It was John Shandy, she knew, and she waited a moment to recover her composure. She heard him enter the adjoining chamber and throw himself into a chair, crying in agony, "O my darling, my darling, why did I go away, why did I leave you !" and then bursting into threats of vengeance on the bandit, that made her tremble. It would not do to meet him now. Black Lucy must first break the news of her safety, and she stole out of the room. After the good news was conveyed to him, they met, and the propriety of that meeting would have pleased even your fastidious taste, madam.

Lucy resolved upon a line of affectionate, sisterly conduct towards John Shandy after this ; but there are some wilful men, not subject to the most wisely planned treatment. John Shandy was one of these, and Lucy's notable plan for his peace and happiness fell through. He brought her, a few days later, the news of the capture of the bandit and his gang by the officer detailed, at his request, for the pur-

pose, and things resumed their old way.

Mr. Melden came back, and Mrs. Melden came back. The mother's account of her son's valor and sufferings in Lucy's behalf was positive eloquence, and Lucy spoke her little speeches of gratitude; she was very good at little speeches, and the tea-fights went on, as usual. It vexed John Shandy, and he spoke about it in a way that irritated the little widow. She "did n't care what the gossips said"; was she to be deprived of the comforts of religion, and the society of that good man, her preserver? She was her own mistress; widowhood, she said, with tears in her eyes, gave her at least that privilege for all it had taken, and she would do as she pleased. So John Shandy left her, believing she would finally marry the Rev. Mr. Melden.

The preacher was in love, — the mildest infantile form of the pleasing epidemic; but still he had it. "I do think, mother," he had said, — "I do think she prefers me. I've half a notion to speak."

"Make it a whole notion," said the mother, stoutly. "Of course, she's got to marry somebody, and who else is there for her to prefer? Of course, she's got to marry," persisted the widow, indignantly, for she too had been a widow and had married a second time, and she regarded Lucy's continued widowhood as rank treason to a pet theory of her own. This was, that widows must marry. Maids might remain single, but it was the first duty of widowhood, she had chapter and verse for it, to be comforted, and how else could they be comforted? It would be wicked to refuse, and she did not think Lucy was wicked.

So Mrs. Melden would not take tea with her "sweet little friend" that evening, but prayerfully commended her son to Lucy's hospitable care; and her son had a duty to perform he only half liked. He was pledged to make premeditated love, a task hard enough to a braver man. He brought

it in awkwardly, though he thought very skillfully, by reference to her recent danger, and having, at last, spoken his mind, got a mild and humble refusal. He persisted, until Lucy replied to a shaft from the maternal quiver, on the duty of marriage: "If I must marry, I will marry a man, and a brave man, like poor Victor."

"Good heavens! Mrs. Shandy, I will not speak of my own courage, but you heard what my mother said," answered he.

"Yes," said she, "but I have thought more of what *you* said. When I called to you, in the hands of that wretch, you replied that you were a minister of the gospel. As I said, if I must marry, I want a man for a husband. Had there been in your place even poor John Shandy —"

But she was not allowed to express an opinion of what her cousin would have done under the circumstances.

"John Shandy!" said the preacher; "why, you do not compare me to that lame man?"

"No," said Lucy, "I never saw but one man to compare to John Shandy, — my husband, his cousin Victor."

"Then you are going to marry John Shandy?" said the mortified suitor, indignantly.

"That is just what is none of your business," said the little widow, plumply. "I will be glad to see you as a friend or pastor, but never come to me as you have done this evening, or to renew this subject."

The Rev. Mr. Melden was suppressed; and Lucy had offended and convinced each of two rivals that she intended to marry the other. Mrs. Melden had charge of this new piece of gossip, and managed it skilfully. "John Shandy was a dissipated little cripple, and almost a MURDERER for that wicked woman; and now she was going to marry him! Well, perhaps it was the best thing she could do. Leon," she added, thankfully, "had escaped her toils providentially."

While these events occurred something was told to John Shandy that

greatly excited and disturbed him. The soldier who had brought the news of poor Victor Shandy's last words was clerking for McCandless at the village store. This had kept him apart from John Shandy, but they were old schoolmates, and sometimes met. On a late occasion the veteran referred to the prevailing rumor in the village.

"Well, Tris," said he, borrowing a nickname from a pleasant old book now almost out of date, "how's the Widow Wadman?"

"Dry up that," said Shandy.

"O, I'm agreeable! Poor Vic. I wonder how he'd like it," said the soldier, not at all agreeably.

"Poor Victor," repeated Shandy, trying to change the conversation. "It was strange, that misprint of 'W. Sanders' for 'V. Shandy,' in the list of killed."

"Never saw it," said the other, curtly; "knew Bill Sanders, though; tall fellow, red hair, but gamy, eh! Salty, very. Why, now I think, Bill was shot at the same place, but not the same day; me an' Vic was knocked over next day."

"Why, was there a 'W. Sanders' in Victor's company, a sergeant? None of us knew it!" exclaimed John Shandy, excitedly.

"Of course not; joined us at Vicksburg, I told you; a regular fire-eater," said the soldier.

"No! you did not tell me," said Shandy. "Did you see Victor after his death?" he inquired.

"How could I?" was the reply; "fainted, and, when I come to, saw-bones had me, taking off this other fellow." And he kicked up the footless stump.

"Then Victor may be alive yet," said Shandy. "Was his name in the list of killed, do you know?" he asked.

"Hardly; never saw no list; just pegged off home, soon as I could toddle," said the soldier.

"But, Bob," urged Shandy, "then he may be alive yet. It is possible for him to be alive, you know."

"Yes, if a man can live with a gallon of grape-shot in his body. Ugh! he was mashed all to pieces. O, he's dead, poor fellow, you bet! Besides, you never heard from him since," said the veteran.

"That certainly does look like you are right. But there was a negro boy, Floyd, went with Victor, and he has never come back," said Shandy.

"A nigger. O, they petered out fust fiah! That's no sign," said the veteran.

"Yes," urged Shandy, "but when they petered out, they petered back home. The blacks do that more than the whites. This one may have stayed, and taken up his master."

"Not likely, not at all likely," said the soldier, familiar with the negro character. "Poor Vick's drawn his last ration. No doubt of her being a widow, if *that's* what you're at. Why, I heard his last words."

But John Shandy saw a doubt that excited him. "I will find it out," thought he, "if I search every battlefield." And so, leaving his companion, and cogitating the plans for a thorough investigation, he sought his fair cousin.

"Lord, Mass John," said her maid, "whar ye been all dis time? Nobody don't come now; miss done kicked de preacher."

"Kicked the preacher!" said Shandy.

"Yes, done guv him de sack; I heered it myself. Da's miss, now," continued the maid.

"Cousin," said Shandy, "I offended you, and you were right to rebuke me."

"Cousin John, you are the only friend and protector I have in the world, and you were right to speak as you did. But Mr. Melden is gone, and will come no more, at least as you thought he came before."

John Shandy reflected. His cousin, then, had no thought of marrying again, and there was no need of revealing his doubts, that would probably end only in renewed sorrow and disappointment.

"Cousin," he said, "I am going to

take a little trip ; it may not be a little one, and I wish to know what money you have."

"O, heaps ! Where are you going ? Will you need some ?" said Lucy.

"None for myself ; let me see it," said he.

She brought her treasures, — vouchers of the Confederate government, certificates of the cotton loan, Confederate treasury notes, and a small sum in gold and silver.

John Shandy sighed when he saw how small a sum the last was. "I will take these," said he, referring to the notes and securities, "and try to exchange them. I have sold the sugar to Mr. Isaacs. He will pay you tomorrow, when he removes it."

He was going, but she asked, "Will you tell me where you are going ?"

"Well, no ; I may be disappointed. It is a duty I alone can do," said he.

Lucy reflected. John Shandy had an only sister living in Tennessee. It must be on her account. As he did not choose to speak directly, she would inquire no more ; but, meaning a kindness, she said, "Well, John, come back as soon as you can, and if you bring any one with you, you know how welcome she will be." John started. "You see I have guessed your great secret ; you know I have a little bird. Well, give her my love." And then they parted for the time.

John wondered what his cousin was at, for a few moments. "Pshaw," said he, "she thinks I am going to get married." And he dismissed the subject.

In the afternoon he handed her fifty dollars in gold, the proceeds of as many hundreds in Confederate securities. "I had to sell to McCandless," said he, "and he skinned you. Isaacs will pay you four hundred and fifty, in cash or draft, for the sugar, in the morning."

She followed him out, and hung about him. Would he be sure and come back soon ? She would pray for him and his speedy return. And, yes, she put up her lips and kissed him, as he stooped from the saddle.

"Yes," thought he, "when I return, I will bring you a protector or offer you one." And he was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE reader will understand how the months rolled into years, as these events progressed to the last annual season of a wasting war. And now the evil days drew on, and narrowed around the little widow. Her maid would announce, "Uncle Reuben and Aunt Sarah done gone" ; or, "George and Lucy done gone, miss" : for her slaves were leaving her. Soon none remained but Lucy and her maid ; and the crops were wasting in the fields.

She soon found she would have none to gather. The negroes would cut down the green cane in broad day, and the worm consumed the cotton. Her purse began to want filling. Careless in expenditure from habit, she had negligently permitted the sum put in her hands by John Shandy to diminish. Still she had Mr. Isaacs's draft for four hundred and fifty dollars, and she felt easy. She took it out, and observed that it was on McCandless. She disliked this man exceedingly ; but she admitted that he was, perhaps, the only person in the neighborhood who could honor a draft for such an amount. She prudently resolved, however, that the money itself was better than McCandless's credit, and she took advantage of an occasional visit of old Mr. Sambre's to get the order cashed. She was explaining its purport to him, when he spoke. He "done done business that-a-way before. McCandless must pay, or he would bring the paper back." And he left on his errand.

He soon returned. "Well, Mr. Sambre," said she, "did you get the money ?"

"O yes, ma'am ; no trouble about that," said the old man.

Lucy breathed freer as she took the package and opened it. She knew them at once by the numbers, — her own Confederate notes. She had sold

them to McCandless at a cent per cent, and they came back to her dollar for dollar.

There was no redress, nothing but to sit down and endure. It was all her resources gone at one swoop. Her plantation was ruined, her money all gone. She must look out for a living. She could teach music and drawing. Nobody would learn, or could pay for such accomplishments. All Lucy's little graces were useless. She tried a little school, but her patrons could not pay. She tried, and did get a little sewing; and, yes, she assisted black Lucy at the wash-tub.

One day old Mr. Sambre met the poor little woman staggering under a heavy sack. "Bless my soul, Lord bless my soul. Ma'am, gimme that; what is it?" said he.

"It's very heavy," said Lucy; "it's potatoes. I did n't know potatoes could be so heavy. I bought them to feed Lucy and myself, and they will last such a little while. We do eat so much!"

Another time Lucy and the black girl sat over their Lenten fare. "Tellee what, missis, I done seed a bee-tree goin' out to wash dis mornin'," said the girl.

"A bee-tree going out to wash! Why, Lu, what is that?" asked Lucy, wondering.

"I don't mean de tree; it's I'se gwine to wash, and seed de tree," said the other.

"O, that!" said Lucy. "Well, what of it?"

"A heap of it," answered the maid; "dat tree done chock full o' honey, ef we could git it."

"Ah!" sighed Lucy, "but how?"

"Chop down de tree; s'pos'n' le's try; honey's mighty good, even wid taters," said the other.

"Well, I am willing," said her mistress, "but I don't know how to chop, do you?"

"Chop wood for de kitchen fire," said the black. "You jes come, an' I'll show ye how."

They did go. They worked at the

tree all morning. "How hacked and ugly it looks!" said Lucy, pausing to rest. "I do believe it's fatter than when we began. Lucy, this tree grows faster than we cut."

"No! it don't, it durs n't. I wish lightnin' done strike it," said the negress, pausing. "S'pos'in' we try ef it won't break now," she continued, after a look.

It was very unpromising, but, with united strength, they propped up a stout sapling, and bore against the lever with all their strength. The tree swayed and cracked. They cheered and panted and pushed, and with a cloud of dust the tree broke, not at the cut, but its rotted roots, and fell with a crash.* Lucy sat down, exhausted as she was, and laughed till she cried, but they got the honey.

As the season advanced cotton-picking begun, and it was a harvest for this little Robinson Crusoe and her woman Friday. They were paid in kind, fifty cents on the hundred pounds, and the two earned perhaps a dollar a day. If the pay was in cotton, the country merchant skinned it, in exchange for groceries, but it was sometimes in vegetables, meat, or meal. The dealings with the store took Lucy to her old enemy McCandless in the village, and there she met with the soldier clerk, Bob Asa. Bob was kind in his way, giving Lucy shockingly partial bargains, and one day, when she was out of work, suggested that McCandless wanted cotton-pickers, and paid well. "He will not see you; his overseer manages it all, and I do the paying," said he, persuasively. Lucy was reluctant, but needs must, and so she and her black companion went to the work. Bob was, for once, mistaken. That day, by accident, McCandless did come out and saw the widow. Poverty had not deepened the soft lines of that delicate face, or distorted the light, active figure. She was fair to look upon, this Ruth gleanng in the cotton,

* This authentic incident occurred in Florida, during the war, and is related with circumstance and addition the writer does not attempt to follow.

and McCandless was quite willing to enact Boaz. He was of a selfish but emotional nature, and very tender of himself over the death of his poor, hard-worked wife. He began his attentions with sufficient skill. Cotton, like other natural products, is governed by the soil, and in the same field it will boll out beautifully or be sparse, according to the nourishment furnished. Observing Lucy and her companion to be toiling on the meagre side of the patch, he changed them to the more luxuriant slope, but did not that day address the mistress. The next day he did refer to his late loss, similar to her own, and shed a few tears; for McCandless thought it hard to lose his wife in the harvest season, and Lucy gave the man credit for a better nature than he possessed.

He came afterwards daily and tried to get up an intimacy. The cotton-picking occupied several weeks, and when it ended another task offered. The Lanfranc and Shandy sugar was famous in those old days, a brand commanding the best market. This was due to the care observed in its boiling, and the just promptitude in removing the mass from the kettles at the true granulating point. Lucy had, in her way, learned all this, and the year previous had made all the sugar of the plantation. It was conceded, by black and white, that she had no equal in this delicate operation, and McCandless desired her services. She refused plumply at first, as it was a task requiring unintermitting attention day and night; but when McCandless proposed to wagon the cane to the Lanfranc sugar-mill, still unimpaired, Lucy, with proviso and exception, consented.

She made Bob Asa her lieutenant in this work, and kept him about as a sort of guard; but he could not, nor could she, altogether keep off McCandless, who inclined more and more to the part of Boaz as this Ruth shrank from that cast for her. Good-natured and coarse, he still had some of the Irish native wit and sentiment under

the rough husk, and it flowered out in the reluctant sunshine of the widow's charms. As she spoke civilly and gently to him, with the courtesy of her sex and breeding, the selfish vanity of the man took hope.

The evening the work was finished it rained heavily. McCandless drove up in a handsome new close carriage, with an ugly hand sprawling over the panel, which he was kind enough to inform Lucy was the "arrums of the ould McCandless famuly." She declined, however, to be enclosed in such "arrums," and preferred walking. But he had not brought the money; "Wud the leddy jist stip in; it was as aisy as her own swate ways, to be sure," and they would "rowl down to the shore for the cash, an' she should go home like in her own carruge, as in ould times."

Lucy was vexed. She was determined to have this money down, and it was too late to walk. But she would not ride alone with McCandless. "Get in, Captain Asa," she said to her body-guard, and in the Confederate stepped, very coolly and leisurely, while the Irishman looked blank at this sudden snapping of his little network plot.

He was not a man, however, to be easily repulsed, and the same evening he called at the widow's shelter. He was refused admittance at first, but, pleading "business," at length was received. The widow stood holding by the sitting-room door, facing him, with a letter which she had, apparently, been interrupted in reading, in the other hand. It was the attitude of one who expected to answer a question or two before closing the door on the speaker, and resuming a previous, more important occupation. If it was premeditated, it was a quiet stroke of genius. It demoralized the enemy, so to speak.

He was excited. There was a purpose, not thoroughly defined, in his mind to win the widow, and on that night. He struggled against the conscious scowl growing on his face at the sight of the thoroughly defensible

position, and slipped into his brogue and blarney: "Sure how can a swate crature be so crule as to shtand widh her purty fate, an' his hear-rut an' her sarvent askin' her to warrum it in her boo-som."

The enemy did not even show her colors to this assault.

"What is your business?" she said; "I am engaged."

"Sure an' that's me business; for ye to be ingaged to be marrid; to meself, I mane." He saw her face chill and harden and her nostrils quiver at this assault, and he again changed. "It's alone ye are here, loike a burred in its cage, an' it's poor ye are; the little penny is soon gone, bad luck to the same, and sorra a bit more to fade thim roses an yer chakes. It wud deloight Terry McCandless to presarve the same; to take the purty burred out o' the cage and set it free in his arrums, with a carruge of its own to roide in, to be sure."

"You may be jesting or drunk, sir, but this house is no place for you," said the widow, only angry as yet.

"Divil a bit has touched my lips, barrin' a mouthful to yer health and for luck, widdy. If it's the gossoon Patrick, sure an' he can go to the school, or to the Divil, for the matther of that; and if it's manes, sure an' I'm rich, and plaze the pigs, ef the war goes an, it's more the richer I'll be; spake, an' we'll have the praist at wanst. Hear to raison," he continued, pushing in as the widow drew back; "divil a bit can ye live like this; ye must marry, and be dad ye shall marry me," he said, boldly and persistently. "For betther or for wurrus, them's the wurruds; take me for luv, or be dad for hate, as you loike, but it's take me you shall." And he looked more brutal as the dark instincts of his nature grew into his face.

"Wretch! do you think me without protection? Who should know better than you that God provides an avenger for the widow. This letter is from John Shandy. He is coming. Villain,

will you dare to wait till he hears of this insult?"

The animal in him quailed before the high-spirited Southern beauty, threatening that fierce Southern law of personal redress whose deadly certainty he knew.

"Be gorra, thin, marm, an' I nivir heard before it was an insult to ask a lady to marry," he growled, remonstrating.

"Such asking would be an insult from crowned king or ragged beggar, and from you,—your very presence has been an insult." And she slammed the door on his retreating face, bolted it, and sat down trembling with excitement.

Lucy had threatened this man with John Shandy's coming; but the letter Lucy held, though speaking of his return, did it obscurely, and set no period. She thought of this the next day, and, consulting with her maid, she resolved to offer a room to the lame soldier.

He gladly accepted the offering; and poor Bob Asa being, in this way, so near such a brilliant, intoxicating light, must need flicker in the flame a little, poor moth!

"Why, Captain Asa," said the indignant widow, "I am ashamed of you. I thought you were my friend. I asked you to come on purpose, and now you must go and talk to me just like other men."

"Flanked, by George!" said the discomfited soldier. "Dog on it, Mrs. Shandy, I thought you'd like it."

"But I don't, you see. I dislike it very much; and you mustn't do so any more," said the widow, sharply.

"Curse the luck!" said the soldier; "I thought you hankered after me. Black Lucy told me so, any how."

"Black Lucy is a goose; don't you be one. You see, I don't hanker for you. I don't hanker, as you call it, for anybody. I am a sort of little Southern Confederacy that wants to be let alone, and I wanted you to be my soldier," the little widow replied.

The illustration pleased Bob, and as

he promised "not to do so any more," they got on quite contentedly for a while.

But the sure heavy weight was slowly, slowly coming down. As a man heaves a huge block up with an effort and holds it, you admire the stiffened sinews, the development of muscle in the energy of will and force bent to the elaborate task. But watch the sturdy lifter! Slight, imperceptible quivers shake the muscles; the frame quivers, the smile of triumph fades into doubt. The huge block has done nothing; has remained dumb, quiet, oppressive. It has put out no effort against that great will force, that gallant and graceful play of fibre and muscle; it just weighs and weighs, with a silent, unalterable law, downward, downward.

So I have thought poverty sometimes lies, huge, misshapen, and ponderous, on a gallant soul. We cannot look and admire, for we see the vital force must yield to a weight beyond its strength. So, on poor Lucy the great volume of existence settled more and more heavily.

There was no more cotton-picking, no more sugar-making. Then the Federal Army came in. The ravages of the negroes, bad enough before, became unendurable, destructive. She had to give up her little garden; it was plundered of its vegetables before they were ripe. Her "soldier," as she had called Asa, had been forced to sacrifice his situation or to leave the widow's. Poor fellow, he too had to surrender to the burden beyond his strength. As it was inculcated industriously by their new masters that a common-school education included all the moral virtues, Lucy attempted a little school among those who had been her servants. It was not Bible lessons or the pure morals of a Saviour they wanted. A, B, C, included it all, and these Lucy undertook to teach.

Let any young New England girl, just ventured from a quiet, loving home into the hard world to teach, recall that charge given her, where ignorant

and vulgar patrons thought the meagre sums doled out gave them a right to censure and dictate; and let her imagine the coarseness and impertinence hugely exaggerated upon a grosser ignorance, and she will realize some of poor Lucy's trials. The tuition fees were in food, the coarse food of the negroes themselves, and it was grudgingly given. It was slowly starving and slowly killing her, when black Lucy, her maid, broke it up. Lucy thanked her and lay down quietly to die.

But, teaching the blacks, she had become known to some Federal officers having to do with the same poor material; and the evening black Lucy ordered the pupils to "cl'ar out and nebber come back da no mo'," two Federal soldiers inquired for lodgings at the widow's house.

CHAPTER VII.

LUCY's new boarders were an elderly and a young man, father and son. The elder was a grave, quiet man, having some semi-civil, semi-military duties. The son was a brisk, romping fellow of twenty-one or two, full of spirits. It amused Lucy to hear the crisp, cool syllables, so different from the broad, soft vowels and Southern intonation. He would laugh over his college scrapes, his "doing the faculty" out of his diploma by enlisting, his loves and his hates, in a perfectly frank, humorous manner, willing indifferently to be laughed with or laughed at, so she laughed. He would tell how his father enlisted "just to be near him," with tears, and then bubble over with some ridiculous flirtations of the watering-places. He courted the widow, of course, in a week; wrote quite scholarly sonnets to her, and laughed and protested and talked about "the little Yankee girl he was going home to marry when the war was over." It was the champagne of love, iced; but in icing it was tempered in its more intoxicating qualities.

One day he found the widow sad

over a letter. He did what a Southerner would have avoided, by asking her "what was the matter."

"Only a letter from a lady who thinks I am rich, and wants to live with me as housekeeper, poor thing. She says her son was slain in the same battle Victor, my husband, was, and it seems to confirm poor Victor's death. If Malvoisee had a roof, she would be welcome, but it has none for me to offer poor Mrs. — Sanders is the name."

"Malvoisee?" said the officer; "it's the burned place next here; was it yours?"

"Yes, it is mine," said the widow. "Why?"

"O, I'm so sorry, it was sold for delayed taxes this morning; a fellow, McCandless, below here, bought it," said the lieutenant.

"It was the widow's home. Do you call that making war, Mr. Endicott?"

The soldier winced. "I don't like it," he said; "but war is war, and the government tries to get paid so as to pay its army."

"That is, my place was sold to get money for the government to pay those who slew my husband, for the slaying. Does your Bible say anything about seething a kid in its mother's milk, Lieutenant?" said the widow, very softly.

The lieutenant was silent. "Hang it, it's all lost for that rascal, McCandless. I'll block him. I will see the governor and General —, and have the thing stopped." But the generous youth was not permitted to carry out his act of chivalrous justice, nor to speak to father or friend in the matter. The unseen shadow that walks beside us all and watches its opportunity was drawing near, and as he talked his winding-sheet was high up on the throat. The Confederates still hung a cloud in the distance, occasionally throwing out a tongue of flame and destruction. That evening, on rumors of such a raid, young Endicott gathered a force of scouts and started

to reconnoitre. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the two parties, Federal and Confederate, encountered in a little field in sight of the house. Each party was small, numbering twenty or thirty, but the conflict was short and desperate. Young Endicott fell, and his friends were retreating slowly on the house, when the elder Endicott came up with reinforcements, and the Confederates, in turn, fell back.

The poor young man was brought into the widow's room. She had suffered, as the reader knows, by the war, but it had never before dashed its actual red surf over her threshold. Yet shocked as she was, all feeling gave way in sympathy for the agonized father.

He only walked up and down, up and down, repeating the passionate words of the Hebrew king, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!" over and over again, wrenching his hands all the time, and walking up and down, up and down.

It was with difficulty he was so far soothed as to be removed, while the last soldierly attentions were paid by the young man's comrades. He was laid to rest in the little widow's flower-garden, and the next day the father was calmer. He said to his hostess, with a great sob that contradicted his words, in the language of the heroic king, "I will mourn no more. I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

With a sad difference the old ways returned, but not to him. He was changed and broken. An old man before, the blow had aged him greatly, and he loved to spend his leisure with the poor, lonely little widow. He spoke of his son and then of his wife gone before, and told his life story, of a long love and a late marriage with his first love, and of her death; then of his enlisting, to be near his son. In her sympathy, the poor old man found comfort, and she came to regard him, this alien enemy, with something of filial

solicitude. They were useful to one another, these two people lonely in the world. The little money for his board supplied the table, and he assisted in her garden and gave her protection.

When the peace came, it brought no peace here. The sound was a mockery to them. "I will return to you, my child," said he, "some day."

But Lucy only said, "I know you think so, but you will not. I seem to be enclosed in a charmed circle of sorrow. When I was a foolish girl I had many lovers, who all went away vowing to return. They never came. So father and mother crossed the dark river. Then my uncle went, and never returned. Then I won my Victor, and my charmed circle became sacred; but he, too, went to his duty, and never came back to me. After that I had a noble, true friend who went to bring his sister to us, but he has passed the charmed circle and will never return. You think you will return, but you cannot. The fatal circle is about me and cannot be passed."

He was very much affected. "Sit down," said he, taking her hand; "I am an old man and must speak; first, some sad news, and then some other words, meant to be kind, my child; believe me, meant to be kind. Tell me, is this yours, this place where you live?"

"No," said Lucy, "it is my cousin's, John Shandy's. My place, Malvoisee, has been taken away from me."

"Alas, yes," said the old man; "and, my poor child, this too has been sold for delayed taxes. One McCandless bought it. Is he a friend? Will he —"

"No! he is my hard enemy. Now, indeed, is all shelter gone," sobbed the widow.

"No, my child, not all. Hear me. I am an old man, and past the years of lovers. I will speak plainly. I offer you a home; I ask you, will you be my daughter, under the name of wife? If I was a rich man, I might do better

for you, if you would let me, but I am not. I can only take you with me, and guard you under the name of wife; but you shall be my daughter, only my poor widowed daughter; and I am a weak, old man with no other ties." And he was silent. After a while he said, "I will leave you now, my child, to think over what I have said. You know it is sincere; you know I mean to be kind."

"I know you are kind," said Lucy, extending her hand. "I will think about it." And they parted.

She did think of it. She reviewed the past, and saw how fate had narrowed around her. She thought of John Shandy and his love, his goodness to her. It was a crown to her, and something to be very proud of; but her husband's image arose before her, vivid with dear associations; and as the bounty of his manly love flowed through the channels of recollection, old hopes and feelings and expressions flowered up in the kindly moisture. She loved her husband yet, deeply, purely, tenderly, with all the passion of a wife's first love. She loved no one else. The very thought of so loving another was pain, even were it John Shandy. Poor John Shandy!

But this other? She knew without argument, it was different, and knew what the relation would be better than he who offered it. She knew that he was and would be truly all he said. She knew, too, what her part must be. She would be his nurse. She would have the care of him; and there would be irksome duties and hard trials, but she would never be his wife, never be called so by him; she would only be his daughter. She saw that future plainly as in a glass.

There are periods, crises in life, which almost every one can recall, when some innate power acts that is not the reason of logic with cause and effect, nor the discriminating judgment, weighing alternatives. It is neither advocate nor judge. It reveals: it does not argue. We see pictured as

in a mirror a far future, as if we had lived it. We know, without an effort of reason, but as of recollection, just what events and feelings are to follow from a defined course. It leaves no room for doubt or argument. Judgment only comes in to determine which we will accept.

So it was with Lucy. She saw herself as the nominal wife, the actual daughter and nurse, of old Mr. Endicott. She saw what that life was, that it was not one of ease. She saw years of drudgery, of care, of exceeding patience. She saw the waning age of an old man growing capacious, irritable, complaining, and selfish. She saw herself in his house, bearing all, suffering all, in irksome care and silence. She saw a household, sufficient but narrow; hopes, feelings, sentiments, all starved into that existence, and bounded by an old and broken man's narrow economies. She saw years and customs growing on her, and crushing old ways of thought and speech, and knew that she would be altogether different, — different even in herself and to herself, a sad and soured old woman who had missed all the flower of life.

What else? She would live alone. Her life would be her own. Bearing all this care and care of another, she would bear none of her own. She would be the living, loving wife of Victor Shandy, with no presumptuous image to thrust between her and that dear nourishing sweetness of her existence, her love for her dead husband. But the other alternative? No prophetic clairvoyance was needed here. If she refused the offer, she saw the future in the past, the last bitter year. She knew she had courage, and the will to work, the slave of this cruel body, if she could find the work to do. She could not plough or chop wood or wash; and these comprehended the demands of that impoverished neighborhood. Her accomplishments, in that barren spot, were like Robinson Crusoe's gold: it would buy nothing, it was useless. If she stayed she might

teach school, teach the negro children, be the patient, insulted drudge of these poor, ignorant slaves, drunk with new, misunderstood freedom. As all the memory of that sickening endurance and final failure crawled like a loathsome worm over her, she shuddered and brushed it away. It was not the will to do, but the power to do, was in question; and she knew that power was not in her.

Lucy was a brave woman. She had fought the good fight. She had been patient and even cheerful under trials that would have snapped a steel less fine and finely tempered than her own, but Lucy was too wise and too brave not to know and to face the truth. She did not pretend that she could not preserve a sordid existence, at the gates of starvation, by herself, in this corner, but it would be at the expense of degradation to her womanhood, to that preserving purity sustained by womanly occupations. It would cost too much. So this little soldier was prepared to surrender her sword. Not because she was unwilling to fight, but because she saw fighting would not gain what she desired and struggled for. It would only be a species of suicide.

She gave a last sad thought to poor John Shandy. Never in her life did she love and honor him more than when, in this final crisis of life, she weighed his wishes with her power to grant. She knew that she could not marry John Shandy, as she might marry this old man, giving nothing of what he asked in exchange. She knew, if she married him, she ought to give, and he ought to ask, a whole, undivided, wifely love; that it would be a lie to marry him, denying him this. And so, gently and tenderly loving him the more in her tears, she put him away in her thought, and sorrowed for him as for a dear, dead friend. Poor John Shandy!

So she sat in the twilight singing, very low, a strange, old melody she had not recalled for years. It was her own story, the story of a brave wo-

man conquered, and she whispered it softly, —

“And young Jamie at the sea, —
 E And auld Robin Gray cam’ a-courtin’ me.”

Mr. Endicott came in. He looked troubled. “Have you thought, my child? Have you thought of any other way I can help you?”

“No, none; none by which I can help you in return,” said the widow, softly.

“Ah! well, when you please, you can tell me. Never mind,” he said, as the widow made an effort to speak. “There, let me have my way; to-morrow? Well, I have news for you; good news —”

But a noise startled them, and black Lucy came running in, stumbling, and screaming. “Lord, miss,” said she, “Floyd’s done come; Mass John’s done come.” And she fell in a fit. No need of announcement. The grave, handsome face and figure of Victor Shandy rose above his cousin’s, upon whose shoulder one hand, half embracing, lay lightly as he stood in the doorway. “It is Victor; it is my husband. O Victor, Victor!” and the brave, over-tired little wife fell in his arms.

The two, John and Victor Shandy, had spoken first to old Mr. Endicott, who had come up from his quarters in the village to break the news of her husband’s return to his wife; but youth and impatience, as we know, had anticipated the slow, hesitating old man’s action. It was as well. Joy does not kill.

Victor Shandy’s story must be recorded. Taken up by Floyd, and a prisoner, he was exchanged, after his recovery, and enlisted in a different regiment; was wounded in the retreat from Petersburg, and found by John Shandy sick and heart-broken over a rumor of his wife’s marriage. The failure of their frequent letters, mutually written each other, was an occurrence too frequent at that period, in the South, to need explanation or comment. The colored boy, Floyd, to Bob Asa’s intense disgust and incredulity, had

actually stood by his master to the last; nay, stands by him yet, with a wife to help him who is quite reconciled to “dat nigga’s” not having “done got hisself killed”; and they are the servants of Victor and Lucy Shandy, and call them Mars Vic and Miss Lucy.

The pretty widow is won. Is there any more to tell? McCandless is prospering after his kind, in purse and its respectability; and as man, like water, finds his level, he is probably now, or soon will be, in Congress. Is that all?

No. The moon is setting, and sending its long, slant glories through the trees, bringing out the broad galleries of rebuilt Malvoisee in the clear obscure. The child of the old love listens silently at his knee to the soft, melancholy flow of the violin; for John Shandy is playing. A light wind bears the odors of flowers, like incense, from the garden; and Lucy listens in her chamber, silently, in tears, as the harmony of “Auld Robin Gray” floats softly in. She thinks of the poor old man to whom Heaven was kind, in taking him home from a lonely world, and her heart fills with old memories and trials of that sad time. But the music flows on, flows on, in sweeter curves and changes. Sad old plantation airs, with stories of a way of tenderness in life that shall be no more forever, melt from the strings and mingle with the rustle of the leaves. The music sobs like the spirit of the past, about the galleries and deserted cabins. No more that melodious charm will call troops of happy, wondering black faces, from nooks and recesses of the old cabins, to linger entranced at the spell.

But John Shandy plays on. Snatches of old dreams and of an old delight, idealized and purified above the earth, faints in the tender symphonies. The old love has grown and softened into a precious feeling, that belongs to no one on earth, and yet is not all the creation of that tender, loving heart. Born in heaven and nourished on the bounty of a sweet, unselfish nature, it floats on

the long, soft swells and cadences, rising musically, tenderly, in lengthened undulations to its home. As the disk of the setting moon grows broader and broader in the foliage, and the shadows darken around its eclipse, the soft clear voice breaks out, in a sweet old hymn, to the according violin. Does it associate itself with the sym-

pathies and heroes of a Lost Cause, mingled with the devout inspiration of a loving and relying heart?

"Through sorrow's night and danger's path,
Among the gathering gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured king,
Are marching to the tomb."

And the last faint glimmer of the setting moon is gone, and all is dark.

Will Wallace Harney.

W H Y ?

EARTH, thou art perfect and fair;
Life, thou art earnest and sweet;
Soul, thou art rightfully heir;
Is not thy rapture complete?
Why, from the manifold joys
That hie to the morning of day,
From sorrows that strengthen and save,
Turn'st thou, expectant, away?

I stand in the fresh morning lands;
Dew-stars in the grass at my feet;
Buds and white bloom in my hands;
About me sweet song-pulses beat.
From the far depths of the sky
A glory is rising for me,
A royal and roseate dawn
Tinting the hills and the sea.

Youth with its gladness is here,
Time with its treasures untold,
Toil with its promise and cheer,
Love that will never grow cold.
Yet out of this sweetness and warmth,
I fade, and I follow afar
A voice that is vague as a dream,
A light that is faint as a star.

Mystery waveth her wand
Over the knowledge I crave,
And the shadow that stayeth her hand
Hovereth over a grave.

Anna Boynton Averill.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

(Enter ZOILUS, last, the others being already assembled: he throws down a newspaper on the table.)

ZOILUS. There! Read that notice of my last article in —, and tell me whether such criticism is apt to encourage the development of an American literature!

THE GANNET *(taking the paper)*. I see where it is, by the dint of your thumb-nail; there are only half a dozen lines, in what I should call the sneering-oracular style; but, Zoilus, you have yourself done a great deal of this thing. Now the poisoned chalice is commended to your own lips. It is singular how little sympathy we have for others, in such cases. When I am abused, somebody always sends the paper to me with lines drawn around the article, so that I shall not miss it; and all my friends are sure to ask, "Have you seen what So-and-so says?" When I am praised, nobody sends the paper, and my friends take it for granted that I have read the article. I don't complain of them: they are naturally silent when they agree, and aroused when they disagree, with the criticism.

THE ANCIENT. This notice is not fair, of course; but it is only a part of the prevalent fashion of criticism. One never can be sure, in such cases, whether the writer is really sincere in his judgment, or whether he has seized an opportunity to make a little literary capital for himself at the expense of the author. But I firmly believe in the ultimate triumph of *good work* over all these airs of superior knowledge and patronage and contemptuous depreciation. A friend of mine once devoted a great deal of time to a very careful and thorough article upon a poet who wrote in a dialect with which not ten men in this country

are familiar. He afterwards showed me the critical notices it drew forth, and those which treated the subject with the coolest possible air of knowledge were written by men who knew nothing whatever about it.

GALAHAD. Then how is the ordinary reader ever to be enlightened?

THE ANCIENT. Most readers, I imagine, simply like, or dislike, what they read. Authors greatly exaggerate the effect of inadequate criticism. Why, do you know that critical genius is much rarer than poetical? You are not afraid of the crude poets', who publish in newspaper corners, pushing you from your stools of song: why should you be annoyed by the critics who stand upon the same intellectual plane? Let me repeat to you what the greatest of critics, Lessing, said: "What is tolerable in my labors is owing solely to the critical faculty. I am, therefore, always ashamed or grieved whenever I hear anything said to the disadvantage of that faculty. It is said to crush genius, and I flattered myself that I had received in it something akin to genius." After Lessing, we can only accept Jeffrey with certain reservations, until we come to Sainte-Beuve. In this country, I call Lowell the first critic, though Whipple and Ripley have high and honorable places. A true critic must not only be a universal scholar, but as clear-conscienced as a saint and as tenderly impressible as a woman. After that he may be rigid as Minos.

ZOILUS. But you will certainly agree with me, that a critical literature of the kind you describe — intelligent, appreciative, sympathetic, and rigidly just — is much needed?

THE ANCIENT. Never more than just now.

ZOILUS. What then, frankly, do you

think of the tone of this paper, and the — and the — ?

THE ANCIENT (*smiling*). They remind me so much of a little satirical poem of Uhland, "The Spring-Song of the Critic," that I am comforted and amused, when I might otherwise be most annoyed. There never was a more admirable picture of that fine, insidious egotism of the spurious critic, which makes him fear to praise, lest admiration should imply inferiority. I can't remember the original lines, or I would translate it for you; but I might try an American paraphrase.

OMNES. By all means! (THE ANCIENT *writes*.)

ZOÏLUS. I feel as if I had had whiskey poured into an open wound. You made me smart savagely for a few minutes; but I am already getting comfortable.

THE GANNET. There is no real comfort until you grow pachydermatous; I don't envy Galahad the seasoning that awaits him.

GALAHAD. I have part of my experience vicariously, in Zoïlus.

ZOÏLUS. The devil you have! wait, my boy, until you publish your next poem: I'll return it to you, with interest!

THE ANCIENT. Uhland makes the critic walk out in the spring-time, and patronize Nature in his usual tone, the very tone of which Zoïlus complains. This is a rough imitation: —

H'm! Spring? 'T is popular, we've heard,
And must be noticed, therefore;
Not that a flower, a brook, or bird
Is what we greatly care for.

The trees are budding: immature!
Yet them, no doubt, admire some:
One leaf comes like another, sure,
And on the whole it's tiresome.

What kind of bird is this we hear?
The song is vague and mystic:
Some notes, we grant, are smooth and clear,
But not at all artistic.

We're not quite sure we wholly like
Those ferns that wave and spread so:
'T is safe to doubt the things that strike
The eye at once; we've said so.

An odor? H'm! it might be worse;
There must be violets nigh us:
Quite passable! (For Shakespeare's verse,
This time, will justify us.)

A native plant! We don't know what:
Some, now, would call it pleasant,
But, really, we would rather not
Commit ourselves, at present.

But further time we will not waste,
Neglecting our position;
To scourge the stupid public taste
Is our peculiar mission.

And if men saw us, and should deem
(Those ignorant human brothers!)
That we the Spring *enjoyed*, we'd seem
No better than the others!

OMNES. Good! It reads like an original.

THE ANCIENT. It is one, properly: I have not translated any of Uhland's phrases. However, let us change the theme, for this is a dangerous hobby of mine, and we have other work before us. How many names are there still undrawn?

THE GANNET (*looking in the hat*). A dozen yet!

THE ANCIENT (*drawing*). James Russell Lowell, — I must gird up my loins.

THE GANNET. Bayard Taylor.

ZOÏLUS. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

GALAHAD. George H. Boker.

THE GANNET. The supply will be exhausted in two or three nights more, and then all our fun must come to an end. There will be nothing left for us, but to travesty each other.

THE CHORUS. An excellent idea! Four times four, each doing each other and himself also, will give us sixteen imitations.

ZOÏLUS. No doubt you would enjoy it hugely. Turn to Lucretius for a picture of the delight of sitting on the safe shore and looking at the waves in a storm!

THE CHORUS. "The swelling and falling of the waves is the life of the sea."

ZOÏLUS. Go to, with your quotations! How easy it is to apply a high moral stimulus to somebody else's mind! Every poet, in his secret soul, admits his exquisite, quivering sensitiveness for the children of his brain. He may hide it from the sight of every one; but it is there, or he would not be a poet; and he is always most artlessly surprised at the betrayal of the same feeling in another. I, of course, should

coolly bear any amount of travesty; but how would it be with the Ancient, the Gannet, and Galahad?

THE GANNET. Zoilus, you're a hum-bug! Take your pencil and begin your work: see how the Ancient is reeling off his lines!

(They write steadily for fifteen or twenty minutes; then all have finished except THE ANCIENT.)

THE ANCIENT. Mine is no easy task, and I'm afraid I have laid it out on too extensive a plan.

OMNES. Go on: we will wait.

THE ANCIENT *(ten minutes later)*. You will sympathize with me, Galahad, for you know how much I like Lowell's poetry. I have followed him from the start, when he seemed like a vigorous young oak, and like an oak he has grown slowly, strongly, and with ever-broadening branches. But one can sport, as well as pray, under your large trees. *(Reads.)*

THE SAGA OF AHAB DOOLITTLE.

Who hath not thought himself a poet? Who, Feeling the stubbed pin-feathers pricking through His greenish gosling-down, but straight misdeems Himself anointed? They must run their course, These later measles of the fledgling mind, Pitting the adolescent rose with brown, And after, leaving scars; and we must bear, Who come of other stirp, no end of roll, Slacken our strings, disorient ourselves, And turn our ears to huge conchylar valves To hear the shell-hum that would fain be sea.

O guarding thorn of Life's dehiscent bud, Exasperation! Did we clip thee close, Disarm ourselves with non-resistant shears, And leave our minds demassachusettsed, What fence 'gainst inroad of the spouting throng? For Fame's a bird that in her wayward sweep Gossips to all; then, raven-like, comes home Hoarse-voiced as autumn, and, as autumn leaves Behind her, blown by all the postal winds, Letters and manuscripts from unknown hands. Thus came not Ahab's: his he brought himself, One morn, so clear with impecunious gold, I said: "Chaucer yet lives, and Calderon!" And, letting down the gangways of the mind For shipment from the piers of common life, O'er Learning's ballast meant some lighter freight To stow, for export to Macarian Isles. But it was not to be: a tauroid knock Shook the ash-panels of my door with pain, And to my vexed "Come in!" Ahab appeared. Homespun, at least, — thereat I swiftly felt Somewhat of comfort, — tall, knock-kneed, and gaunt: Face windy-red, hands horny, large, and loose, That groped for mine, and finding, dropped at once

As half ashamed; and thereupon he grinned. I waited, silent, till the silence grew Oppressive; but he bore it like a man; Then, as my face still queried, opened wide The stiff portcullis of his rustic speech, Whence issued words: "You'd hardly kalkelate That I'm a poet, but I kind o' guess I be one; so the people say, to hum." Then from his cavernous armpit drew and gave The singing leaves, not such as erst I knew, But strange, disjointed, where the unmeasured feet Staggered allwhither in pursuit of rhyme, And could not find it: assonance instead, Cases and verbs misplaced — remediable those — Broad-shouldered coarseness, fondly meant for wit. I turned the leaves; his small, gray, hungry eye Stuck like a burr; agape with hope his mouth. What could I say? the worn conventional phrase We use on such occasions, — better wait, Verse must have time; its seed, like timothy-grass, Sown in the fall to sprout the following spring, Is often winter-killed; none can decide; A single rain-drop prints the ecocene, While crow-bars fail on lias: so with song: The Doom is born in each thing's primitive stuff.

Perchance he understood not; yet I thrust Some hypodermic hope within his flesh, Unconsciously; ere long he came again. Would I but see his latest? I *did* see; Shuddered, and answered him in sterner wise. I love to put the bars up, shutting out My pasture from the thistle-cropping beasts Or squealing hybrids, who have range enough On our New England commons, — whom the Fiend, Encouragement-of-Native-Talent, feeds With windy provender, in Waverley, And Flag, and Ledger, weakly manger-racks.

Months passed; the catbird on the elm-tree sang What "Free from Ahab!" seemed, and I believed. But, issuing forth one autumn morn, that shone As Earth were made October twenty-seventh (Some ancient Bible gives the date), he shot Across my path as sped from Ensign's bow, More greswome, haggard-seeming than before. Ere from his sinister armpit his right hand Could pluck the sheets, I thundered forth, "Aroint!" Not using the Anglo-Saxon shibboleth, But exorcismal terms, unusual, fierce, Such as would make a saint disintimate. The witless terror in his face nigh stayed My speech, but I was firm and passed him by. Ah, not three weeks were sped, ere he again Waylaid me in the meadows, with these words: "I saw that suthin' riled you, the last time; Be you in sperrits now?" — and drew again — But why go on? I met him yesterday, The nineteenth time, — pale, sad, but patient still.

When Hakon steered the dragons, there was place, Though but a thrall's, beside the eagle-helms, For him who rhymed instead of rougher work, For speech is thwarted deed: the Berserk fire But smoulders now in strange attempts at verse, While hammering sword-blows mend the halting rhyme, Give mood and tense unto the well-thewed arm, And turn these ignorant Ababs into bards!

ZOILUS. Faith! I think each of us imitates most amusingly the very au-

thors whom he most admires. I might have made something fiercer, but it would n't have been more characteristic.

THE GANNET. When you seem dissatisfied with Lowell's work, I can still see that you recognize his genius. I agree with you that he sometimes mistakes roughness for strength, and is sometimes consciously careless; but neither his faults nor his virtues are of the common order. I like him for the very quality out of which both grow, — his evident faith in the inspiration of the poet. In "The Cathedral" he says "second - thoughts are prose," which is always true of the prime conception; but he seems often to apply it to the details of verse. His sympathy with the Norse and Nibelungen elements in literature, and with the old English ballads, is natural and very strong. Perhaps it is not always smoothly fused with the other spirit which is born of his scholarship and taste and artistic feeling. I care less for that: to my mind, he is always grandly tonic and stimulating.

THE ANCIENT. I think the objection which Zoilus makes comes simply from the fact that many of Lowell's poems are over-weighted with ideas. Instead of pouring a thin, smooth stream, he tilts the bottle a little too much, and there is an impetuous, uneven crowding of thought. But I should rather say that he is like his own "Cathedral," large, Gothic, with many a flying buttress, pinnacles melting in the air, and now and then a grotesque gargoyle staring down upon you. There is a great range between Hosea Biglow and the Harvard Ode.

ZOILUS. I confess I don't like un-mixed enthusiasm, and I'm frequently provoked to spy out the weak points of any author who gets much of it. How I should feel if it were bestowed on me, I can't tell; probably as complacent as the rest of you.

THE GANNET. O Zoilus, when you know that I'm only considered "brilliant," and get the most superficial praise!

THE ANCIENT. Come, come! This is a sort of personality. Who's next?

GALAHAD. Zoilus was ready first.

ZOILUS. Yes, and none too soon. Mrs. Barrett Browning was a tough subject for me, and I was glad to get her off my hands. Do you know that it is much more difficult to travesty a woman's poem than a man's? (*Reads.*)

GWENDOLINE.

'T was not the brown of chestnut boughs
That shadowed her so finely;
It was the hair that swept her brows,
And framed her face divinely;
Her tawny hair, her purple eyes,
The spirit was ensphered in,
That took you with such swift surprise,
Provided you had peered in.

Her velvet foot amid the moss
And on the daisies patted,
As, querulous with sense of loss,
It tore the herbage matted:
"And come he early, come he late,"
She saith, "it will undo me;
The sharp fore-speeded shaft of fate
Already quivers through me.

"When I beheld his red-roan steed,
I knew what aim impelled it:
And that dim scarf of silver brede,
I guessed for whom he held it:
I recked not, while he flaunted by,
Of Love's relentless violence,
Yet o'er me crashed the summer sky,
In thunders of blue silence.

"His hoof-prints crumbled down the vale,
But left behind their lava;
What should have been my woman's mail
Grew jellied as guava:
I looked him proud, but 'neath my pride
I felt a boneless tremor;
He was the Beër, I descried,
And I was but the Seemer!

"Ah, how to be what then I seemed,
And bid him seem that is so!
We always tangle threads we dreamed,
And contravene our bliss so.
I see the red-roan steed again!
He looks, as something sought he:
Why, hoity-toity! — *he* is fain,
So I'll be cold and haughty!"

THE ANCIENT. You have done about as well as could be expected; but I am not sure that I should have recognized it, without the red-roan steed and the thunders of blue silence. However, Mrs. Browning's force is always so truly feminine that one cannot easily analyze it. There is an underlying weakness — or, at least, a sense of reliance — when she is most vigorous,

and you feel the beating of an excited pulse when she is most calmly classic. She often slips into questionable epithets and incongruous images, I grant you; but I can see the first form of her thought through them.

GALAHAD. Has any other woman reached an equal height in English poetry?

THE CHORUS. No!

THE GANNET. George Eliot?

ZÖILUS. Now you bring the two squarely before my mind, I also say, No! I do not rightly know where to place George Eliot.

THE ANCIENT. Among the phenomena, — unsurpassed as a prose writer, and with every quality of the poet except the single one which is born and never acquired. It is amazing to see how admirable her verse is, and how near to high poetry, — as if only a sheet of plate glass were between, — and yet it is *not* poetry. Her lines are like the dancing figures on a frieze, symmetry itself, but they do not move. When I read them I am always on the very verge of recognizing her as a poet, always expecting the warm-blooded measures which sing their way into my own blood, and yet I never cross the invisible boundary.

THE GANNET. Shall we go on? I have Bayard Taylor, who took possession of me readily enough. I know his earlier Oriental better than his later poems. He does n't seem to have any definite place yet as a poet.

ZÖILUS. Then it comes of having too many irons in the fire.

GALAHAD. He may have made some mistakes; indeed, I think so, myself; but I find signs of a struggle towards some new form of development in his later poems, and mean to give him a little more opportunity. His rhetoric is at the same time his strength and his weakness, for it has often led him away from the true substance of poetry.

THE ANCIENT. There you are right, Galahad. Nature and the sensuous delight of life for a while got the upper hand of him, and he wrote many things

which aimed to be more, and were not. I think better of his later direction; but how far it will carry him depends on his industry and faith. Let us have the echo!

THE GANNET. (*Reads.*)

HADRAMAUT.

The grand conglomerate hills of Araby,
That stand empanopled in utmost thought,
With dazzling ramparts front the Indian sea,
Down there in Hadramaut.

The sunshine smashes in the doors of morn
And leaves them open; there the vibrant calm
Of life magniloquent pervades forlorn
The giant fronds of palm.

The cockatoo upon the upas screams:
The armadillo fluctuates o'er the hill;
And like a flag, incarnadined in dreams,
All crimsonly I thrill!

There have iconoclasts no power to harm,
So, folded grandly in translucent mist,
I let the light stream down my jasper arm,
And o'er my opal fist.

An Adamite of old, primeval Earth,
I see the Sphinx upon the porphyry shore,
Deprived of utterance ages ere her birth,
As I am, — only more!

Who shall ensnare me with invested gold,
Or paper symbo's, backed like malachite?
Let gaunt reformers objurgate and scold,
I gorge me with delight.

I do not yearn for what I covet most;
I give the winds the passionate gifts I sought;
And slumber fiercely on the torrid coast,
Down there in Hadramaut!

GALAHAD. That is extravagantly and absurdly like some of his poems. You seem to have had in your mind the very feature I mentioned, — his rhetoric. I doubt whether I shall succeed as well with Boker. He and Bayard Taylor are both Pennsylvanians, of nearly the same age, yet they are not at all alike.

THE ANCIENT. I remember Boker's first volume. There was a flavor of the Elizabethan English about it, which was unusual at the time. Then came his tragedy of "Calaynos," one of the few successful modern plays formed on the old classic models; it ran for nearly a hundred nights in England. But you cannot imitate his best work, which is in this and the later plays; you must choose between his ballads and his sonnets.

GALAHAD. I have tried something half ballad and half song, in his style.
(Reads.)

PEBE THE FAIR.

I lie and I languish for Phebe the Fair,
Ah, welladay !
The blue of her eyes, the brown of her hair,
The elbows that dance and the ankles that gleam,
As she bends at her washing-tub there by the stream,
Disdaining to see me, so what can I say
But, ah, welladay !

I met her last night when the moon was at full,
Alas and alack !
Bewitchingly hooded with mufflers of wool ;
Her cloak of gray duffle she wore to a charm,
So boldly I offered the maiden my arm,
But she coolly responded, " You take the back track !"
Alas and alack !

Though I'm but a blacksmith and Hugo a lord,
Sing hey, nonny nonny !
Though I've but a hammer and he has a sword,
When he leans from his destrier Phebe to greet,
I could smash him to cinders before her white feet,
For lords have no business with maidens so bouny,
Sing hey, nonny nonny !

I've given up Margery, given up Maud,
Ah, welladay, Phebe !
But the snow of your bosom by love is thawed ;
The hues of my life are all fading, I guess,
As the calico fades in the suds that you bless :
You are scouring the heart of your languishing G. B.,
Ah, welladay, Phebe !

THE GANNET. I remember those ballads, with a curious antique flavor about them ; but I am best acquainted with Boker's sonnets. I don't think they have been appreciated as they deserve ; but then, there are hardly twelve sonnets in the English language which can be called popular. Take one of Keats, three of Wordsworth, three of Milton, possibly Blanco White's one, and four or five of Shakespeare, and you have nearly all that are familiarly known. I'll try my hand at an imitation of Boker's grave, sustained measure. (Writes.)

THE ANCIENT. No one of our authors is so isolated as he, and it is a double disadvantage. When Philadelphia ceased to be a literary centre, which happened very suddenly and unexpectedly, the tone of society there seemed to change. Instead of the open satisfaction of Boston in her brilliant circle of authors, or the passive indif-

ference of our New York, there is almost a positive depreciation of home talent in Philadelphia. Boker is most disparaged in his native city, and most appreciated in New England. There is always less of petty envy where the range of culture is highest.

ZOÏLUS. No, there is not less, granting the culture to be higher ; there is only more tact and policy in expressing it.

THE GANNET. Listen to Boker's 999th sonnet, dictated through me ! (Reads.)

I charge not with degrees of excellence
That fair revolt which rested on thy name,
Nor burden with uncomprehended blame
The speech, which still eludes my swooning sense,
Though this poor rhyme at least were some defence
Against thy chill suspicion : yet, if Fame
Lift up and burnish what is now my shame,
'T would mitigate a passion so intense.
This trampled verse awhile my heart relieves
From stringent pain, that cleft me as I turned
Away from beauty, graciously displayed ;
And still one dominant emotion cleaves
The clouds, whereon thy passing lustre burned,
And leaves behind it gulfs of blacker shade.

GALAHAD. How *could* you echo the tone and atmosphere of a sonnet, without adding one particle of sense ?

THE GANNET. Attribute it to my empty head, if you please. I really cannot explain how these imitations arise in my mind. In the "trance condition," you know, one is void of all active consciousness.

ZOÏLUS. If you go on indulging such an idea, you will end by becoming a professional medium.

THE GANNET. Well, — at least I'll dictate to the world better verse than has ever yet come, in that way, from the unfortunate dead poets.

GALAHAD. Could you equal Demosthenes ?

THE ANCIENT. For the sake of Human Reason let us drop that subject ! There are some aberrations which dishearten us, and it is best simply to turn our backs on them. For my part, I crave music. Zoilus, give us Herrick's "Julia," before the stirrup-cup !

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

XII.

IN PARIS.

THAT certain persons who had every reason to avoid one another, and who were actually in one sense running away from each other, should all find themselves on board the same ship, was certainly a strange coincidence. Under such circumstances, a meeting was of course inevitable; and hence they stumbled upon one another unexpectedly yet naturally enough, in the manner already described, and in a way more embarrassing than agreeable.

After this last meeting between Mrs. Lovell and Mr. Grimes, the weather continued stormy for some days. Maud remained below, partly on account of the weather, and partly for other reasons. The sight of Carrol had produced upon her a new dejection of mind, and his persistent aversion not only wounded but astonished her. In the narrow limits of a ship, while he was so near, it was not very easy to banish his image from her mind; and in spite of the appeals which she constantly made to her pride, the melancholy that arose from wounded affection was too strong to be overcome. Mrs. Lovell, however, was subject to no such weakness; and while Maud moped in her state-room, she sought as usual the breezier atmosphere of the upper deck, where she would sit gazing forth upon the dark heaving sea, looking upward into the unfathomable depths of ether, and generally feeding her soul with thoughts of the Infinite and all that sort of thing; for as a matter of course, when a pretty woman chooses to sit alone gazing into space, the kindest conjecture which one may make about her thoughts is the above; all of which is respectfully submitted.

The result of Mrs. Lovell's profound speculations while thus sitting and

gazing into space was not, however, of that elevated and transcendental character which may be fairly considered as the natural outcome of the Infinite. On the contrary, it generally had reference to the finite, the concrete, the visible, and the tangible, in short, to Mr. Grimes.

"He is a failure," she would say, very confidentially, to Maud, after a return from her meditations on deck, — "a total failure. And, Maudie, whenever you choose a friend, do not allow yourself to dwell too much upon him. For you see," Mrs. Lovell would continue, as Maud made no answer, speaking all the time in an abstracted tone, — "you see, Mr. Grimes is so very set, so obstinate, and so perfectly unreasonable. He is altogether too consistent, and he knows nothing whatever of the true spirit of chivalry."

"Chivalry!" exclaimed Maud, on one occasion, "what possible connection can there be between chivalry and a — a person like that."

"Chivalry!" said Mrs. Lovell, with some warmth; "I would have you know, Maudie, that Mr. Grimes is as perfectly chivalrous a man as ever lived. Why, only think how he rushed to help me when I was really almost on the point of being swept overboard! Positively he almost saved my life. And you have so little affection for me, that you sneer at him for that, — for saving my life, — for that is really what he did. Why, Maudie," continued Mrs. Lovell, solemnly, "I do believe you're made of stone, — I do really."

To this Maud made no reply, and Mrs. Lovell, after waiting for a moment, found her thoughts reverting to their former channel and went on: "Of course, he's chivalrous and all that, as I said, but then he's so provoking. He's so fickle, you know, and changeable. But that's the way with men

always. They never know their own minds. As for Mr. Grimes, he's so absurdly backward and diffident, that I really wonder how he manages to live. O, he would never do! And really, Maudie, do you know, I've come to the conclusion that Mr. Grimes is a gigantic failure."

To this Maud made no reply, and Mrs. Lovell gradually wandered off to other subjects.

So the voyage passed away, and neither Mrs. Lovell nor Maud saw anything more of either Grimes or Carrol.

It was near the end of August when they arrived at Havre. Here they took the cars for Paris.

On reaching her destination, Mrs. Lovell drove at once to a place where she had lodged during a previous visit, some three or four years before, and where she expected to find a home during her stay in Paris. She was not disappointed. The house was under the management of a lady who was still at her post, and Madame Guimarin received her former lodger with a mixture of courtesy and enthusiasm that was at once impressive and seductive. To Mrs. Lovell's great joy, she found not only that there were vacant apartments, but that the best rooms in the house, in fact, all the rooms in the house, were entirely at her service. She had only to make her own selection. That selection Mrs. Lovell did accordingly make; and she chose the rooms which had become in a certain sense hallowed by the associations of her former visit, in which rooms she might find not so much a lodging as a home.

Such a reception was most unexpected and most delightful to Mrs. Lovell, who could not but wonder at her good fortune. She told Maud about her previous visit, when it was difficult to get a lodging-place at all, and when the landlady seemed to be granting a favor on admitting her. Now all was changed, and the demeanor of Madame Guimarin seemed to show that the favor was all on Mrs.

Lovell's side. The change was wonderful; but what the cause of that change might be, Mrs. Lovell did not stop to consider. She simply settled herself down under the hospitable care of Madame Guimarin, without seeking to know what might be the reason of such cordial and unwonted hospitality.

On reaching Havre, Grimes and Carrol had landed in such an unobtrusive way that they had not been seen by the ladies. At the same time they had no idea of stopping at Havre, and had accordingly started by the very first train for Paris. This was the same train which the ladies had taken, but in the confusion they had not been noticed. And so it was that they reached Paris at the same time, without either party being aware of the proceedings of the other. Nor was it difficult to elude observation, for at every station on the road there were too many objects to attract the attention and engross it. At every station there seemed to be a general haste and uproar which seemed like the wildest confusion, — a gathering of great crowds, and a Babel of many tongues. The train itself seemed an object of interest to many; and as the passengers stared out of the windows, the crowds at the station stared back. The train was a long one at starting, but it received constant additions as it went on, chiefly of a military character, until at length when it arrived at Paris the crowd that poured forth was immense.

In flying to Paris as his city of refuge, Carrol had relied upon two things: the first being the natural safety which any one would have in a city which is the common resort of fugitives from all parts of the world; and the second additional security which an obscure person like himself would have amid the exciting events of a great war.

Now no sooner had he reached Paris and taken one look around, than he found the war at its height, and the nation in the crisis of its great agony. His own affairs had thus far attracted all his thoughts, so that he had none to spare for the struggle between France

and Prussia; but now that he had arrived here, he found himself in the presence of a nation to whose heart a mighty pang of anguish had been flung, in comparison with which his own sorrows were the mere evils of a day.

For this was the beginning of September. The first blows of the war had been struck. France had been defeated and dishonored, and the Prussians were far in the land. Paris was in a state of siege. The armies of France were scattered; the Emperor was wandering about, no one knew where and no one cared. A frantic Ministry was trying to buoy up the hopes of a frantic people by inflated lies. The information which they gave was suspected by all; yet every one tried to force himself to believe it, and every one spoke confidently of the approaching vengeance of France, when she should clothe herself in consuming terror and in her fiery indignation devour the adversary.

Paris was in a state of siege, and preparations were being made by the authorities which showed that to them at least the approach of an enemy did not seem impossible. The environs were devastated; the forts prepared; the bridges blown up; the trees cut down; but this belt of desolation was not visible to the crowds inside the city, and the change was chiefly manifest to those who found themselves cut off from their usual recreation in the Bois de Boulogne.

But to the people who were thus surrounded by this ring of desolation and defence, it was as though these things were not; and the crowds in the streets spoke all day long of nothing but victory and vengeance. Every one had his own theory as to the movements of the French armies. Whether Bazaine's strategy or that of McMahon were the more profound, was a keenly disputed point. So profound was the strategy of each, however, that every one seemed to lose himself in a bottomless abyss whenever he ventured to discuss it. Still the confidence in their

hearts was certainly not equal to that which their lips professed, as might easily be seen by the wild rumors that arose from time to time, the tales of sudden disaster, the tidings of fresh defeats, the panic fear that sometimes flashed simultaneously through vast multitudes, blanching their cheeks and stilling to awful silence the uproar of the people, —

"While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispered with white lips, 'The foe!
They come! They come!'"

Still, these panics, though they were quick to rise, were equally quick to subside; and after each sensation of this sort, the volatile people roused themselves anew to hope and to confidence. And the uproar sounded forth again, and the song arose, and the battle hymn, and the shout, and vengeance was once more denounced upon all the enemies of France.

Everybody was in uniform. There were the citizens who were National Guards. There were the peasants brought in from the country as Moblots. There were the marines, and sailors from the fleet. There were also the members of the ambulance corps, who served to remind the ardent citizen of the darker side of war.

The crowd that had been at the station when Carrol arrived had been immense, but not any larger than usual. For now there was always a great crowd there and at every railway station. There were those who were pouring into the city at the order of the government, soldiers for the field of battle, and peasants flying here from their deserted fields for refuge. There was also another crowd, consisting of those who were desirous of escaping from the city; many of whom were foreigners, but many more of whom were the wives and children of citizens, sent away so as to be out of the reach of that siege which was already anticipated by the citizens, in spite of their confident boasts.

In all these scenes, in the excitement of alternating hope and fear that forever reigned in the thronged streets,

and in the perpetual presence of one dominating and all-pervading idea, Carrol found that distraction of soul which formed the surest relief to his anxiety and remorse. He had so long brooded over his own griefs, that the presence of some engrossing subject outside of himself produced upon him an unmixed benefit. Grimes saw this with great gratification, and declared that Paris was the very place for Carrol.

He also asserted that Paris was the very place for himself. The excitement communicated itself to all of his sympathetic nature. He glowed under it; he revelled in it; he lived in the streets. He flung himself into the life of the people, and shared all their alternations of feeling. His opinion about the fortunes of the war, however, was certainly a little different from that of the average Parisian.

"The Prussian invasion," said he, "is a wholesome thing. It's good. King William is a fine man. So is the average Prussian. The French are too frivolous. Life can't be got to be made up out of nonsense. You can't do it. The French have got hold of somethin' serious at last, and, mark my words, it'll do 'em good."

But the day soon came which put a stop to all hope of victory, and in an instant dissipated the vast mass of lying rumors with which the atmosphere of Paris was filled. It was the day of Sedan. The tremendous intelligence could not be concealed or mitigated. It was a revelation of the whole of that black and dismal truth against which the people had shut their eyes. Down to the very last moment they sustained themselves with wild fictions, and then that last moment came and all was known.

Then all Paris rose. Away went the government in flight. The Empress Regent disappeared. The Republic was proclaimed. Down came the Imperial cipher and the Imperial effigy, and every Imperial symbol from every public place; while in their place appeared the words which the

Empire had obliterated eighteen years before, "*Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité.*" And the old Republican leaders came forth and volunteered to become the leaders of the nation; old men came back from exile; and the irreconcilables seated themselves upon the throne of their fallen enemy.

Then too the panic, which thus far had been fitful and intermittent, spread itself broadly over the city, till it took possession of every heart. The terror for a time drove out every other feeling. Those who could fly did so as hastily as possible. The peasantry came pouring in from the country in greater numbers. The railroads were taxed to their utmost possible capacity; for now it was known that the conquering Prussians would soon arrive, and then what escape would there be?

But the panic could not last, and did not. Like other sensations, it had its day, and passed; and the new sensation which succeeded it was one universal enthusiasm over the Republic, combined with boundless confidence in the ability of the Republic to atone for the disgraces of the Empire, and to avenge them. The enthusiasm was also for a time accompanied by a pleasing hope that the Prussians would be satisfied with the fall of Napoleon, and come to easy terms with regenerated France; nor was it possible to quell this hope, until they had been very rudely disillusioned.

All these new and startling events only served to increase the effect which Parisian life had produced upon Carrol; and in the excitement that never ceased to be kindled all around him, he found an occupation for his mind that was always new and varied. In the overturn of the government he also found the assurance of greater safety for himself; for with the revolution the old machinery would become a little disarranged, and the French police would necessarily be changed or modified, so that the chances for his escape from capture were greatly increased. His haunting dread of pursuit and arrest was now very much lessened,

and a sense of comparative security came to him.

Grimes and Carrol generally separated for the day. Each made it his sole occupation to saunter about the public places, taking part in the general excitements and sharing in the sensations that from time to time might arise; but each preferred to go alone, and follow the bent of his own inclinations. On one such occasion Carrol was slowly sauntering down the Champs Elysées, looking dreamily around upon the scene, when suddenly he caught sight of something which gave him a greater shock than any that he had felt since his arrival. It was a carriage which was rolling along among many other carriages. In it were two ladies, and in the first glance that he gave he recognized Maud and Mrs. Lovell. In an instant they had rolled by, and he was left standing there, filled with amazement.

Ever since his arrival at Paris he had thought of Maud as being far away. On board of the steamer he had supposed that she was on her way to this city, but after his arrival he had taken it for granted that the perilous situation of the city would of course deter the ladies from coming to it at such a time, and that their most natural course would be to go to their friends in England. Yet now he found them actually here, and saw that they must have come at once to the place. He saw that they were still remaining, and that, too, after the great events that had occurred; after Sedan; after the Republic; at the very time when the minds of all were becoming familiar with the grim prospect of a siege. What this could possibly mean became a problem which occupied his thoughts all the remainder of that day, without his attaining to any satisfactory solution. Could they be aware of the facts of their situation? Of course they must be. What then could make them remain? He could not imagine.

In the evening he mentioned the subject to Grimes. As this was the first time that Carrol had volunteered to

talk upon any subject, Grimes regarded this as a very favorable sign, and felt highly gratified.

"See here," said Carrol, "did you know *they* are here?"

"They? Who's 'they'?" asked Grimes.

"Why, the ladies."

"The ladies? O yes. I knew that. I saw them myself the other day."

"You saw them! Why, you did n't say anything about it. I should think you would have mentioned it."

"O no," said Grimes, coolly. "I did n't seem to see any necessity for mentioning it to you. I knew that it was an exciting topic, and that if I introduced the subject you'd at once proceed to flare up. You see you always pitch into Miss Heathcote so infernally strong, that I can't stand it. She's a person that I can't help respectin' somehow, in spite of your tall talk. Mark my words, there's a mistake somewhere."

Carrol's face flushed at these last words, and he stared sternly at Grimes; but as the other looked away quite indifferently, he said nothing for a few moments. At last he remarked in a low thoughtful voice, "It's queer, too, — confoundedly queer."

"What 's confoundedly queer?" asked Grimes.

"Why, that they should stay."

"Queer? Why, what is there queer about that?"

"What, don't you think it's queer for two ladies to come to a city in such a row as this, and stay here through a regular revolution, when the enemy is approaching, and the siege may begin at any time?"

"Queer?" cried Grimes. "Why, I should think it most infernally queer if they did n't stay. This is the very time to be in Paris. Queer? Why, what makes us stay here, and what could induce either you or me to leave this place now and go away?"

"Pooh! Why, there's all the difference in the world. They're women."

"Women! and what then? Ain't women human beings? I think so."

You'll not deny that, I suppose. Yea, more. Have n't women got curiosity? Some. Have n't they got a slight tendency to excitement? Methinks. Don't they occasionally get their feelings roused and grow enthusiastic? Rather. Now, for my part, I imagine that Mrs. Lovell and Miss Heathcote find just as much fun in these proceedin's and in the general row that's goin' on as either you or I. Yea, more. I don't believe any earthly indocement would make them leave. Stay? Why, everybody ought to stay. Everybody ought to come here. Now's the time to visit Paris. There has n't been such a time since the downfall of ancient Rome, and there won't be such another occasion for ever so many hundred years. Mrs. Lovell leave? What! And now? And after takin' all the trouble to come here? No, sir. Not she. Not if she knows it. I'll bet on her. I tell you what, that woman's bound to see this thing put through."

"O, come now, really now," said Carrol, "you don't suppose that Mrs. Lovell is superior to all the usual weaknesses of woman. She is as timid as women generally are."

"I deny that women are timid," said Grimes, solemnly.

"O, if it comes to that, why, there's nothing more to say."

"I deny that they're timid where their feelings are really concerned. You get a woman regularly excited, and she'll go through fire and water. She'll go wherever a man will."

"O, that's all very well, in a few rare cases, when their affections are engaged, and they get half insane; but there's really nothing of the kind here, you know, and for my part I confess I'm puzzled."

"Well, for my part," said Grimes, "I glory in it."

"There's some mysterious motive," said Carrol, "something under the surface."

"There's nothing but pure, real, genuine pluck," said Grimes. "She's clear grit."

Carrol shook his head suspiciously,

and finding that Grimes would not help him to discover this supposed dark motive that actuated the ladies, he subsided into a somewhat sullen silence.

XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED CALL.

THE place in which Mrs. Lovell and Maud had taken up their quarters was somewhat remote from the busy centres of Parisian life, and if there was any change in the appearance of the city it was not generally visible. It was only when they went out for a drive that they saw the unusual animation and excitement of the streets, and even then the change did not seem so great as it actually was.

Upon Maud, Paris did not produce that exhilarating effect which it generally does on the new-comer. In fact, since her arrival she seemed to have sunk into deeper dejection. On board the steamer, as long as Carrol was near her, there was a kind of excitement in the idea of that neighborhood which acted as a stimulus to her mind, and was involuntarily associated with faint hopes of a reconciliation. But now he was gone, and her life became dull and dead. There was no longer any hope of reconciliation, nor any expectation of seeing him. She wondered whether he had come to Paris or not, but concluded that he had not. Why, indeed, should he? His hatred of her was so bitter that his only motive would be to avoid her. True, he had followed her to the steamer, but she began to think now that this might have been an accident, and as the days passed by she gradually lost hope.

Mrs. Lovell saw this dejection, and remonstrated with Maud about it.

"Why, really, Maudie," she would say, "I thought you had more pride; after all, your condition is n't as bad as mine. Look at me. Only think how I've been deceived in Mr. Grimes. Now, I know very well that you're moping about that wretched Mr. Carrol, but it's very weak in you. Be like me.

Do as I do. Conquer your feelings, and be bold and brave and heroic."

In the effort to assist Maud to become bold and brave and heroic, Mrs. Lovell urged her to drive out, and so they used to drive out nearly every day. During those drives, Maud's mind was not much impressed with the striking scenes which the great city presented, but was rather occupied by one controlling idea that made her blind to the charm of Parisian life. As she drove through the streets and boulevards and looked out upon the crowds, the idea of Carrol never left her, and she was always searching after his face. She noticed nothing and thought of nothing in all her drives but this, and the noise and the tumult and all the busy preparations for war were disregarded.

But at length, as time passed on, this noise and tumult and these preparations for war grew to such proportions that they forced themselves upon her attention. She saw the doors and windows of the Louvre gradually closing up behind protective barricades. She saw those barricades arising around the statues and monuments of the city, and beautiful groves changing into fields of stumps. A drive to the Bois de Boulogne was sufficient at length to arouse the attention of the most preoccupied soul, and this drive did not fail to impress Maud.

"What can be the meaning of it?" she asked in surprise.

Mrs. Lovell confessed her inability to account for it.

"Something must be going on."

"Perhaps the trees died, and had to be cut down," suggested Mrs. Lovell; "and if so, what a pity! They were so beautiful."

"O no, it must have something to do with the war. Is it possible that they can be preparing for a siege of Paris?"

"A siege of Paris! what utter nonsense! How can there be a siege of Paris?"

"Why, this war may be unfortunate for the French."

"O, that's absurd! The French made the war for political purposes. It's all the Emperor, Maudie. He's a wonderful man. And it was only for political purposes. It's just the same here as an election is with us."

"I wish I'd seen some of the papers. Have you seen any, Georgie?"

"The papers? O dear, no! I never read the papers."

"I remember," said Maud, thoughtfully, "I saw a paper the other day and read a little in it. I did n't take much interest in it at the time, but I remember now that something was said about some defeats of the French, and that the defeats would be made good."

"Defeats? Of the French? O, nonsense! The Prussians, you mean?"

"O no! I mean the French. Something of that sort must have happened. And now, when I think of it, the paper certainly spoke of the Prussians being in France,—for it said that none of them should ever escape."

"The Prussians in France?" said Mrs. Lovell, thoughtfully. "Well, really, Maudie, that is better than I expected. How very nice that would be, if it were really so. Why, we would have a chance to see a battle, perhaps, who knows? Why, do you know, Maudie, the greatest desire of my life has always been to see a battle. I think I'd go miles to see one. Yes, miles. Why, if I really thought the Prussians were here, I think I'd try to find out in what direction they were coming, and engage rooms there to see the battle. That's the way Byron did at the battle of Waterloo, and he wrote such a lovely poem; not that I could write a poem, but then, really, Maudie, I sometimes think, do you know, that I have the soul of a poet."

Maud did not seem to be listening. An anxious expression was on her face.

"It's horrible," she exclaimed,—"it's too horrible."

"Horrible! What's horrible?"

"Why, if the Prussians should really be coming to Paris."

"Nonsense."

"Well, I really begin to think that there must be some danger of it. The more I think of it the more certain I feel. The papers spoke so very strangely."

"The papers! But, Maudie, I hope you don't think anything of what the papers say. They're always saying all sorts of things, you know. For my part, I never believe anything that the papers say, and I never read them."

"But look at all these preparations. Don't they look as though the people here expected a siege or something?"

"My dear Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, confidently, "the people, as you call them, have nothing whatever to do with these preparations. It's all the Emperor. He does it for effect. He has some deep-laid plan. He's always contriving something or other to excite the Parisians. The Parisians need some excitement. Now the Emperor sees that they are tired to death of *fêtes* and shows and splendor, so he is defacing the statues, putting up barricades, and chopping down the trees to create a grand sensation. He intends to make himself very popular by all this. He is getting up the pretence of a siege, and then he will come and pretend to save Paris. Something of that sort is his intention I know. That's the way he always does, you know, and that's the only way he can manage to retain his power over such an extraordinary people as the Parisians."

To this somewhat singular theory Maud had no objections to make, and Mrs. Lovell, finding the course clear before her, expatiated upon this theme till they returned.

Not long after reaching the house, a gentleman called. He did not give his name, but as this was the only caller they had thus far known, both of the ladies were filled with an excitement which, under the circumstances, was not at all unnatural. At first, Maud thought of Carrol; but a little reflection showed her that such a thing could scarcely be; and so she checked at once that rush of eager emotion which

was hurrying her away to greet the caller, and experienced such a reaction of feeling that she resolved not to go down at all. But with Mrs. Lovell the excitement was unalloyed, and there was nothing to disturb the pleasing expectation that filled her mind.

"So you won't come, Maudie," she said, as she was leaving the room. "Well, perhaps you'd better not. You never could bear him, you were always so prejudiced; though, for my part, I really think that you do injustice to Mr. Grimes's many admirable qualities."

There was a sweet smile on Mrs. Lovell's face as she entered the room, and her face had an expression of quiet yet cordial welcome as she looked toward the caller. But the moment that she caught sight of the caller, a complete change came over her; the smile died away; the look of cordial welcome vanished; and there remained only a look of cold surprise. For the person before her was not Grimes at all.

He was a sharp-featured man, and was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, which, however, did not give him, by any means, the air of the true professional *militaire*. On the contrary, his clothes were a little ill-fitting, and he showed some uneasiness about his sword. As Mrs. Lovell entered, he sprang toward her with much animation and an air of the greatest *empressement*.

"Madame," said he, "I am mos happy zat I haf ze honneur to salute you."

And with these words he held out both hands. Mrs. Lovell, however, did not at all reciprocate this ardor. On the contrary, she regarded him coolly, taking no notice whatever of his hands, and then gave a stiffish bow. She said nothing, nor did she offer him a chair, or show him any civility whatever. Now, if it was her disappointment about Mr. Grimes that elicited such rudeness from such a gracious lady, then her disappointment must have been very bitter to her; but if it was

merely her dislike to Du Potiron himself that animated her, then her dislike was wonderfully strong to be felt by such a kind-hearted and gentle-mannered person.

But Du Potiron did not notice this, or, if he did, he quite ignored it. On the contrary, he proceeded to go through a series of complicated movements, which seemed to show that monsieur was less a gentleman than a dancing-master. First he put his right hand on his heart, then he made a great sweep of his hat with his left hand, and then he bowed so low that he went quite beneath the line of Mrs. Lovell's vision. After which he raised himself, still keeping his hand on his heart, and made another flourish with his hat.

"Madame," said he, "pardon me, but I sall haf to apologize zat I haf not pay my respects before."

"O, apologies are quite unnecessary!" said Mrs. Lovell, quickly. "I did not expect it at all, I assure you."

"Ze raison haf been," continued Du Potiron, "I haf not been able to find ze place unteel zees moment. Mais à présent, I sall be mos happy."

Mrs. Lovell made no remark at this, but still stood regarding him with a cool and easy stare that would have been embarrassing to any one else.

"Moreovaire, madame," continued Du Potiron, "I haf to offaire mes apologies zat I haf not ze honneur to pay mes respects to you on ze voyage, — mais voyez-vous, madame, cette malheureuse bouleversement et enfeeblement, cette je ne sais quoi du mal de mer haf quite all ze taime put him out of my powaire to saluter you. Hein? Comprennez?"

"Your remarks are totally unintelligible, monsieur," said Mrs. Lovell, "and I am still at a loss to understand the object of this visit."

"Moi," said Du Potiron, "I am Frenchman. Un Français is nevaire noting in ze sea, but in ze land he become heemself. Mais vous, madame, I haf ze hope sincerement zat you haf had ze voyage plaisant."

"Quite, thanks," said Mrs. Lovell,

whose patience was beginning to give way.

"Et à present," continued the unterrified one, "ees eet youair intention to haf a stay long?"

"We have not decided."

"Ah, you haf ze intention to leave soon, probablement."

"Not that I am aware of."

"Aha, zat is good, foine, brave, sage, noble, magnifique!" cried Du Potiron, in an enthusiastic outburst, which amazed Mrs. Lovell. "Ma foi! So you haf no fear. C'est charmant; so you weel stay. Aha? Bien," he continued, suddenly subsiding from a tone of exultation to the manner of a dry logician, — "bien, for see you, madame, zaire ees nq dang-jaire. Zees war sall go on, and la France moos be victorr. Ze République Française ees invincible! Eh bien. So you sall stay. Eh? Ver well. Zen you sall see ze triomphe, ze exultation, ze enthousiasme irrepressible! You sall see Guillaume a prisoner, a captif, and Moltke and Bismarck and all ze entire army Prussian —"

All this was more unintelligible than ever to Mrs. Lovell; and as her patience was now quite exhausted, she resolved to retire.

"Excuse me," said she, quietly, "but, really, I know nothing of politics, and I have to go."

"Ah, mille pardons," cried Du Potiron, hastily; "what, you go! Ma foi. Mais, permettez-moi. Ah, I am distraite wit chagrin zat I haf not see ze mees charmante. Villa you haf ze favaire to kongvay to her ze mos tendaire —"

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Lovell, in a more frigid tone than ever.

"Ze mees — ze mees —"

"The what?"

"Ze charmante mees."

"This is quite unintelligible," said Mrs. Lovell.

"Mees Mo," persisted Du Potiron, eagerly, "cette charmante Mo."

"Mo, — Mo?" repeated Mrs. Lovell, in a puzzle.

"Yaiss — Mees Mo — Deetcot —"

"Miss Maud Heathcote," repeated Mrs. Lovell, who at length made out the name. "What of her, pray?"

"Oui, oui," cried Du Potiron, eagerly, "le Mees Mo Deetcot; I beg you to kongvay to cette charmante Mo ze assurance of my esteem ze mos distingué, and my affection ze mos tendre."

At this Mrs. Lovell's face flushed with indignation. She looked at him for a moment as though preparing some severe rejoinder, but finally seemed to think better of it, and then turning without a word or even a nod she left the room.

At this inexcusable rudeness, Monsieur du Potiron stood for a moment staring after her. Then he shook his fist at the door through which she had retreated. Then he painfully gathered up his sword, and in as graceful a manner as possible left the house.

Great was Maud's surprise at hearing from Mrs. Lovell who the caller had been. Great also was her amazement at Du Potiron's impudence in still hinting at the mistaken acceptance by claiming her in that way; and the contempt which she expressed was limitless and immeasurable. But in the midst of all this the thought occurred to her that possibly Du Potiron might not have received the explanatory letter which she had sent, and might still consider her in all seriousness as his *fiancée*. She mentioned this to Mrs. Lovell, but that lady did not deign to consider the matter.

"What possible difference can it make, Maudie," said she, "what that person thinks? He will never come in our way. You know I always disapproved of your explanations, and certainly I should not like you to commit yourself to any more."

In spite of this, Maud was somewhat troubled as to certain puzzling things which Du Potiron's visit had suggested.

On the following day they were out driving when an incident occurred which had the effect of giving a deeper meaning to Du Potiron's call than before,

and of increasing those puzzling questions to which his visit had given rise. This was that incident before referred to, — their meeting with Carrol. The surprise was as great to Maud as to him, and so was the embarrassment. Neither one knew that the other was in Paris. Carrol had supposed that the ladies had some time ago fled from this place of danger; and Maud had not supposed that Carrol had come to Paris at all. But now each one knew that the other was here in this city, within reach and within call.

But their discovery of one another's proximity created very different feelings in each. The effect produced upon Carrol has been mentioned. But upon Maud this discovery had a different result. It at once gave a new meaning to the visit of Du Potiron. One thing from that visit was evident, and it was this, that he still regarded her as his *fiancée*. The only conclusion that she could draw from that was that he had not received her letter of explanation. And if that were so, it now seemed equally probable that Carrol had not received the letter which she had sent to him. The very thought of this agitated her most profoundly, and gave rise to a thousand wild plans of finding him out even now, and of learning for herself in a personal interview what Carrol's sentiments really were.

The greatest puzzle of all was in the voyage. They had all come over together. Carrol, as she thought, had evidently followed her, from what motive she could not imagine. He now seemed to have followed her even to Paris. Du Potiron had come too, and it now appeared as if the Frenchman had come with the purpose of urging his claims upon her. She now began to think it possible that from some cause or other her explanatory letters had not reached either of them, but that both had crossed the ocean under a totally wrong impression. This would account, as she thought, for Du Potiron's pursuit, and for Carrol's inflexible wrath. While thinking of these things she could not help won-

dering whether they had met or not on board the steamer; but a moment's reflection showed her that they could only regard one another as enemies, and that each would avoid any intercourse with the other. It was therefore clearly impossible that they could have had any explanation.

These ideas created the most intense excitement in the mind of Maud. It was a misunderstanding which could so easily be cleared up. Carrol was only laboring under a delusion. If she could only see him, how quickly she could explain. So now the question of her life became how to see him. Should she write? But she did n't know his address. It seemed better to wait, and keep a constant outlook so as to secure a personal interview.

Meantime she kept her thoughts and resolutions to herself, for Mrs. Lovell's want of sympathy with Carrol prevented her from being of any service in securing Maud's desires.

XIV.

AN AGGRESSIVE CALL.

At length the long-expected event took place. The last effort to avert it had failed. The Prussians were approaching and the siege was at hand. The preparations for that siege had reached their last stage and their climax. The full measure of the coming trial might be seen in the vast accumulations of provisions, the immense heaps of grain, and the countless herds of cattle. The flight of the people became more desperate; the influx of the peasantry also reached its height. The overburdened cars carried away all who could go. The government departed. The foreign ambassadors departed, leaving Minister Washburne alone to face the situation. At length the last railroad was intercepted, the last telegraphic wire cut, and Paris lay shut out from the world.

In the mean time Mrs. Lovell and Maud had been living in the same way, varying the quiet of their seclusion by

a daily drive. Maud did not again see Carrol in the streets, nor did Mrs. Lovell see Grimes anywhere. Their attention was occasionally arrested by some new construction bearing upon the defence of the city, or by the march of some larger body of troops than usual; but these things did not excite any very deep interest. Mrs. Lovell's opinion as to the state of affairs in Paris, and the perfect safety of that city, she had already given, nor had she changed it; and Maud's one engrossing thought was the discovery of Carrol among the crowds that thronged the streets. And so it was that Paris was shut up at last, without the actual fact being even suspected by either of the ladies.

One day, after they had returned from a drive, a caller was announced. This time their thoughts at once turned to Du Potiron, and they sent word that they were not at home. Upon this the caller, who had not sent up his name before, sent in his card. With some curiosity they examined it. It was simply, M. le Comte du Potiron.

"His impertinence is certainly engaging," remarked Mrs. Lovell, quietly, "but what he can possibly expect to gain by it I cannot imagine."

With this she sent back word that she was engaged.

But the irrepressible Du Potiron was not to be so easily shaken off. He at once sent back a most urgent request for an interview,—just for a little moment,—it was about matters of great importance.

At this persistence Mrs. Lovell was quite annoyed, but at the same time the message which he sent was adapted to excite a little curiosity, so she checked the reply which she was on the point of sending, and decided on seeing for herself what he wanted.

"I shall see what he wants," she said, "and I must at the same time put a stop to his silly persistency in visiting us. I never liked him. I simply tolerated him at Montreal; but here I don't wish to recognize him."

With these words Mrs. Lovell went down. Du Potiron was waiting there, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, as on the last occasion. He advanced as before with outstretched hands, and with an enthusiastic smile, just as if he and Mrs. Lovell were warm and intimate friends; just as if their last meeting had been perfectly delightful to each of them, and this one was to be the same.

Mrs. Lovell's cool demeanor, however, had the effect of checking his advance, and, as before, he stopped and bowed very elaborately.

"Allow me to haf ze honneur to saluter you, madame, an to expresser ze gratification eet geefs me to fin you here. Eet ees an epoch in ze histoire of ze race humaine."

"Will you be kind enough to inform me to what I am indebted for this visit?" asked Mrs. Lovell. "You stated that you had something of importance to speak of."

"Ah — bien — bon — oui — vrai," replied Du Potiron, rapidly. "One moment. I mus congratuler you on your courage. Eet ees sublime, magnifique, colossal, enorme."

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Lovell, with some show of temper. "You have something more to speak of than this."

"Eh bien. I wish, madame, to know eef I sal haf ze honneur of to see ze charmante Mo —"

"If you mean Miss Heathcote, sir," said Mrs. Lovell, loftily, "I have to inform you that she declines seeing you."

"Quoi! Grand ciel!" ejaculated Du Potiron. "Declines? Mo! Moi! Mo — la charmante Mo — declines. Madame, zat ees not possible."

"If you have nothing more to say," said Mrs. Lovell, "I shall now excuse myself."

"Mais!" cried Du Potiron. "Mo! — vain sall I see her? Mo — I vish to see Mo."

"You are not to see her at all," said Mrs. Lovell, abruptly.

"Mais, you meestake."

"Not at all. It is you who are mistaken. You do not appear to understand the ordinary usages of society."

"Moi! Ma foi, madame, zees ees incomprehensible. I haf wait too long. I can wait no more. I mus see her some time. She is mine."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She is mine, I say," repeated Du Potiron in quick, energetic tones. "She is my fiancée."

"Your *fiancée*? What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Lovell. "What do you mean? You are not acquainted with her at all."

"Mais, madame, you meestake yourself. She is my fiancée. I haf propose at Montreal. She accept me. I haf ze lettre of acceptance. She write wit affection and empressionement. She confess herself charme wit me, an I haf not seen her since. An so, madame, I now haf to wait for her appearance."

"Why, really, this is too absurd," said Mrs. Lovell. "I am aware that you proposed at Montreal when you really had no acquaintance with her, and she had none with you, and also that she declined your proposal."

"Decline? No, no, no," cried Du Potiron. "She accept."

"Accept? O, you allude to that first letter! But that was a mistake; she explained all that."

"First lettaire?" repeated Du Potiron; "meestake? explain? I not comprehend you, madame. I only know zis, zat ze charmante Mo haf accept me, an to prove eet I haf ze lettaire veech I kip by my heart toujours. Voilà!"

And with these words he unbuttoned the breast of his coat, and, inserting his hand into the inside pocket, he proceeded to draw forth a letter very solemnly and slowly. This letter he surveyed for a few moments with an air of pensive yet melodramatic devotion, after which he pressed it to his lips. Then he looked at Mrs. Lovell.

"What letter is that?" asked Mrs. Lovell.

"Ze lettaire of Mo, — she accept me. Do you doubt? You sall read."

"O, you mean that first letter. But did n't you get her other explanatory note?"

"Explanation? what explanation? No, madame. Zis ees ze only lettaire I haf receif from ze charmante Mo. Zere ees notin to explain —"

"But that letter was all a mistake," said Mrs. Lovell. "It was never intended for you at all."

Du Potiron smiled.

"Ah, I see," he said, "zat ze charmante Mo haf deceif you, — a ruse. Aha! Eh bien. I inform you now of ze fact."

"Pooh, it's too absurd. Let me see that letter," said Mrs. Lovell, advancing nearer. Du Potiron instinctively drew back his hand, as though he was afraid that she intended to snatch it away, but the action and the fear lasted for an instant only. Then he held out the letter with a polite bow and an air of great magnanimity.

Mrs. Lovell took the letter and read it carelessly. Then she looked at the opening words, and finally at the address on the envelope. After which she said, coolly: "It's rather unfortunate that you never received Miss Heathcote's other note. You left Montreal very suddenly, I think, or you would have certainly got it. The other letter was an explanation of this. For you know this is all an absurd mistake."

"A meestake?" said Du Potiron, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell. "My sister explained it all. This was intended for another person."

"Ma foi, madame, you must see zat ees not possible."

"I will soon show you," said Mrs. Lovell; and with these words she directed his attention to the opening words. These words, written in Maud's angular hand, were made up out of letters that were wide-spread, with open loops, and not particularly legible. They were intended to be, "My dear Mr. Carrol." As Mrs. Lovell looked at them now, she saw that they might be read, "My dear M. Count."

"What are those words?" asked

Mrs. Lovell, pointing to them. "What do you take them to be?"

Du Potiron looked at them for a moment, and then said, "*My dear Monsieur le Comte.*"

"But it is n't anything of the kind," said Mrs. Lovell.

Du Potiron started, and looked at her uneasily.

"It's *My dear Mr. Carrol*," said Mrs. Lovell, "and you have been utterly mistaken."

At the mention of this name Du Potiron started back and gave a hurried look around. His old look of easy self-sufficiency passed away altogether, and was succeeded by an air of trouble and apprehension.

"Carrol!" he repeated. "Am I to understand, madame, zat you say zees lettaire was intend for M. Carrol?"

"Certainly; you may see the name there for yourself," said she.

Du Potiron looked at it earnestly for some time, and then looked at Mrs. Lovell.

"Eet ees not possible," said he. "Zees lettaire was for me, and ze charmante Mo ees mine, an sall be mine. Zees Carrol haf notin to do wis her. Moi! I am ze one she wrote ze lettaire. Bien! an now, madame, I haf ze honneur to reuess ze plaisir of to see ze charmante Mo."

"Very well, sir," said Mrs. Lovell; "since you refuse to take my explanation, I can only inform you that Miss Heathcote has no acquaintance with you whatever, and will not see you at all."

"Mais, madame, I moos see her. I haf come to take her ondaire my protection."

"*Your protection!*" repeated Mrs. Lovell, in amazement at such prolonged and sustained impudence.

"Oui, madame," continued Du Potiron. "Eet ees ver necessaire. You are bot in danger. Eet ees a time of peril. You haf allow yourself to remain here, and not know zat danger. You haf no protector, an eet ees necessaire for me to interpose to save you from ze enemy."

"Danger! enemy! How perfectly absurd!" said Mrs. Lovell.

"Madame," said Du Potiron, "you are in great danger. Paris is surrounded by ze Prusse. Ze siege haf begun. Ze bombardement moos commencer. Ze shells sall fall on zese houses, an zis cety sall become one grand fortification. Zees ees no place for ladies. You should haf fly before; but since you remain, I mus protect you from ze danger zat you encounter."

Mrs. Lovell was certainly startled at this, though she would not confess it.

"Allow me to remark, sir," said she, after a short pause, "that, even if there should be any danger, which I utterly doubt, I should not put myself under *your* protection. I should be content with the protection of the government."

"Ze govairnement?" said Du Potiron; "but ze govairnement ees gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, to Tours; to escape ze Prusse."

"This is absurd," said Mrs. Lovell, in utter incredulity. "But even if it were true, what of that? There is the British Ambassador."

"Ma foi!" cried Du Potiron. "You seem to be ignorant of everytin, madame. Ees eet possible you don't know zat ze British Ambassador haf run away from ze Prusse, an all ze oder ambassadors aussi?"

At this Mrs. Lovell broke down.

"Monsieur," said she, stiffly, "all this is utterly preposterous. It is useless for me to prolong this interview. I can only say that, if these statements of yours are true, I shall soon find it out, and I shall know what to do, without requiring any assistance from you."

And with these words Mrs. Lovell retired, leaving Du Potiron a prey to various conflicting feelings, prominent among which was a new interest in Maud's letter, which he scrutinized for some time before he departed.

Mrs. Lovell did not go back to Maud at once. Du Potiron's startling information had quite terrified her. She had not the faintest idea of the real state of things, and was fully conscious

of her ignorance. Under the circumstances, her first impulse was to find out the truth; and so she went at once to see Madame Guimarin.

She found the good madame very anxious and very agitated. As she heard Mrs. Lovell's questions her agitation increased greatly, and it was some time before she could make any reply. She burst into tears, and sat sobbing convulsively. At last she was able to find words, and told Mrs. Lovell the whole truth. She informed her that her house had been empty for a long time, most of the boarders having fled in order to avoid the troubles that seemed to be ahead. She had received Mrs. Lovell most eagerly, seeing in these two boarders her last hope of escape from utter ruin. She had always put the best appearance upon things, and had never allowed any of the city papers to lie about. Mrs. Lovell would not have read them if she had seen them; but she did not even see them. Maud had caught a glimpse of one or two old ones, but was not able to get at the truth. Thus Madame Guimarin had kept out of her house all indications of danger, and her two new boarders had remained. But the approach of the final catastrophe had overcome Madame Guimarin herself. She saw a long blockade, high prices, scant markets, shops closed, street-fights, mob rule, and a hundred other calamities. Now that she had begun to tell the truth, she poured it all forth without reserve, and Mrs. Lovell at length understood the fullest peril that the most imaginative mind could attach to her present situation.

In spite of the landlady's dark picture, Mrs. Lovell was not without resources. "I will send," she thought, "to Lord Lyons, and get a passport from him, so as to leave the city at once." Upon this resolve she acted as soon as possible. On the return of her messenger she found, to her consternation, that Du Potiron's information was correct, and that the British Ambassador had retired from the city. Thus far she had concealed it all from

Maud; but now it was neither judicious nor was it even possible to keep up any further concealment. So she told Maud all, and to her great delight Maud listened to the news without being overwhelmed or even dismayed.

"Really, Maudie dear," cried Mrs. Lovell, in a joyous tone, "this is very, very delightful, to find you take it so. I thought you'd be so upset, that I was afraid to tell you. This is really nice of you, and I admire you no end for your bravery and courage and all that. And do you know, Maudie, for my part, I'm not half so afraid as I ought to be; in fact, I don't know but that I feel just a little bit of a kind of pleasant excitement in our situation. I've always had quite a longing to be in Paris during a revolution. It must be *so* nice. *Coup-d'états*, you know, Maudie dear, and all that sort of thing. Such fun! And then, do you know,

Maudie, there's another thing that really has a little to do, I think, with my feeling so very free from fear. Do you know, Maudie, I've an idea that poor dear old Mr. Grimes is wandering about these streets somewhere; and, really, the very thought of that great big man gives me a sense of protection and security. Not, of course, that I think of him in any other way than as a possible assistant in case of an emergency, as a last resort; but then what's the use," continued Mrs. Lovell, plaintively, — "what's the use of talking of him as a last resort, when I have n't the faintest idea where I could find him in case of need?"

Maud had no reply to make to these remarks. Her mind was preoccupied, for she was wondering whether Carrol had fled with the rest, or whether he had remained behind to share the fortunes of the besieged city.

James DeMille.

LITTLE GUINEVER.

"When Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench." — *Love's Labor's Lost*.

SWIFT across the palace floor
 Flashed her tiny wilful feet;
 "Playfellow, I will no more,
 Now. I must my task complete."

Arthur kissed her childish hand,
 Sighed to think her task severe,
 Walked forth in the garden land,
 Lonely, till she reappear.

She has sought her latticed room,
 Overlooking faery seas,
 Called Launcelot from a bowery gloom,
 To feast of milk and honey of bees.

"Had we bid Prince Arthur too,
 He had shaken his grave head,
 Saying, My holidays are few!
 May queens not have their will?" she said.

Thus she passed the merry day!
 Thus her women spake and smiled:
 "All we see we need not say,
 For Guinever is but a child."

A. W.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

VI.

I FIND I have so many things in common with the Old Master of Arts, that I do not always know whether a thought was originally his or mine. That is what always happens where two persons of a similar cast of mind talk much together. And both of them gain by the interchange. Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and a flower, again, dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change. Healthy growths may become poisonous by falling upon the wrong mental soil, and what seemed a nightshade in one mind unfold as a morning-glory in the other.

— I thank God, — the Master said, — that a great many people believe a great deal more than I do. I think, when it comes to serious matters, I like those who believe more than I do better than those who believe less.

— Why, — said I, — you have got hold of one of my own working axioms. I should like to hear you develop it.

The Member of the House said he should be glad to listen to the debate. The gentleman had the floor. The Scarabee rose from his chair and departed; — I thought his joints creaked as he straightened himself.

The Young Girl made a slight movement; it was a purely accidental coincidence, no doubt, but I saw That Boy put his hand in his pocket and pull out his popgun, and begin loading it. It cannot be that Our Scheherazade, who looks so quiet and proper at the table, can make use of That Boy and his catapult to control the course of conversation and change it to suit herself! She certainly looks innocent enough; but what does a blush prove, and what does its absence prove, on one of these innocent faces? There is nothing in all this world that can lie and

cheat like the face and the tongue of a young girl. Just give her a little touch of hysteria, — I don't mean enough of it to make her friends call the doctor in, but a slight hint of it in the nervous system, — and "Machiavel the waiting-maid" might take lessons of her. But I cannot think our Scheherazade is one of that kind, and I am ashamed of myself for noting such a trifling coincidence as that which excited my suspicion.

— I say, — the Master continued, — that I had rather be in the company of those who believe more than I do, in spiritual matters at least, than of those who doubt what I accept as a part of my belief.

— To tell the truth, — said I, — I find that difficulty sometimes in talking with you. You have not quite so many hesitations as I have in following out your logical conclusions. I suppose you would bring some things out into daylight questioning that I had rather leave in the twilight of half-belief peopled with shadows — if they are only shadows — more sacred to me than many realities.

There is nothing I do not question, — said the Master; — I not only begin with the precept of Descartes, but I hold all my opinions involving any chain of reasoning always open to revision.

— I confess that I smiled internally to hear him say that. The Old Master thinks he is open to conviction on all subjects; but if you meddle with some of his notions and don't get tossed on his horns as if a bull had hold of you, I should call you lucky.

— You don't mean you doubt everything? — I said.

— What do you think I question everything for, — the Master replied, — if I never get any answers? You've seen a blind man with a stick, feeling his way along? Well, I am a blind man with a stick, and I find the

world pretty full of men just as blind as I am, but without any stick. I try the ground to find out whether it is firm or not before I rest my weight on it; but after it has borne my weight, that question at least is answered. It very certainly was strong enough once; the presumption is that it is strong enough now. Still the soil may have been undermined, or I may have grown heavier. Make as much of that as you will. I say I question everything; but if I find Bunker Hill Monument standing as straight as when I leaned against it a year or ten years ago, I am not very much afraid that Bunker Hill will cave in if I trust myself again on the soil of it.

I glanced off, as one often does in talk.

The Monument is an awful place to visit, — I said. — The waves of time are like the waves of the ocean; the only thing they beat against without destroying it is a rock; and they destroy that at last. But it takes a good while. There is a stone now standing in very good order that was as old as a monument of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne's day is now when Joseph went down into Egypt. Think of the shaft on Bunker Hill standing in the sunshine on the morning of January 1st in the year 5872!

It won't be standing, — the Master said. — We are poor bunglers compared to those old Egyptians. There are no joints in one of their obelisks. They are our masters in more ways than we know of, and in more ways than some of us are willing to know. That old Lawgiver was n't learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians for nothing. It scared people well a couple of hundred years ago when Sir John Marsham and Dr. John Spencer ventured to tell their stories about the sacred ceremonies of the Egyptian priesthood. People are beginning to find out now that you can't study any religion by itself to any good purpose. You must have comparative theology as you have comparative anatomy. What would you make of a cat's fool-

ish little good-for-nothing collar-bone, if you did not know how the same bone means a good deal in other creatures, — in yourself, for instance, as you'll find out if you break it? You can't know too much of your race and its beliefs, if you want to know anything about your Maker. I never found but one sect large enough to hold the whole of me.

— And may I ask what that was? — I said.

— The Human sect, — the Master answered. — That has about room enough for me, — at present, I mean to say.

— Including cannibals and all? — said I.

— O, as to that, the *eating* of one's kind is a matter of taste, but the *roasting* of them has been rather more a specialty of our own particular belief than of any other I am acquainted with. If you broil a saint, I don't see why, if you have a mind, you should n't serve him up at your —

Pop! went the little piece of artillery. Don't tell me it was accident. I know better. You can't suppose for one minute that a boy like that one would time his interruptions so cleverly. Now it so happened that at that particular moment *Dr. B. Franklin was not at the table*. You may draw your own conclusions. I say nothing, but I think a good deal.

— I came back to the Bunker Hill Monument. — I often think — I said — of the dynasty which is to reign in its shadow for some thousands of years, it may be.

The "Man of Letters," so called, asked me, in a tone I did not exactly like, whether I expected to live long enough to see a monarchy take the place of a republic in this country.

— No, — said I, — I was thinking of something very different. I was indulging a fancy of mine about the Man who is to sit at the foot of the monument for one or it may be two or three thousand years. As long as the monument stands and there is a city near it, there will always be a man to

take the names of visitors and extract some small tribute from their pockets, I suppose. I sometimes get thinking of the long, unbroken succession of these men, until they come to look like one Man; continuous in being, unchanging as the stone he watches, looking upon the successive generations of human beings as they come and go, and outliving all the dynasties of the world in all probability. It has come to such a pass that I never speak to the Man of the Monument without wanting to take my hat off and feeling as if I were looking down a vista of twenty or thirty centuries.

The "Man of Letters," so called, said, in a rather contemptuous way, I thought, that he had n't got so far as that. He was n't quite up to moral reflections on toll-men and ticket-takers. Sentiment was n't his tap.

He looked round triumphantly for a response: but the Capitalist was a little hard of hearing just then; the Register of Deeds was browsing on his food in the calm bovine abstraction of a quadruped, and paid no attention; the Salesman had bolted his breakfast, and whisked himself away with that peculiar alacrity which belongs to the retail-dealer's assistant; and the Member of the Haouse, who had sometimes seemed to be impressed with his "tahlented mahn's" air of superiority to the rest of us, looked as if he thought the speaker was not exactly parliamentary. So he failed to make his point, and reddened a little, and was not in the best humor, I thought, when he left the table. I hope he will not let off any of his irritation on our poor little Scheherazade; but the truth is, the first person one of this sort of man (if he is what I think him) meets, when he is out of humor, has to be made a victim of, and I only hope our Young Girl will not have to play Jephthah's daughter.

And that leads me to say, I cannot help thinking that the kind of criticism to which this Young Girl has been subjected from some person or other, who is willing to be smart at her expense,

is hurtful and not wholesome. The question is a delicate one. So many foolish persons are rushing into print, that it requires a kind of literary police to hold them back and keep them in order. Where there are mice there must be cats, and where there are rats we may think it worth our while to keep a terrier, who will give them a shake and let them drop, with all the mischief taken out of them. But the process is a rude and cruel one at best, and it too often breeds a love of destructiveness for its own sake in those who get their living by it. A poor poem or essay does not do much harm, after all; nobody reads it who is like to be seriously hurt by it. But a sharp criticism with a drop of witty venom in it stings a young author almost to death, and makes an old one uncomfortable to no purpose. If it were my business to sit in judgment on my neighbors, I would try to be courteous at least to those who had done any good service, but, above all, I would handle tenderly those young authors who are coming before the public in the flutter of their first or early appearance, and are in the trembling delirium of stage-fright already. Before you write that brilliant notice of some alliterative Angelina's book of verses, I wish you would try this experiment.

Take half a sheet of paper and copy upon it any of Angelina's stanzas, — the ones you were going to make fun of, if you will. Now go to your window if it is a still day, open it, and let the half-sheet of paper drop on the outside. How gently it falls through the soft air, always tending downwards, but sliding softly, from side to side, wavering, hesitating, balancing, until it settles as noiselessly as a snow-flake upon the all-receiving bosom of the earth! Just such would have been the fate of poor Angelina's fluttering effort, if you had left it to itself. It would have slanted downward into oblivion so sweetly and softly that she would have never known when it reached that harmless consummation.

Our *epizotic* literature is becoming so extensive that nobody is safe from its *ad infinitum* progeny. A man writes a book of criticisms. A Quarterly Review criticises the critic. A Monthly Magazine takes up the critic's critic. A Weekly Journal criticises the critic of the critic's critic, and a Daily Paper favors us with some critical remarks on the performance of the writer in the Weekly, who has criticised the critical notice in the Monthly of the critical essay in the Quarterly on the critical work we started with. And thus we see that as each flea "has smaller fleas that on him prey," even the critic himself cannot escape the common lot of being bitten. Whether all this is a blessing or a curse, like that one which made Pharaoh and all his household run to their toilet-tables, is a question about which opinions might differ. The physiologists of the time of Moses—if there were vivisectors other than priests in those days—would probably have considered that other plague, of the frogs, as a fortunate opportunity for science, as this poor little beast has been the *souffre-douleur* of experimenters and school-boys from time immemorial.

But there is a form of criticism to which none will object. It is impossible to come before a public so alive with sensibilities as this we live in, with the smallest evidence of a sympathetic disposition, without making friends in a very unexpected way. Everywhere there are minds tossing on the unquiet waves of doubt. If you confess to the same perplexities and uncertainties that torture them, they are grateful for your companionship. If you have groped your way out of the wilderness in which you were once wandering with them, they will follow your footsteps, it may be, and bless you as their deliverer. So, all at once, a writer finds he has a parish of devout listeners, scattered, it is true, beyond the reach of any summons but that of a trumpet like the archangel's, to whom his slight discourse may be of more value than the exhortations they hear from the pulpit, if these last do not happen to

suit their special needs. Young men with more ambition and intelligence than force of character, who have missed their first steps in life and are stumbling irresolute amidst vague aims and changing purposes, hold out their hands, imploring to be led into, or at least pointed towards, some path where they can find a firm foothold. Young women born into a chilling atmosphere of circumstance which keeps all the buds of their nature unopened and always striving to get to a ray of sunshine, if one finds its way to their neighborhood, tell their stories, sometimes simply and touchingly, sometimes in a more or less affected and rhetorical way, but still stories of defeated and disappointed instincts which ought to make any moderately impressible person feel very tenderly toward them.

In speaking privately to these young persons, many of whom have literary aspirations, one should be very considerate of their human feelings. But addressing them collectively a few plain truths will not give any one of them much pain. Indeed, almost every individual among them will feel sure that he or she is an exception to those generalities which apply so well to the rest.

If I were a literary Pope sending out an Encyclical, I would tell these inexperienced persons that nothing is so frequent as to mistake an ordinary human gift for a special and extraordinary endowment. The mechanism of breathing and that of swallowing are very wonderful, and if one had seen and studied them in his own person only, he might well think himself a prodigy. Everybody knows these and other bodily faculties are common gifts; but nobody except editors and school-teachers and here and there a literary man knows how common is the capacity of rhyming and prattling in readable prose, especially among young women of a certain degree of education. In my character of Pontiff, I should tell these young persons that most of them labored under a delusion. It is very hard to believe it; one feels so full

of intelligence and so decidedly superior to one's dull relations and schoolmates ; one writes so easily and the lines sound so prettily to one's self ; there are such felicities of expression, just like those we hear quoted from the great poets ; and besides one has been told by so many friends that all one had to do was to print and be famous ! Delusion, my poor dear, delusion at least nineteen times out of twenty, yes, ninety-nine times in a hundred.

But as private father confessor, I always allow as much as I can for the one chance in the hundred. I try not to take away all hope, unless the case is clearly desperate, and then to do it by directing the activities into some other channel.

Using kind language, I can talk pretty freely. I have counselled more than one aspirant after literary fame to go back to his tailor's board or his lapstone. I have advised the *dilettanti*, whose foolish friends praised their verses or their stories, to give up all their deceptive dreams of making a name by their genius, and go to work in the study of a profession which asked only for the diligent use of average, ordinary talents. It is a very grave responsibility which these unknown correspondents throw upon their chosen counsellors. One whom you have never seen, who lives in a community of which you know nothing, sends you specimens more or less painfully voluminous of his writings, which he asks you to read over, think over, and pray over, and send back an answer informing him whether fame and fortune are awaiting him as the possessor of the wonderful gifts his writings manifest, and whether you advise him to leave all, — the shop he sweeps out every morning, the ledger he posts, the mortar in which he pounds, the bench at which he urges the reluctant plane, — and follow his genius whithersoever it may lead him. The next correspondent wants you to mark out a whole course of life for him, and the means of judgment he gives you are about as adequate as the brick which the simpleton

of old carried round as an advertisement of the house he had to sell. My advice to all the young men that write to me depends somewhat on the handwriting and spelling. If these are of a certain character, and they have reached a mature age, I recommend some honest manual calling, such as they have very probably been bred to, and which will, at least, give them a chance of becoming President of the United States by and by, if that is any object to them. What would *you* have done with the young person who called on me a good many years ago, — so many that he has probably forgotten his literary effort, — and read as specimens of his literary workmanship lines like those which I will favor you with presently ? He was an able-bodied, grown-up young person, whose ingenuousness interested me ; and I am sure if I thought he would ever be pained to see his maiden effort in print, I would deny myself the pleasure of submitting it to the reader. The following is an exact transcript of the lines he showed me, and which I took down on the spot : —

"Are you in the vein for cider ?
Are you in the tune for pork ?
Hist ! for Betty 's cleared the larder
And turned the pork to soap."

Do not judge too hastily this sincere effort of a maiden muse. Here was a sense of rhythm, and an effort in the direction of rhyme ; here was an honest transcript of an occurrence of daily life, told with a certain idealizing expression, recognizing the existence of impulses, mysterious instincts impelling us even in the selection of our bodily sustenance. But I had to tell him that it wanted dignity of incident and grace of narrative, that there was no atmosphere to it, nothing of the light that never was and so forth. I did not say this in these very words, but I gave him to understand, without being too hard upon him, that he had better not desert his honest toil in pursuit of the poet's bays. This, it must be confessed, was a rather discouraging case. A young person like

this may *pierce*, as the Frenchmen say, by and by, but the chances are all the other way.

I advise aimless young men to choose some profession without needless delay, and so get into a good strong current of human affairs, and find themselves bound up in interests with a compact body of their fellow-men.

I advise young women who write to me for counsel, — perhaps I do not advise them at all, only sympathize a little with them, and listen to what they have to say (eight closely written pages on the average, which I always read from beginning to end, thinking of the widow's cruse and myself in the character of Elijah) and — and — come now, I don't believe Methuselah would tell you what he said in his letters to young ladies, written when he was in his nine hundredth and sixty-ninth year.

But, dear me! how much work all this private criticism involves! An editor has only to say "respectfully declined," and there is the end of it. But the confidential adviser is expected to give the reasons of his likes and dislikes in detail, and sometimes to enter into an argument for their support. *That* is more than any martyr can stand, but what trials he must go through, as it is! Great bundles of manuscripts, verse or prose, which the recipient is expected to read, perhaps to recommend to a publisher, at any rate to express a well-digested and agreeably flavored opinion about; which opinion, nine times out of ten, disguise it as we may, has to be a bitter draught; every form of egotism, conceit, false sentiment, hunger for notoriety, and eagerness for display of anserine plumage before the admiring public; — all these come in by mail or express, covered with postage-stamps of so much more cost than the value of the waste words they overlie, that one comes at last to groan and change color at the very sight of a package, and to dread the postman's knock as if it were that of the other visitor whose naked knuckles rap at every door.

Still there are experiences which go

far towards repaying all these afflictions. My last young man's case looked desperate enough; some of his sails had blown from the rigging, some were backing in the wind, and some were flapping and shivering, but I told him which way to head, and to my surprise he promised to do just as I directed, and I do not doubt is under full sail at this moment.

What if I should tell my last, my very recent experience with the other sex? I received a paper containing the inner history of a young woman's life, the evolution of her consciousness from its earliest record of itself, written so thoughtfully, so sincerely, with so much firmness and yet so much delicacy, with such truth of detail and such grace in the manner of telling, that I finished the long manuscript almost at a sitting, with a pleasure rarely, almost never experienced in voluminous communications which one has to spell out of handwriting. This was from a correspondent who made my acquaintance by letter when she was little more than a child, some years ago. How easy at that early period to have silenced her by indifference, to have wounded her by a careless epithet, perhaps even to have crushed her as one puts his heel on a weed! A very little encouragement kept her from despondency, and brought back one of those overflows of gratitude which make one more ashamed of himself for being so overpaid, than he would be for having committed any of the lesser sins. But what pleased me most in the paper lately received was to see how far the writer had outgrown the need of any encouragement of mine; that she had strengthened out of her tremulous questionings into a self-reliance and self-poise which I had hardly dared to anticipate for her. Some of my readers who are also writers have very probably had more numerous experiences of this kind than I can lay claim to; self-revelations from unknown and sometimes nameless friends, who write from strange corners where the winds have wafted some stray

words of theirs which have lighted in the minds and reached the hearts of those to whom they were as the angel that stirred the pool of Bethesda. Perhaps this is the best reward authorship brings; it may not imply much talent or literary excellence, but it means that your way of thinking and feeling is just what some one of your fellow-creatures needed.

— I have been putting into shape, according to his request, some further passages from the young Astronomer's manuscript, some of which the reader will have a chance to read if he is so disposed. The conflict in the young man's mind between the desire for fame and the sense of its emptiness as compared with nobler aims has set me thinking about the subject from a somewhat humbler point of view. As I am in the habit of telling you, Beloved, many of my thoughts, as well as of repeating what was said at our table, you may read what follows as if it were addressed to you in the course of an ordinary conversation, where I claimed rather more than my share, as I am afraid I am a little in the habit of doing.

I suppose we all, those of us who write in verse or prose, have the habitual feeling that we should like to be remembered. It is to be awake when all of those who were round us have been long wrapped in slumber. It is a pleasant thought enough that the name by which we have been called shall be familiar on the lips of those who come after us, and the thoughts that wrought themselves out in our intelligence, the emotions that trembled through our frames, shall live themselves over again in the minds and hearts of others.

But is there not something of rest, of calm, in the thought of gently and gradually fading away out of human remembrance? What line have we written that was on a level with our conceptions? What page of ours that does not betray some weakness we would fain have left unrecorded?

To become a classic and share the life of a language is to be ever open to criticisms, to comparisons, to the caprices of successive generations, to be called into court and stand a trial before a new jury, once or more than once in every century. To be forgotten is to sleep in peace with the undisturbed myriads, no longer subject to the chills and heats, the blasts, the sleet, the dust, which assail in endless succession that shadow of a man which we call his reputation. The line which dying we would wish to blot has been blotted out for us by a hand so tender, so patient, so used to its kindly task, that the page looks as fair as if it had never borne the record of our infirmity or our transgression. And then so few would be wholly content with their legacy of fame. You remember poor Monsieur Jacques's complaint of the favoritism shown to Monsieur Berthier, — it is in that exquisite "Week in a French Country-House." "Have you seen his room? Have you seen how large it is? Twice as large as mine! He has two jugs, a large one and a little one. I have only one small one. And a tea-service and a gilt Cupid on the top of his looking-glass." The famous survivor of himself has had his features preserved in a medallion, and the slice of his countenance seems clouded with the thought that it does not belong to a bust; the bust ought to look happy in its niche, but the statue opposite makes it feel as if it had been cheated out of half its personality, and the statue looks uneasy because another stands on a loftier pedestal. But "Ignotus" and "Miserimus" are of the great majority in that vast assembly, that House of Commons whose members are all peers, where to be forgotten is the standing rule. The dignity of a silent memory is not to be undervalued. Fame is after all a kind of rude handling, and a name that is often on vulgar lips seems to borrow something not to be desired, as the paper money that passes from hand to hand gains somewhat which is a loss thereby. O sweet, tranquil refuge

of oblivion, so far as earth is concerned, for us poor blundering, stammering, misbehaving creatures who cannot turn over a leaf of our life's diary without feeling thankful that its failure can no longer stare us in the face! Not unwelcome shall be the baptism of dust which hides forever the name that was given in the baptism of water! We shall have good company whose names are left unspoken by posterity. "Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century."

I have my moods about such things, as the young Astronomer has, as we all have. There are times when the thought of becoming utterly nothing to the world we knew so well and loved so much is painful and oppressive; we gasp as if in a vacuum, missing the atmosphere of life we have so long been in the habit of breathing. Not the less are there moments when the aching need of repose comes over us and the *requiescat in pace*, heathen benediction as it is, sounds more sweetly in our ears than all the promises that Fame can hold out to us.

I wonder whether it ever occurred to you to reflect upon another horror there must be in leaving a name behind you. Think what a horrid piece of work the biographers make of a man's private history! Just imagine the subject of one of those extraordinary fictions called biographies coming back and reading the life of himself, written very probably by somebody or other who thought he could turn a penny by doing it, and have the pleasure of seeing

"His little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

The ghost of the person condemned to walk the earth in a biography glides into a public library, and goes to the shelf where his mummied life lies in its paper cerements. I can see the pale shadow glancing through the pages and hear the comments that shape themselves in the bodiless intelligence as if they were made vocal by living lips.

"Born in July, 1776!" And my honored father killed at the battle of Bunker Hill! Atrocious libeller! to slander one's family at the start after such a fashion!

"The death of his parents left him in charge of his Aunt Nancy, whose tender care took the place of those parental attentions which should have guided and protected his infant years, and consoled him for the severity of another relative."

— Aunt Nancy! It was Aunt Betsey, you fool! Aunt Nancy used to — she has been dead these eighty years, so there is no use in mincing matters — she used to keep a bottle and a stick, and when she had been tasting a drop out of the bottle the stick used to come off of the shelf and I had to taste that. And here she is made a saint of, and poor Aunt Betsey, that did everything for me, is slandered by implication as a horrid tyrant!

"The subject of this commemorative history was remarkable for a precocious development of intelligence. An old nurse who saw him at the very earliest period of his existence is said to have spoken of him as one of the most promising infants she had seen in her long experience. At school he was equally remarkable, and at a tender age he received a paper adorned with a cut, inscribed REWARD OF MERIT."

— I don't doubt the nurse said that, — there were several promising children born about that time. As for cuts, I got more from the schoolmaster's rattan than in any other shape. Did n't one of 'em split a Gunter's scale into three pieces over the palm of my hand? And did n't I grin when I saw the pieces fly? No humbug, now, about my boyhood!

"His personal appearance was not singularly prepossessing. Inconspicuous in stature and unattractive in features —"

— You misbegotten son of an ourang and grandson of an ascidian (ghosts keep up with science, you observe), what business have you to be holding up my person to the contempt of my posterity? Have n't I been sleeping for this many a year in quiet, and don't the dandelions and buttercups look as yellow over me as over the best-looking neighbor I have in the dormitory? Why do you want to people the minds of everybody that reads your good-for-nothing libel which you call a "biography" with your impudent caricatures of a man who was a better-looking fellow than yourself, I'll bet you ten to one, a man whom his Latin tutor called *formosus puer* when he was only a freshman? If that's what it means to make a reputation, — to leave your character and your person, and the good name of your sainted relatives, and all you were, and all you had and thought and felt, so far as can be gathered by digging you out of your most private records, to be manipulated and bandied about and cheapened in the literary market as a chicken or a turkey or a goose is handled and bargained over at a provision stall, is n't it better to be content with the honest blue slate-stone and its inscription informing posterity that you were a worthy citizen and a respected father of a family?

— I should like to see any man's biography with corrections and emendations by his ghost. We don't know each other's secrets quite so well as we flatter ourselves we do. We don't always know our own secrets as well as we might. You have seen a tree with different grafts upon it, an apple or a pear tree we will say. In the late summer months the fruit on one bough will ripen; I remember just such a tree, and the early ripening fruit was the Jargonelle. By and by the fruit of another bough will begin to come into condition; the lovely Saint Michael, as

I remember, grew on the same stock as the Jargonelle in the tree I am thinking of; and then, when these have all fallen or been gathered, another, we will say the Winter Nelis, has its turn, and so, out of the same juices have come in succession fruits of the most varied aspects and flavors. It is the same thing with ourselves, but it takes us a long while to find it out. The various inherited instincts ripen in succession. You may be nine tenths paternal at one period of your life, and nine tenths maternal at another. All at once the traits of some immediate ancestor may come to maturity unexpectedly on one of the branches of your character, just as your features at different periods of your life betray different resemblances to your nearer or more remote relatives.

But I want you to let me go back to the Bunker Hill Monument and the dynasty of twenty or thirty centuries whose successive representatives are to sit in the gate, like the Jewish monarchs, while the people shall come by hundreds and by thousands to visit the memorial shaft until the story of Bunker Hill is as old as that of Marathon.

Would not one like to attend twenty consecutive *soirées*, at each one of which the lion of the party should be the Man of the Monument, at the beginning of each century, all the way, we will say, from Anno Domini 2000 to Ann. Dom. 4000, — or, if you think the style of dating will be changed, say to Ann. Darwinii (we can keep A. D. you see) 1872? Will the Man be of the Indian type, as President Samuel Stanhope Smith and others have supposed the transplanted European will become by and by? Will he have shortened down to four feet and a little more, like the Esquimaux, or will he have been bred up to seven feet by the use of new chemical diets, ozonized and otherwise improved atmospheres, and animal fertilizers? Let us summon him in imagination and ask him a few questions.

Is n't it like splitting a toad out of a

rock to think of this man of nineteen or twenty centuries hence coming out from his stony dwelling-place and speaking with us? What are the questions we should ask him? He has but a few minutes to stay. Make out your own list; I will set down a few that come up to me as I write.

—What is the prevalent religious creed of civilization?

—Has the planet met with any accident of importance?

—How general is the republican form of government?

—Do men fly yet?

—Has the universal language come into use?

—Is there a new fuel since the English coal-mines have given out?

—Is the euthanasia a recognized branch of medical science?

—Is the oldest inhabitant still living?

—Is the Daily Advertiser still published?

—And the Evening Transcript?

—Is there much inquiry for the works of a writer of the nineteenth century (Old Style) by — the — name — of — of —

My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I cannot imagine the putting of that question without feeling the tremors which shake a wooer as he falters out the words that make him happy or wretched.

Whose works was I going to question him about, do you ask me?

O, the writings of a friend of mine, much esteemed by his relatives and others. But it's of no consequence, after all; I think he says he does not care much for posthumous reputation.

I find something of the same interest in thinking about one of the boarders at our table that I find in my waking dreams concerning the Man of the Monument. This personage is the Register of Deeds. He is an unemotional character, living in his business almost as exclusively as the Scarabee, but without any of that eagerness and enthusiasm which belongs to our scien-

tific specialist. His work is largely, principally, I may say, mechanical. He has developed, however, a certain amount of taste for the antiquities of his department, and once in a while brings out some curious result of his investigations into ancient documents. He too belongs to a dynasty which will last as long as there is such a thing as property in land and dwellings. When that is done away with, and we return to the state of villanage, holding our tenement-houses, all to be of the same pattern, of the State, — that is to say, of the Tammany Ring which is to take the place of the feudal lord, — the office of Register of Deeds will, I presume, become useless, and the dynasty will be deposed.

As we grow older we think more and more of old persons and of old things and places. As to old persons, it seemed as if we never knew how much they had to tell until we are old ourselves and they have been gone twenty or thirty years. Once in a while we come upon some survivor of his or her generation that we have overlooked, and feel as if we had recovered one of the lost books of Livy or fished up the golden candlestick from the ooze of the Tiber. So it was the other day after my reminiscences of the old gambrel-roofed house and its visitors. They found an echo in the recollections of one of the brightest and liveliest of my suburban friends, whose memory is exact about everything except her own age, which, there can be no doubt, she makes out a score or two of years more than it really is. Still she was old enough to touch some lights — and a shadow or two — into the portraits I had drawn, which made me wish that she and not I had been the artist who sketched the pictures. Among the lesser regrets that mingle with graver sorrows for the friends of an earlier generation we have lost, are our omissions to ask them so many questions they could have answered so easily, and would have been so pleased to be asked. There! I say to myself sometimes, in an absent mood, I must ask

her about that. But she of whom I am now thinking has long been beyond the reach of any earthly questioning, and I sigh to think how easily I could have learned some fact which I should have been happy to have transmitted with pious care to those who are to come after me. How many times I have heard her quote the line about blessings brightening as they take their flight, and how true it proves in many little ways that one never thinks of until it is too late!

The Register of Deeds is not himself advanced in years. But he borrows an air of antiquity from the ancient records which are stored in his sepulchral archives. I love to go to his ossuary of dead transactions, as I would visit the catacombs of Rome or Paris. It is like wandering up the Nile to stray among the shelves of his monumental folios. Here stands a series of volumes, extending over a considerable number of years, all which volumes are in his handwriting. But as you go backward there is a break, and you come upon the writing of another person, who was getting old apparently, for it is beginning to be a little shaky, and then you know that you have gone back as far as the last days of his predecessor. Thirty or forty years more carry you to the time when this incumbent began the duties of his office; his hand was steady then; and the next volume beyond it in date betrays the work of a still different writer. All this interests me, but I do not see how it is going to interest my reader. I do not feel very happy about the Register of Deeds. What can I do with him? Of what use is he going to be in my record of what I have seen and heard at the breakfast-table? The fact of his being one of the boarders was not so important that I was obliged to speak of him, and I might just as well have drawn on my imagination and not allowed this dummy to take up the room which another guest might have profitably filled at our breakfast-table.

I suppose he will prove a superfluity, but I have got him on my hands, and

I mean that he shall be as little in the way as possible. One always comes across people in actual life who have no particular business to be where we find them, and whose right to be at all is somewhat questionable.

I am not going to get rid of the Register of Deeds by putting him out of the way; but I confess I do not see what service he is going to be of to me in my record. I have often found, however, that the Disposer of men and things understands much better than we do how to place his pawns and other pieces on the chess-board of life. A fish more or less in the ocean does not seem to amount to much. It is not extravagant to say that any one fish may be considered a supernumerary. But when Captain Coram's ship sprung a leak and the carpenter could not stop it, and the passengers had made up their minds that it was all over with them, all at once, without any apparent reason, the pumps began gaining on the leak, and the sinking ship to lift herself out of the abyss which was swallowing her up. And what do you think it was that saved the ship, and Captain Coram, and so in due time gave to London that Foundling Hospital which he endowed, and under the floor of which he lies buried? Why, it was that very supernumerary fish, which we held of so little account, but which had wedged itself into the rent of the yawning planks, and served to keep out the water until the leak was finally stopped.

I am very sure it was Captain Coram, but I almost hope it was somebody else, in order to give some poor fellow who is lying in wait for the periodicals a chance to correct me. That will make him happy for a month, and besides, he will not want to pick a quarrel about anything else if he has that splendid triumph. You remember Alcibiades and his dog's tail.

Here you have the extracts I spoke of from the manuscript placed in my hands for revision and emendation. I can understand these alternations of

feeling in a young person who has been long absorbed in a single pursuit, and in whom the human instincts which have been long silent are now beginning to find expression. I know well what he wants; a great deal better, I think, than he knows himself.

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-
DRIFTS.

II.

Brief glimpses of the bright celestial spheres,
False lights, false shadows, vague, uncertain gleams,
Pale vaporous mists, wan streaks of lurid flame,
The climbing of the upward-sailing cloud,
The sinking of the downward-falling star,—
All these are pictures of the changing moods
Borne through the midnight stillness of my soul.

Here am I, bound upon this pillared rock,
Prey to the vulture of a vast desire
That feeds upon my life. I burst my bands
And steal a moment's freedom from the beak,
The clinging talons and the shadowing plumes;
Then comes the false enchantress, with her song:

"Thou wouldst not lay thy forehead in the dust

Like the base herd that feeds and breeds and dies!

Lo, the fair garlands that I weave for thee,
Unchanging as the belt Orion wears,
Bright as the jewels of the seven-starred Crown,

The spangled stream of Berenice's hair!"
And so she twines the fetters with the flowers

Around my yielding limbs, and the fierce bird

Stoops to his quarry,—then to feed his rage
Of ravening hunger I must drain my blood
And let the dew-drenched, poison-breeding night

Steal all the freshness from my fading cheek,
And leave its shadows round my caverned eyes.

All for a line in some unheeded scroll;
All for a stone that tells to gaping clowns,
"Here lies a restless wretch beneath a clod
Where squats the jealous nightmare men
call Fame!"

I marvel not at him who scorns his kind
And thinks not sadly of the time foretold

When the old hulk we tread shall be a wreck,

A slag, a cinder drifting through the sky
Without its crew of fools! We live too long
And even so are not content to die,
But load the mould that covers up our bones
With stones that stand like beggars by the road

And show death's grievous wound and ask
for tears;

Write our great books to teach men who
we are,

Sing our fine songs that tell in artful phrase
The secrets of our lives, and plead and pray
For alms of memory with the after time,
Those few swift seasons while the earth shall wear

Its leafy summers, ere its core grows cold
And the moist life of all that breathes shall die;

Or as the new-born seer, perchance more wise,

Would have us deem, before its growing mass,

Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-balls,

Heats like a hammered anvil, till at last
Man and his works and all that stirred itself
Of its own motion, in the fiery glow
Turns to a flaming vapor, and our orb
Shines a new sun for earths that shall be born.

I am as old as Egypt to myself,
Brother to them that squared the pyramids
By the same stars I watch. I read the page
Where every letter is a glittering world,
With them who looked from Shinar's clay-built towers,

Ere yet the wanderer of the Midland sea
Had missed the fallen sister of the seven.

I dwell in spaces vague, remote, unknown,
Save to the silent few, who, leaving earth,
Quit all communion with their living time.

I lose myself in that ethereal void,
Till I have tired my wings and long to fill

My breast with denser air, to stand, to walk
With eyes not raised above my fellow-men.

Sick of my unvalled, solitary realm,
I ask to change the myriad lifeless worlds

I visit as mine own for one poor patch
Of this dull spheroid and a little breath
To shape in word or deed to serve my kind.

Was ever giant's dungeon dug so deep,
Was ever tyrant's fetter forged so strong,
Was e'er such deadly poison in the draught
The false wife mingles for the trusting fool,
As he whose willing victim is himself,
Digs, forges, mingles, for his captive soul?

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SIMPLES AND SIMPLERS.

WHEN chemistry had become elevated to an equal rank with the other exact sciences, physicians, who in the days of alchemy and astrology had dealt almost exclusively in simples, discarded from their practice the greater part of the herbs of the old pharmacopœias, and used in the place of them the more certain and efficacious preparations of the laboratory. The metals, in the various forms of oxides, carbonates, chlorides, sulphurets, and other chemical compositions, were proved to be more decided and commensurable in their action upon the human system than roots and herbs. Chemistry took the place of botany to a great extent in the healing art, and caused a gradual separation of the practice from the dispensation of medicine. The apothecary assumed the department of preparing and compounding the drugs used by the physician; and as the medical faculty dropped the general use of simples, the dispensation of them naturally fell into the hands of certain individuals of the female sex. They became the conservators of ancient medical notions which science had rejected, and gradually introduced a sort of domestic practice which is not yet entirely discontinued.

They were indeed the traditional followers of the practice of the early physicians, when they were simplers and astrologers, and administered to the wants of those people who believed the herbs of the field to be the only safe remedies for disease. Their botanical knowledge was confined to the mere identification of plants, and to certain ancient classifications of medical herbs made on a somewhat arbitrary principle, and dictated by a love of formal arrangement that distinguished the learned of the Middle Ages. They knew the "Four Great Carminative Hot Seeds, and the Four Lesser Hot Seeds; the Four Cold Seeds, and the

Four Lesser Cold Seeds; the Five Opening Roots, and the Five Lesser Opening Roots; the Five Emollient Herbs; the Five Capillary Herbs; the Four Sudorific Woods; the Four Cordial Flowers; the Four Carminative Flowers, and the Four Resolvent Meals." Here was a botanical arrangement of plants precisely like that of the Five Orders of Architecture. Though extremely artificial, it was founded on the real or supposed properties of the plants included in it. Its formality suited the taste and assisted the memory of the simplers. They could understand it, and they were proud of their knowledge, because they derived from it an important consideration in their own village.

There was no danger in trusting one's health to the judgment and mercy of these honest women. They were not guilty, like our modern inventors of patent medicines, of furnishing a powerful drug disguised in a decoction of some popular herb. Their teas, syrups, and fomentations; their lotions, quilts, diet drinks, and electuaries were made from the herbs which were specified among their ingredients, and were safe even when injudiciously applied. They dealt in no dangerous remedies; some were only cordial beverages, some were mild emetics, tonics, and refrigerants, and very many of them were entirely inert, but like an amulet soothing to the mind. In the days of our grandmothers, almost every garden contained the herbs of their simple dispensatory; and every neighborhood was graced by a goodly number of housewives who were versed in all details in the administration of them. In these old gardens were mints of every sort, basil, rosemary, fennel, tansy, spikenard, blessed thistle, and saffron. No garden was considered properly furnished if it were wanting in any of the herbs that might be required by the sick of the

neighborhood. Flowers cultivated for their beauty were also the occupants of these gardens; roses, in particular, which were as needful in their dispensation as the chief of the cordial herbs.

The mints were held in great esteem by these charitable dames. They paid special attention to spearmint, — regarded as the mint of mints, — the smell of which was believed to “corroborate the brain and increase and preserve the memory,” and it was venerated like one of the holy herbs. Hardly less value was affixed to the basil, once considered a “royal plant,” on account of its excellent properties. It is remarkable that in the time of the ancient Romans, the basil was believed to possess the power of breeding serpents. Hence when they sowed the seeds of this plant they bestowed curses upon it, that it might be dispossessed of its nefarious properties by their maledictions. This notion did not descend to the English people. By them and by our simplers it was cherished for its sweet smell, which was “good for the heart and the head”; also for its “seed that cureth the infirmities of the heart, and taketh away sorrowfulness which cometh of melancholy, and maketh a man merry and glad.” The sweet-majoram, which still retains its popularity as a savory herb, was famous in these old gardens, and then known as the celebrated “Dittany of Crete.” At present it is not used as a medicine in any form; but the simplers believed it to be efficacious in restoring the sense of smell when it was lost, and it was noted for its vulnerary powers.

Many of the herbs of their dispensatory were formerly dedicated to the Virgin or to some worshipful saint, and were considered holy. Probably in some cases their supposed medical virtues were deduced from their sanctity; in other cases their real virtues may have caused them to be religiously consecrated. It does not appear that sectarian prejudice caused any distrust, in their Protestant minds, of the merits of a plant which had derived its sanctity from Roman-Catholic

usages. Among the early Romans plants were supposed to derive their virtues from some rural deity to whom they were dedicated; and the curative powers of mineral waters were attributed to the nymph who presided over the spring; and those who drank at the fountain worshipped the beautiful goddess from whose divine qualities its virtues emanated. When the heathen world was converted to the religion of Christ, these superstitions changed their character, but were not cast aside. Holy wells and fountains still retained the veneration of men; but their virtues were ascribed to saints, and not to water-nymphs.

A savor of romance still adheres to many of the holy plants, derived from the incidents that led to their consecration. The costmary, an Italian plant not uncommon in our gardens, having a very agreeable aromatic odor and some peculiar balsamic properties, was, on account of the purity of its fragrance, dedicated to the Virgin. In its sensible qualities it unites the balm and the tansy. The blessed thistle, another of the holy herbs, is one of those plants that may be compared to certain good people whose virtues are all of a passive sort, and who are chiefly remarkable for the odor of sanctity that distinguishes them. Some other herbs have won their reputation from their supposed identity with certain plants mentioned in Scripture. There are likewise holy shrubs, as the waybread and the wayfaring-tree, — names highly suggestive and romantic. Others, like the witch-elm and the witch-hazel, are associated with divination and magic. In Great Britain, where the habits of the people are still under traditional influences in a much greater degree than those of the same classes in this country, a profound respect is still paid to the holy herbs; and bands of simplers — believers in the panaceas of the field and garden — still continue their avocation and are in popular repute in many old English towns.

During the infancy of modern sci-

ence, when theology was mingled with all the exercises of the mind, and when it was believed that everything was created for man's especial use, all plants were supposed, as a doctrine of religious faith, to contain some qualities, discovered or undiscovered, which were intended by Providence for the sustenance, protection, and clothing of man, or for the cure of his diseases. The flowerless plants, now known to be without any curative properties, were then extensively used in medicine, from the pious supposition that, as they are useless for food or for employment in the practical arts, they must be intended by Divine Providence for medicines. In that romantic era, pillows were filled with the substance of a kind of moss which was supposed to be useful for procuring sleep. The family of mosses from which this substance was obtained, in accordance with the use made of it, received from the early botanists the name of *hypnum*, from a Greek word that signifies "sleep." This was afterwards combined with other products, such as poppy leaves, wormwood, the petals of the peony, and the flowers of hops, and used for similar purposes in the form of quilts. These substances were placed between two pieces of cotton or linen, and quilted into a cap to be worn on the head for the headache. They were made also in other forms, to be laid upon any part affected with inflammation or nervous pains. Dr. Fuller, in his "One Thousand Receipts," gives directions for preparing more than a dozen different quilts for the cure of certain local diseases.

The doctrine of signatures, believed by the whole Christian world in the Middle Ages, was a theory of religious philosophy, and shows the intimate connection existing in that era between theology and medicine. According to this theory every natural substance that possesses any curative power indicates by its external appearance the disease for which it is a remedy. The partisans of this doctrine affirmed that,

since man is the lord of creation, all creatures are designed for his use; and that therefore their properties must be designated by such a character as every one can understand. Hence turmeric, or Indian saffron, which has a brilliant yellow color, indicates thereby its power of curing the jaundice. By the same rule poppies were believed to be a cure for diseases of the head, because both their seeds and flowers form a head. A beautiful flower called *euphrasia*, or eye-bright, resembling a dandelion with a dark, velvety centre, was used for diseases of the eye, because this dark round centre bears a likeness to the pupil of the eye. In this doctrine we find an anticipation of the homœopathic theory of "like cures like." Nettle-tea in England still continues to be a popular remedy for nettle-rash. When the son of Edward I. was attacked with the small-pox, he was, by order of his (homœopathic) physicians, wrapped in scarlet cloth, and his attendants were clothed in the same manner, from an idea that a scarlet-colored disease would yield to scarlet remedies. The historians of the day affirm that he recovered without so much as a mark left upon him, owing to this extraordinary remedy.

The flowers of saffron, of a bright scarlet color, which are administered in the form of tea for scarlet-fever and other eruptive diseases, derived all their reputation from the homœopathic doctrine of signatures, expressed in the words *similia similibus curantur*. Hence likewise the celebrated botanical cure of hot-drops administered in fevers, on the supposition that a hot disease requires a hot remedy; and the ancient notion that the hair of a mad dog will cure the disease caused by his bite. These analogies have been indefinitely extended. The common plantains — herbaceous plants very frequent in fallow lands — have always been credited with the power of curing the bites of serpents. Who would suppose that there is not the least foundation for this belief, except

that the seeds of the plantain are borne on the extremity of a long stem, so as to resemble the rattles of a rattlesnake? The bloodroot is another of the signature plants. Its clusters of delicate white flowers appear in April in damp shady places. It avoids the deep woods and seeks the protection of clumps of trees near a brookside, where the soil is deep, and the situation defended by a natural wall or embankment. Its tuberous root is full of red sap resembling blood. Hence it was considered the natural remedy for all blood diseases. It is seldom used in modern legitimate practice, and then used only as an emetic. The liverwort (*Hepatica triloba*), a beautiful early flowering anemone, not uncommon in our woods, was used as a cure for liver complaints, from the resemblance of its leaf, which is lobed, to the folds of the liver, and of its mottled hues of green and purple to the outward colors of the liver. This plant is still in use by our modern simplers.

In the use of the five capillary herbs we trace the influence of the doctrine of signatures. All these herbs were ferns: the hartstongue, black, white, and golden maidenhair, and spleenwort. These plants, when they first appear above the ground, are covered with hairy down. This appearance caused them to be credited with efficacy in improving the growth of the hair, hence named capillary herbs. There are three distinct species of maidenhair in this catalogue, the black, white, and golden, representing the colors of the human hair in childhood, manhood, and old age. The stems of these beautiful ferns are also nearly as slender as hairs; another signification of their proper medical use, according to this religious doctrine of the Middle Ages.

The fern called *Lunaria*, or moonwort, was held in great estimation, from a peculiar crescent shape of the *pinnae* of its fronds, as a cure for lunacy and all diseases of a periodical character, especially for intermittent fevers. This crescent shape won it some astro-

logical repute; and in order to preserve its virtues, it was to be gathered with a sacred observance of days. The moonwort was collected at the time of the full moon, and by the light of it, or its powers would be of no avail. Astrology was intimately blended with the practice of medicine in the Middle Ages, no less than theology, and many an herb was supposed to derive its healing powers from some tutelary planet. The most of the herbs in use by the ancient simplers were mere cordials. There were others of an entirely inert character that became famous from certain marvellous powers attributed to them by astrology. One of the most remarkable of these was the blue vervain, a conspicuous plant in fallow grounds and by-ways, flowering in August. So great was the reputation of this plant as a cure, that it bore the name of "simpler's joy," though now excluded as worthless from all standard pharmacopœias. The vervain was tied with a yard of satin ribbon around the neck, where it was to remain until the patient was cured. It was to be gathered at the rising of the dog-star, when neither the sun nor the moon shone, and with the left hand only. When thus collected it would vanquish fevers and other distempers, was an antidote to the bite of serpents, and a charm to conciliate friends after estrangement.

The healing virtues of many other herbs were ascribed to the planet under whose ascendancy they were to be collected, and not to any intrinsic properties belonging to them. It was this belief in planetary influences that gave rise to the custom, among physicians, of prefixing to their recipes a symbol of the planet under whose light the ingredients were to be collected. A mistake in attending to the planetary hour would render these substances entirely inert. This fact may account for the vast number of inert remedies which have been popular in all ages. There was hardly a plant in medicinal use that was not believed to be under the auspices of some planet, and which

must be gathered in strict accordance with the prescriptions of medical astrology.

While astrology brought a great number of plants into medical use, there were others which were introduced into practice by witchcraft. The enchantment's nightshade was famous for its magical virtues, and was named *circæa*, from Circe, a goddess who used it in her incantations. This plant inhabits our woods, bearing its pale reddish flowers in terminal racemes. It probably gained its first reputation in magic from its *habitats* in Great Britain among ruinous vaults in old cemeteries, and was called nightshade from its preference of shaded places to the open fields.

In medical history nothing is more remarkable than the pertinacity with which mankind, through hundreds of ages, will cling to a supposed remedy, after it has been repeatedly tried and condemned as worthless by physicians. Men hug their medical notions in as close an embrace as the doctrines of their religious faith, and exercise their reason in regard to the one no more than in regard to the other. Indeed, the ancient union of prophet and physician in one profession caused medicine and religion to be intimately associated in the minds of the people. Hence the sanctity of an herb, caused by its consecration in certain religious ceremonies, was often considered better proof of its efficacy in the cure of diseases than any practical experience of its virtues. The remedial reputation of precious stones had a religious origin. They were supposed, on account of their purity and splendor, to be the residence of good spirits, and consequently useful as amulets to expel disease. These follies of human reason have not been wholly confined to the ignorant. The celebrated John Wesley, being worn down by excessive apostolic labors, visits the country, and after a few months' rustication is greatly relieved. He records this fact in his journal as the triumph of "sulphur and supplication" over his infirmities,

and attributes his cure to daily prayers and a plaster of egg and brimstone, rather than to Dr. Fothergill's prescription of "country air, rest, milk diet, and horse exercise."

I am a believer in medicines and in medical science; and though quackery is a fated appendage of the healing art, as swindling and counterfeiting are the inevitable accompaniments of trade, and though it continues to cause great destruction of life, the loss of life would be still greater if medicines were entirely unknown and unemployed. But, as if intended as a safeguard to the dangerous arts of quacks, Providence has benevolently supplied the fields with thousands of innocuous herbs, and mercifully endowed mankind with faith in their remedial power, that they may amuse themselves, when sick, with harmless decoctions containing the semblance of physic in the guise of a cordial beverage. Many an honest person who was too ignorant to believe in medicine as a science — considering it but a supernatural gift bestowed exclusively upon the uneducated — has been saved from the malpractice of some charlatan by his faith in white-weed and marigold, or in some equally harmless herb gathered at the rising of Sirius or under the waning light of the moon.

But there was no charlatanry among these charitable dames who brought balm to the sick, and dispensed their healing gifts without price. Some jealousy would occasionally arise between them and the learned faculty, from their interference in each other's jurisdiction; but they were seldom placed in direct antagonism. The balm, the mint, and the sage, brought to the patient by the considerate nurse, were often favorable accompaniments to the medicines presented by the physician. The simplers made the study of plants more of a utilitarian exercise than our present students, who admire flowers as beautiful objects, and study them as connected with taste and poetry. The modern student learns their technical characters, and examines their different

parts as aids to the understanding of science. He pays but little regard to their medical virtues, which, in most cases, are but a part of the romance of their history. The experiments made and repeated, for the purpose of ascertaining the virtues of plants, thousands of times during several centuries, have enlightened the physician concerning their qualities, which are now very well understood. The simplers, however, supposed almost every plant to possess some quality designed for the sanitary welfare of the human race. Some old legend was associated with one, and some holy tradition with another, each pointing to the medical and magical virtues attributed to the plant and to certain benefits to be derived from it.

The herbalists among the early emigrants of Great Britain must have been greatly bewildered, when they went out into our American forest to seek the wild plants of their own native isle, and occasional unhappy accidents arose from false identification. When they discovered a plant that resembled any well-known English herb, they speedily declared the identity of the two, founding their judgment chiefly on the sensible qualities of the plants. It was by experiments of this class of botanists that the virtues of many of our indigenous herbs were determined. Not a few of our plants, however, owe their medical reputation to Indian traditions.

Among the recollections of my early life is that of the annual appearance of the herb-women, — vestiges of the ancient class of simplers, — who earned a livelihood, in part, by gathering and carrying to market herbs, roots, and flowers, to be used chiefly in the preparation of "diet-drink," a kind of small beer, of which the bitter and aromatic herbs were the principal ingredients. In these packages were strips of white-pine bark, which in its dried state gives out the flavor of nutmegs, — slightly bitter and fragrant. The pitch-pine was also plundered of its recent shoots, before they were hardened into wood, and tied up with sweet-fern, the spicy leaves

of the bayberry, and the root of sassafras. The umbelled pyrola, or rheumatism-weed, a plant that bears several whorls of bright evergreen leaves, surmounted with an umbel of beautiful nodding flowers of purple and white, also the yarrow and the roots of the yellow dock, were favorite ingredients, combined with the aromatic leaves of the checkerberry and St. John's wort. These careful dames, in the latter part of summer, employed themselves in collecting cordial herbs for winter's needs.

The herbs formerly gathered by the simplers are now cultivated in gardens devoted to this special purpose, belonging chiefly to the Shakers. All the romance attending the occupation is destroyed by this change. The herbs are now pressed into cakes and sold in the apothecary's shop.

I have never opened a package in which the slender, cordlike roots of the *Aralia nudicaulis* were wanting. The roots of the aralia closely resemble those of the true sarsaparilla, not only in their cordlike shape, but in their entire want of any medical virtue. It is remarkable that this entirely inert and tasteless root should be the only ingredient that is never omitted, and proves that any plant in use among popular remedies maintains its repute in proportion as it is destitute of medicinal properties of any kind. The same habits prevail among the semicivilized nations. The ginseng, for example, which is as inert as so much white paper, is regarded in China as a medicine that will cure all diseases. Tons of the roots of this plant are annually imported into that country. The ginseng is the popular panacea among the Celestials, and is held by them in the same estimation as sarsaparilla by the Americans. People will sometimes take efficacious remedies, when prescribed by their physicians; but no substance is mentioned in history which has acquired and maintained general popularity for any number of years, if it possessed any medical virtue at all. All curative drugs are unsafe, and if combined in a popular

nostrum, soon excite mistrust, on account of accidents that happen from its maladministration. Many a patient, however, has been cured by mercury disguised by his physician in a preparation of sarsaparilla, without suspecting the cause of his cure.

A love of the marvellous also increases the popular faith in inert remedies. This innate propensity of the human mind formerly obtained gratification in mythological and magical superstitions. At present it finds more delight in mere abstractions that take no definite shape. In the early ages the supposed marvellous effects of nihility were attributed to some planet, deity, or saint. Now they are equally credited, but referred abstractly to some hidden and mysterious power of nature. All the laws of nature are inexplicable; but nothing satisfies the general craving for the wonderful, unless it be impossible. It is not considered marvellous that a few grains of a poisonous substance should cause death, or that a smaller quantity of it should cure disease; but if it should be affirmed that an infinitesimal quantity of the juice of a plant, whose juices can be swallowed by the pint without any effects upon the system, will cure disease, the assertion gratifies the popular appetite for the marvellous, and is believed.

It must be confessed that these old superstitions have spread the charm of romance over a great part of the vegetable kingdom. From these poetic illusions originated the ancient floral games and the use of plants in the ceremonies of religion, which is the great fountain of pure romance. The supernatural dangers that seemed to attend botanizing excursions of old enveloped all the wood in the charm of mystery. The mandrake was a plant whose destruction would be a forewarning of death to the person who should injure it. But as the mandrake was believed to possess some excellent properties for purifying the blood, which were indicated by its

red sap, it was very desirable to be obtained as a medicine. An expedient was therefore adopted by the people to obtain possession of the plant, without implicating themselves. Its roots were fastened by a cord to some animal, usually a dog, who was compelled by whipping to pull them up from the earth. The dog was afterwards supposed to die, as a punishment for his involuntary act.

In these days we admire the peony as a splendid flower, and cultivate it in our gardens for its beauty. But the ancients imputed supernatural virtues to its roots; and as no medical property could be discovered in them, they were naturally supposed to be intended for a charm. Dr. Darwin writes, that even in his time bits of the dried roots of the peony were rubbed smooth and tied round the necks of children, to hasten the growth of their teeth. They were sold at the shops under the name of "anodyne necklaces." An ancient physician highly commends this necklace of the peony root for the cure of epilepsy.

In the days of the Pythian oracles, when the priestess who delivered them was made drunk with an infusion of laurel-leaves before she prophesied, the sacred regard for the laurel in the popular mind must have equalled the reverence of the modern devotee for the shrine of the Virgin. The use of this decoction in the temple of Apollo, who was the god of music, poetry, and the arts, probably gave the laurel-tree its reputation as a crown for men of genius, and still later as a general crown of honor. The laurel, which is a dangerous narcotic, was never much employed as a medical remedy; and when it ceased to be used in the temples for purposes of divination, it was adopted as an evergreen for the brows of poets and heroes. But the age of romance has departed with the age of mythology, and the reverence that now attaches to these ancient superstitions is but the lingering twilight of a beauty that has passed away forever.

Wilson Flagg.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

WE believe that the principal American poem of the past month is Mr. Taylor's "Masque of the Gods," which, if not perfectly satisfactory to the average church-goer, seems fairly expressive of the hope-in-doubt animating very many earnest thinkers, or dreamers, about the Divine. The Sea, the Mountains, Rivers, Trees, Serpents, Wolves, Caverns, Rocks, homes and parents of eldest superstition, lament their vanished empire over the fear and imagination of man; and the great gods of all the old pagan world reason together of what they are and have been, with a mis-giving (very comfortable to humanity similarly perplexed) as to their own origin, and an avowed sense of somewhat yet more supernal. They wonder if than, who has adored, did not also make them, in his dim effort towards the highest, and from time to time A Voice from Space breaks in upon their discourse, recognizing the use and truth in each of them, while man as chorus comments upon all. Last, after Odin, Baal, Perun, and Manito, whom God permitted; Jove, who was his mighty servant; Ormuzd, the good that came from him; Ahri-man, the evil he suffered; Apollo, the beauty he bids live, — last appears Immanuel, and him the Voice owns for Son, and Man cries: —

"We hearken to the words

We cannot understand. If we look up
Beyond the shining form wherein Thy Love
Made holiest revelation, we must shade
Our eyes beneath the broadening wing of Doubt,
To save us from Thy splendor. All we learn
From delving in the marrow of the Earth,
From scattering thought among the timeless stars,
From slow-deciphered hieroglyphs of power
In chemic forces, planetary paths,
Or primal cells whence all Thy worlds are born,
But lifts Thee higher, seats Thee more august,
Till Thou art grown so vast and wonderful,
We dare not name Thee, scarce dare pray to Thee.

* *The Masque of the Gods.* By BAYARD TAYLOR.
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Beauty and the Beast: and Tales of Home. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1872.

Out-of-Door Rhymes. By ELIZA SPROAT TURNER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

June on the Miami, and other Poems. By W. H. VENABLE. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1872.

Imogen, and other Poems. Boston: B. B. Russell.

Yet what Thou art Thyself hast taught us: Thou
Didst plant the ladders which we seek to climb,
Didst satisfy the heart, yet leave the brain
To work its own new miracles, and read
Thy thoughts, and stretch its agonizing hands
To grasp Thee. Chide us not: be patient: we
Are children still, we were mistaken oft,
Yet we believe that in some riper time
Thy perfect Truth shall come.

A VOICE FROM SPACE.

Wait! Ye shall know."

The design of the poem is vast, and something less fulfilling than Mr. Taylor's effort might very well have been forgiven. There are many noble and beautiful lines, and a deep sense of the majesty of the theme. If we shrink a little from the classification of Christianity with the other religions, even as the first of them, — and we confess we do not like it, — we must recognize nevertheless a devout and reverent spirit throughout the poem. The accents of the gods are difficult; perhaps Mr. Taylor does not always interpret them aright; but — which is also important — he has not erred in writing such passage as this for poetry: —

"APOLLO.

I come, your shepherd of the sunny hills
In Thessaly, who from the reedy pipe
Allured the hidden sweetness of your breath,
And made a music of your empty lives.
I taught ye beauty, harmony, and grace;
I lifted and ennobled ye; I clothed
Your limbs with glory and your brows with song.
Nature, the hard, unfriendly mother, gave
Her sweetest milk to nourish ye anew,
And all her forms, as lovers or as friends,
Moved in your life, and led your shining march
Of ages, as a triumph! Still I walk,
Though unacknowledged, filling hungry ears
With purer sound, and brightening weary eyes
With visions of the beauty that may be.
For Beauty is the order of the Gods,
The ether breathed alone by souls uplift
In aspiration, and the crown of all,
Save whom dumb darkness and the bestial life
Tread out of being. Reaching her, ye live."

Black Robes; or, Sketches of Missions and Ministers in the Wilderness and on the Border. By ROBERT P. NEVIN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

The Life of John F. Crittenden. By MRS. CHAPMAN COLEMAN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

Roughing It. By MARK TWAIN. (SAMUEL T. CLEMENS.) Fully illustrated by eminent artists. [Published by Subscription.] Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company. 1872.

Yet though there is poetry and thought and a fine music in the "Masque of the Gods," we are not sure after all that we have not had greater pleasure in renewing our acquaintance with some of the stories which Mr. Taylor has lately collected in a volume. Our readers will remember that vivid Russian tale of "Beauty and the Beast," and those Pennsylvanian romances, "The Strange Friend," "Jacob Flint's Journey," "Twin Love," and "Friend Eli's Daughter." Here are also "Can a Life hide Itself?" "Mrs. Strongitharm's Report," a burlesque of woman's-rights affairs, for which we do not care; and a well-enough-done mockery of sentimental vegetarian communism, "The Experiences of the A. C.," for which we do not care much; but in the four stories we have named, and especially in "Jacob Flint's Journey," and "Friend Eli's Daughter," we find a native charm and a fine local flavor that we should not know where to match outside of Auerbach's tales. There is, with an utter difference of material, a natural similarity of atmosphere in these Pennsylvanian and German stories. They are alike in rusticity of event and character, and in the country sweetness that hangs about them like an odor of fields and woods, as well as the unpatronizing spirit in which simple people's life is regarded.

For other poetry we have Mrs. Turner's book of "Out-of-Door Rhymes," in which there is a good deal of the freshness of the open air and something of its sweetness. But there is want of finish in most of the pieces, and, where this has been striven for, want of compression. Many of them afford little or no clew to the author's motive in writing them; but this is so common a reticence in fugitive poetry, that it is not strictly characteristic of Mrs. Turner's, and should not be specially urged against it. They have sometimes a humorous quality, as in "A Housekeeper's Tragedy" (which, however, is pushed a little too far), and "A Little Goose," which all the children know; and there is real life and vigor in such pieces. The most carefully wrought poem — or of that effect — is the one we shall give: it is very pretty and has a sweet archness; we are not certain whether the lingering of the poem and the delaying of the climax helps or hurts it.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"REQUEST.

"The red day is melting into even,
And the even looks on you and me alone,

As you stand tall and clear against the westward,
With heaven's glory added to your own.

"The sun creeps ablaze among your tresses,
The winds press unchidden to your brow;
If you ever mean to give me what you promised,
I am ready for it now: — give it now.

"The sun greets the earth before his parting,
The waves kiss the shore and trip away,
And cloud leans to cloud across the heaven,
And I wonder you can dare to answer nay.

"By the brown stars that bend in mocking o'er me,
By the brown clouds that loosen on your brow,
By the wreathed lips that taunt me with their red-
ness,
I am sworn to have it now: — give it now."

"REFUSAL.

"The last words I gave you when we parted,
My last words forevermore shall be: —
You may borrow all the sweets of all the summer,
But you'll never borrow kisses, sir, from me.

"I lend not, I sell not, I give not;
And yet they are to me as little worth,
As the common drops of rain, before the sun-god
Has spanned with them the heaven and the earth.

"The young moon is weaving spells around us;
The sweet darkness witches us to stay;
The late darkness creeping all around us
Is warning us away: — come away.

"You would surely never take what I deny you,
And yet it were a sin to break a vow:
But if you *meant* to steal it, as I fear me,
You had better do it now: — take it now."

There are some touches in Mr. Venable's poems which would make us hopeful or despondent for him, according as we knew him to be a young poet or not. There is pleasant music and love of nature in the verse which appears rather to glove its grasp in conventional epithets and phrases, and to hold aloof from its actual business in the formal attitudes of a worn-out school of poetry. We shall best enforce our meaning by giving some lines from his principal poem, "June on the Miami," where the reader will see how with great good-will towards the modern facts, Mr. Venable's poetry embraces them with a certain genteel reluctance: —

"Ere morn grows old, brown Thrift and Toil
Lead forth the tillers of the soil;
Along his corn-field's rustling rows
The whistling ploughman careful goes;
Blithe harvesters betimes begin
The bearded barley gathering in;
Aloft their polished pitchforks gleam,
They deftly toss the sheaves about;
Resounds the frequent lusty shout
Controlling the obedient team;
Conspicuous on the adjoining plain
The clatt'ring reaper moves amain,
And, ready for the binder's hand,
The prone swath strews the stubble land.

"Pursuing crooked country roads,
Strong wagons bear their bulky loads;
Along the valley's gradual bend
The railway's level bars extend,
And trains impetuous thunder by
And hoarsely shriek their warning cry,
Or, freight-retarded, moving slow,
Clank harshly as they rumbling go."

Yet we must recognize the delicate truth of some little pictures in this poem, and own the tempered pleasure which its perusal had given us. Of the shorter poems, we think "Child Lost" the simplest and best; the "Welcome to Boz" is very lively and ingenious.

The Preface to "Imogen and other Poems" gives its "excuse for being" in so straight-forward and simple a fashion, that one who has a feeling for youth, or a memory however faint of his own callow period, would hardly cast the book aside without looking farther into it. Universally condemned by his own "little circle" as the author's venture appears to have been, the reader will feel by this declaration half provoked to examine the book, yet half repelled by this announcement of youthful obstinacy. The author will perhaps learn later in life that the machinery of a true poem, like that of a fine engine, by means of complex subtleties alone, obtains a perfect unity. Aspiration, desire, love itself, cannot produce this miracle, though either of these powers may reveal to a sympathetic observer the ardent spirit of the writer. Our author is not destitute of expression, as when he writes, —

"Thou wert the sweet disorder of my mind,"

but his efforts want harmony and form; and we are bound to say that he has not many lines like that we have quoted. However, the valuable and poetic quality of sincerity pervades the volume. We take some verses from it, which, if they had been written by William Blake, would be doubtless admired with others no better: —

"SUCCESS.

"The apple of ambition's eye;
The crooked prop of tyranny;
The wind that puffs the changeful sail,
That fills the tuneful pipe;
That gives a color to the pale,
A plumpness to the ripe;
Desire's counterpart
That most men have at heart."

Mr. Nevin (whose name our readers will recall as that of the author of a very agreeable sketch, printed in these pages, of Stephen C. Foster and the rise of Negro Minstrelsy) has in his "Black Robes"

made a very entertaining little book about the missionary efforts of the Jesuits and the Moravians among the Indians, and the ministerial labors of the Methodists and the Presbyterians among the backwoodsmen and early settlers of a now-vanished West. In his chapters on the Jesuits he goes over ground which Mr. Parkman had already made thoroughly his own in "The Jesuits in North America," and he can scarcely do more than restate the well-known facts. In philosophizing or sentimentalizing them, he scarcely adds to their force. He is allured by the picturesqueness of the Jesuit self-sacrifice, and writes like their advocate rather than their historian; but then he does the same for the Moravians, and perhaps the balance is dressed by this counter-admiration of a sect which the good Jesuit Fathers might not have helped to extirpate by fire if they had encountered its members in the wilderness, but which was certainly not commended to the propaganda at Rome by its kindred spirit of heroism and martyrdom. In writing of the Moravians, too, Mr. Nevin is again on ground more or less well trodden; but when he comes to the Methodists, and especially the Presbyterians, he makes the field his own. No one else, we believe, has written so well of the labors of these two great churches among the pioneers of the West; and though the character of the backwoods Methodist apostles, the revivals, the camp-meetings, and so forth, have often been treated of before, no one but Mr. Nevin seems to have presented the history so vividly and succinctly. It is done in a wholly secular spirit, however, and with an unsympathetic mind which takes a tinge of bitterness when the Presbyterians are to be dealt with. Not Boston and not Hartford, but Mr. Nevin's own Pittsburgh, has been (in theology at least) for seventy years the most Puritanical city of the Union; and it is as if the early Presbyterian success among the hard-fibred Scotch-Irish fathers of the place still rankled as a personal displeasure in him. The sect did a great and good work, doubtless, but it was not lovely in doctrine, and it made life as gloomy as possible in a wilderness where people might naturally have been glad of a little hope or mercy in their creed. The population with which Calvinism wrought there, the typical backwoods minister, a Presbyterian Sabbath, a revival, and biographical notices of "early laborers in the border vineyard," form the subjects of different chapters, among which

that on "the Sabbath day, and how it was sanctified," is best. It is a complete study of the dreary day, — dreariest, of course, in summer, by contrast with the cheerfulness of heaven and earth, — and we wish that we might transfer it bodily to this place. Mr. Nevin describes the log-built meeting-house in a clearing of the woods, the procession of the people thither on foot and on horse-back, the minister, the singing, the half-hour prayer, the deadly two or three hours' sermon, the intermission, the afternoon service, and finally the weary dispersion, with a graphic felicity to which we could not hope to do justice at second-hand. All the less, therefore, can we deny ourselves the pleasure of reproducing this picture of the congregation during intermission, though we are not sure that, good as it is, it is the best example of his singularly faithful art: —

"Some went to look after their horses, to see that they had not slipped their head-stall, and that their fastenings were secure; or, perhaps, to 'piece' them on nubbins of corn, brought along in their pockets for that purpose, just as on the same grain, ground, and baked into 'dodgers,' did the mothers their children, and from the same tenderly considerate motive. Some withdrew in pairs, or groups of three and four, and, seeking the shade of a tree, whittled with their heavy-bladed, horn-handled jack-knives at the tough knots on their walking-sticks, talking the while of the weather and the crops; of the flocks and herds that filled their pastures, — their hogs, their cattle, and their horses, — and, as likely as not, going through the preliminary negotiations of a 'swap,' which to-morrow or next day would see consummated, before all was over. Some retired to the graveyard, picking their course along pathless ways, wading knee-deep in heavy rank grasses, and forcing a passage through thickets of thorn and patches of blackberry-bushes to the spot of their search, where, pausing and leaning over the rough stone planted to mark the place, they paid their tribute of sorrow to the memory of some loved one, — husband, or wife, or child, — whose all of what once had been left — and that was its ashes — lay buried there. Women in couples wandered off, slowly strolling, and pausing often on various trifling pretences, — to reach a leaf, standing on tiptoe to do it, or stooping to pluck a flower, — but quickening their paces as the straggling bushes intervened to veil

their retreat, until the utmost limits of the clearing were passed, and themselves, hid from view, were lost amid the cover of the cypresses. But the centre of general attraction was the 'Spring.' Thither, sooner or later during the 'intermission,' all were accustomed to repair. Those that thirsted drank of the water, the more attentive youths of the flock standing, gourd or earthen bowl in hand, in turn at the fountain, and dispensing the element to the rest in waiting, — blushing to the brows when the customer happened to be one, young and fair, of the opposite sex, herself crimsoning to the bosom in return as she tremblingly received the proffered vessel from his hand. Lingered as they came and drank, the visitors tarried, so that ere long quite a large proportion of the congregation was assembled at the spot. Seated on stones or reclined on the grass rested the elders, puffing their pipes, and through the smoke looking dreamily on, while their sons and daughters, in separate companies that would not mingle, and yet could not keep apart, found pastime, the former in delving amid the soil for roots of saffron and calamus, and the latter, perchance, in gathering sprays of spearmint, tramping the beds in which it grew, and crushing the plants as they did so, till all the air around was odorous with their perfume."

The Life of John J. Crittenden, by his daughter, is of the same useful and interesting class of books as the Life of Seaton, which we noticed last year. Born in the last century in the early years of the Republic, Crittenden lived to witness great and unforeseen changes, but died too soon to see the successful termination of the civil war which he so earnestly deplored and endeavored to avert. A warmly devoted Kentuckian, he had large sympathies and could embrace the whole Union with his patriotic nature. He received his education at the William and Mary College, commencing the practice of law in his native county, Woodford, Kentucky, in 1807. He early inspired his fellow-citizens with confidence and esteem, became Attorney-General of the Territory of Illinois, and afterwards member of the Kentucky Legislature. He acted as *aide-de-camp* to Governor Shelby, and creditably made the campaign into Canada in the War of 1812. For more than forty years Mr. Crittenden was one of the prominent leaders in the Senate, and held at different times the office of Attorney-General for his native State;

he was also Attorney-General under Presidents Tyler's and Millard Fillmore's administrations, but he only accepted the position from a sense of duty and gladly resigned it.

It is not, however, as Cabinet officer, legal adviser, special pleader, political leader, and Speaker of the Senate, that Crittenden will live in men's hearts and memory. It is his admirable, consistent, and honorable course during the opening years of the Rebellion which will give him his best fame. Though a Kentuckian and a slave-owner, he was a warm lover of his country; his patriotism was of the sterling kind that recoiled from any sectional or partisan feeling. He did not at first realize all the treachery and disloyalty of the South, but he never wavered in his own allegiance, and used all his influence for the good work of promoting harmony.

His speeches and public efforts are known. He wrote also an admirable letter to his son George, who held the position of colonel of the Regular troops, counselling him to remain firm in his allegiance to the national flag: "Be true to the government that has trusted in you, and stand fast to your nation's flag, the stars and stripes"; and terrible was the mortification of the father when his son entered the Confederate service. In 1862, enfeebled with age and disease, so earnest was he, that he made a journey to West Point from Washington, that he might personally influence the cadets of his own State, and perhaps others, from leaving the academy and entering the Confederate service, as too many had done. Of this striking instance of Mr. Crittenden's devotion to country and his duty, we have a pleasant account in a letter of the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, who was an eye-witness of the scene: "He spoke, as he always spoke best, from the inspiration of the moment, and out of the fulness of his noble and patriotic heart." That done the veteran statesman left West Point as quietly as he came there, but having done what he felt was simply a matter of duty.

Patriotic, honest, and sincere in his convictions of duty, he yet could not wholly divest himself of some prejudices, and was greatly opposed to the enlistment of the negroes. He said of it in his last speech in Congress: "Instead of being a source of power, negroes in your army would be a source of weakness, and their presence would drive men from the field a thousand

times more capable of defending the country than they can be made. A negro army unnerves the white man's hand, the white man's heart." Had he been spared a few more years he would probably have been among the first to acknowledge the possibility and hope for the negro under the changes wrought by the war. This is a faithful and pleasant sketch of a good and useful life; that of a man beloved by his family and honored by his countrymen.

We can fancy the reader of Mr. Clemens's book finding at the end of it (and its six hundred pages of fun are none too many) that, while he has been merely enjoying himself, as he supposes, he has been surreptitiously acquiring a better idea of the flush times in Nevada, and of the adventurous life generally of the recent West, than he could possibly have got elsewhere. The grotesque exaggeration and broad irony with which the life is described are conjecturably the truest colors that could have been used, for all existence there must have looked like an extravagant joke, the humor of which was only deepened by its nether-side of tragedy. The plan of the book is very simple indeed, for it is merely the personal history of Mr. Clemens during a certain number of years, in which he crossed the Plains in the overland stage to Carson City, to be private secretary to the Secretary of Nevada; took the silver-mining fever, and with a friend struck "a blind lead" worth millions; lost it by failing to comply with the mining laws; became local reporter to a Virginia City newspaper; went to San Francisco and suffered extreme poverty in the cause of abstract literature and elegant leisure; was sent to the Sandwich Islands as newspaper correspondent; returned to California, and began lecturing and that career of humorist, which we should all be sorry to have ended. The "moral" which the author draws from the whole is: "If you are of any account, stay at home and make your way by faithful diligence; but if you are of 'no account,' go away from home, and then you will *have* to work, whether you want to or not."

A thousand anecdotes, relevant and irrelevant, embroider the work; excursions and digressions of all kinds are the very woof of it, as it were; everything far-fetched or near at hand is interwoven, and yet the complex is a sort of "harmony of colors" which is not less than triumphant. The stage-drivers and desperadoes of the Plains;

the Mormons and their city; the capital of Nevada, and its government and people; the mines and miners; the social, speculative, and financial life of Virginia City; the climate and characteristics of San Francisco; the amusing and startling traits of Sandwich Island civilization,—appear in kaleidoscopic succession. Probably an encyclopædia could not be constructed from the book; the work of a human being, it is not unbrokenly nor infallibly funny; nor is it to be always praised for all the literary virtues; but it is singularly entertaining, and its humor is always amiable, manly, and generous.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

It will be with sincere regret that our readers will add this, the thirteenth and last volume of Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis* to the long series of his essays. In him the present generation has enjoyed the best fruits of civilization, at least of those literary merits which are more especially dependent upon the culture which is real civilization. Taste, scholarship, a charming style, were the aids that served to render more attractive his wonderful reading of character, his general critical insight. He has been for us not only a wise guide in judging the present, but also, without pedantry or tiresome detail, as well as without shallowness, he has set before us vivid pictures of the past. In this narrow space it is impossible to do him justice. Those who are familiar with him will not need the stammering praise of our faded adjectives, but to those to whom he is a stranger we can do no better service than to recommend the study of his writings. Without him one cannot know French literature. In this volume we find his long articles on Jomini and on Ampère, and one might easily do worse than to begin his reading of Sainte-Beuve with this volume. There is the same happy guess at character, the same groping for the truth, the well-known picturesque representation of the person under discussion, that make him the most charming of writers. His artful hesitation makes all assertion seem thick-headed and blundering, he guides us towards the point he wishes to reach as if

he too were lost and uncertain. A critic is pretty sure not to be a popular man, for he has to correct readers as well as writers, and both classes are large, but Sainte-Beuve suavely seems to humor every prejudice, never to contradict, but at the end we find that he has done more service with his delicate wit than would a thousand Boanerges railing from the house-top. Besides a bit of autobiography in this volume, we have a book upon him by M. Jules Levallois, his former secretary. This is a volume that need not be sought with avidity. The writer makes a haughty distinction between books that give us facts and those that "are destined to complete what one knows about Sainte-Beuve," like his own, and hence he crams into a couple of lines of a foot-note a few dates of Sainte-Beuve's life. But, notwithstanding, he manages, in spite of himself, to tell us more of the facts than he at first proposed, although the greater part of the book is taken up with an account of his opinion of the eminent critic. He gives us a few of Sainte-Beuve's letters, but almost entirely those praising M. Levallois's writings. What he says, although by no means the best that could be said, is often interesting. He shows us Sainte-Beuve's manner of work, he tells us of his enthusiastic, sudden, short-lived admirations, his self-corrections, and, moreover, considerable light is thrown upon his changes of view in politics, the hostility that so frequently met him in the world. Besides the political opposition and the enmity of those whom he had exposed with his pen, his style, his critical manner, must have been a point of severance from many who, with Gallic art, arranged the world into compartments and then adapted all they saw to fit the pigeon-holes they had already made. His manner was different, more genuine; every person about whom he wrote he treated as we do our friends. We do not divide them into warriors, all powder and war-paint, lawyers, all red-tape and point-making, or into travellers, philosophers, and humorists; each one has his own separate judgment, and so it is with his criticism, a thousand times better because a thousand times more difficult than the en-

W. Goethe. *Les œuvres expliquées par la vie.* Par A. MÉZIERES. Paris. 1872.

Molière. *Eine Ergänzung der Biographie des Dichters aus seinen Werken.* Von PAUL LINDAU. Leipzig. 1872.

Hartmann's Philosophie. *Ein Schmerzensschrei des gesunden Menschenverstandes* von J. C. FISCHER. Leipzig. 1872.

* All books mentioned under this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Sainte-Beuve's Nouveaux Lundis. Tome 13^{me}. Paris. 1872.

Sainte-Beuve. Par JULES LEVALLOIS. Paris. 1872.

rolling of men into regiments to be treated collectively as a unit, as is done by certain other French critics.

M. Mézières's *Goethe* is a very interesting book, and promises to be the best of the biographies of this great man. This first volume carries us down to the year 1795, treating very fully of his earlier life, discussing his various writings up to that time. The method that M. Mézières has adopted is to get his information about Goethe from his writings to a much greater extent than has ever been done before. That Goethe half hid and half gave himself in his books has been well known. There has probably never been a writer who was so personal in his choice of a subject, so impersonal in his treatment. The writer of this life has sought to unravel the real in the writings of Goethe from what was the work of his imagination, and it can be said that he has succeeded well. Moreover, he discusses fully Goethe's relations to women, a very important element in his life, but one that for one reason or another is strangely slurred over in a most unsatisfactory way by Lewes in his *Life of Goethe*. It is possible that English prudery may have had something to do with this. Goethe's scientific work, too, generally a sealed book for the merely literary reader, is lucidly interpreted. On the whole, this is a book that can be most heartily recommended for its thoroughness and wise method and appreciation. That it should say all that can be said about Goethe it is too much to expect of any one book, but every reader will find here a great deal that is new and nothing that is not good. It may be worth while to notice that Goethe's admiration of France has brought him much admiration in return. Since the time of the "*Globe*," he has never lacked appreciating readers in that country; and if Germans plume themselves overmuch on their appreciation of Shakespeare, it might not be amiss for the puzzled foreigner to point to the books of Lewes and Mézières on Goethe, — the best that have yet appeared in any language.

In the same line of international civilities we have Mr. Paul Lindau's essay on Molière. By a somewhat odd coincidence he, too, gathers information about Molière's life from his writings. His book, however,

is but a brief sketch. We are glad to see that he promises us a longer and more thorough work on the same subject, for which he has been a long time preparing, and, judging from this that we have before us, is well fitted. In a brief compass he sets before us the tragic side of Molière's life, the bitter sadness of his comedies. The main facts of his life are more or less known to us all, but we are confident that every one of his readers will find here some new light thrown upon his plays. Indeed, it is an invaluable commentary upon "*Le Misanthrope*," for instance. The book is beautifully printed, and, it will be heard with pleasure, in Latin type.

If any have been lured by the melancholy charm of our quotations from Schopenhauer and the warmth of our words about Hartmann to read those writers, and now no longer enjoy their meals, nor the advancing spring; if to any such life seems suddenly a dreary void, religion gross superstition, love a hideous mockery, we hope that their friends will buy and leave at their bedside — for they have probably taken to their beds for more uninterrupted moping — the little war-cry of Dr. J. C. Fischer. This writer has no patience with Hartmann. He shouts out his contempt in every line; he calls him names; he hoots after him; he makes fun of his so-called philosophy; he knows no mercy. He is a good old-fashioned critic, whom Dr. Johnson would have fondled on his lap. He shows up his contradictions, his mistakes, his lack of sequence, logic, grammar, indeed, he would add, of sense. He is a terrible foe. Meanwhile the third edition of Hartmann has appeared. Perhaps a specimen of his criticism might not be amiss. We quote from page 137: "Is it not as if one heard a chorus of 'a hundred thousand fools' speaking? Heine says somewhere of somebody, that he is as stupid as ten asses. What Hartmann says is as mad as the words of ten fools. Hartmann acknowledges the possibility that the majority of mankind will determine to wish nothing more. The last wish will be to wish nothing more. Again, to a — I will be polite — to a cloister with such philosophy." We have not yet heard that Dr. Fischer's arguments have made an optimist of Hartmann.

ART.

THE DUTCH AND FLEMISH PICTURES IN NEW YORK.

THE collection of pictures forming the germ of what it is so agreeable to have the *Revue des Deux Mondes* talking of currently as the *Musée de New York*, has recently been lodged in a handsome and convenient gallery, masked by one of the residential brown-stone fronts of the Fifth Avenue. These pictures, one hundred and seventy-five in number, are, as we may remind our readers, with some dozen exceptions, of the Dutch and Flemish schools. They consist for the most part of the substance of two private collections, purchased in Paris and Brussels respectively, in the summer of 1870. Their authenticity has in each case been attested by proper evidence and by the judgment of experts, and in possessing them the Metropolitan Museum of Art has an enviable solid foundation for future acquisition and development. It is not indeed to be termed a brilliant collection, for it contains no first-rate example of a first-rate genius; but it may claim within its limits a unity and continuity which cannot fail to make it a source of profit to students debarred from European opportunities. If it has no gems of the first magnitude, it has few specimens that are decidedly valueless. We shall by no means attempt a full enumeration of its contents, but we shall make a few remarks on the more important works, — a task rendered more easy by the altogether exemplary and artistic Catalogue.

In a corner of the gallery are ranged half a dozen indifferent examples of archaic masters, which will be hardly more than glanced at as an overture to the main spectacle. The visitor will turn with little delay to the Rubens; he will turn from it perhaps with some disappointment. The picture has a fair share of the Rubens mass and breadth, but it lacks the Rubens lustre, — the glowing relief which we demand as the token of a consummate Rubens. The subject is a "Return from Egypt," and contains four figures, — Mary and Joseph leading the Child between them, and the Deity watching them benignantly from the clouds. It is brown and dull in tone, and the figures have not the full-blooded aspect of most of the Rubens progeny; but like all emana-

tions, however slight, of a great talent, it improves vastly on acquaintance and puts forth a dozen reminders of its distinguished kinship. The real success of the picture is in the free and sweeping contour of Mary, and in her extremely handsome head, the outline and relief of which, with her hair and its falling drapery, seems to us vividly characteristic of the master. Rubens alone, too, could have made his Virgin so gracefully huge and preserved the air of mild maternity in such massive bulk. His Mary is a gentle giantess. The picture altogether, though inadequate as an example, is a powerful and delightful reminder. The great Flemish master is represented by a second piece, of large dimensions but limited interest, — a couple of lions chasing an antelope. His lions are of the same mock-heroic order as the pictorial charger of that period, but they bound forward with a fine ferocious glare and spring. The name next in importance to that of Rubens is that of Van Dyck, who contributes two imperfect, but interesting works, of which more anon. Jacob Jordaens, a smaller name, is represented by a work of larger substance than either of these. His "Visit of Saint John to the Infant Jesus," falls very little short of being a masterpiece; it would have needed only to be pitched a note or so higher in the scale of the ideal to challenge comparison with Rubens at his best. But these high notes, we take it, Jordaens never struck, and he remains simply one of the first of the secondary masters. He has been happily called "a plebeian Rubens"; which possibly signifies that, if he was a duller and narrower genius, he had a stronger grasp of much of the more immediate detail of nature. What he lacks on the side of Rubens he shows a tendency to recover on the side of Rembrandt. He seems oppressed and sobered by that sense of reality which sat so lightly on the buoyant spirit of his master. The present composition represents the infant Jesus, — a tall, lusty, ugly baby, with his feet planted on a terrestrial globe and trampling a serpent, leaning with a sort of sturdy shyness against his mother's side, looking in childish surprise — with an air even of timid

envy of his toy — at the little Saint John who rides toward him on a lamb. The Virgin is a sweet-faced young woman whom the painter evidently meant to make pretty within the limits of Flemish probability, and the child has an odd look of having just waked up the least bit cross from a nap. Above these figures are distributed Joseph and the parents of John, looking on with homely tenderness, the pious concentration of which is deepened by the sombre vertical light in which the group is steeped. The Joseph, as we take him to be, leaning his grave and furrowed face on his big brown hand, is a triumph of expression and of execution. A plebeian genius, we repeat with emphasis. We doubt that there has ever been a more spontaneous reflection of the hard-handed lowliness of the *entourage* of Christ. A work classified by its dimensions, if not quite by its merit, with this finely sober Jordaens, is the large and brilliant Gaspard de Crayer which hangs in the place of honor in the gallery. This "Diogenes and Alexander" figured for some time in the collection of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. It is a pleasing, almost a charming composition; for although it is an attempt at the heroic-historical, it is treated with a frank good faith which keeps it within the range of one's immediate sympathies. The frank, boyish surprise of Alexander, with his steel-clad chest and his comely head, is very happy and natural, and recalls, at a distance, the superb modern physiognomy of the generous youth who stands for the hero in Paul Veronese's great "Alexander" in London. Crayer was not a Paul Veronese, but he was a rich and agreeable colorist, and he diffused through his work an indefinable geniality which reproduces, in an infinitely lower key, the opulent serenity of Rubens. This picture, with its slight vulgarity and want of mystery, of tone, is perhaps the "loudest" piece of coloring in the gallery. We ought not to omit mention of the little page who holds Alexander's red cloak and peers from behind at the recumbent Diogenes. His head has charming vivacity and relief, and is almost a compensation for that of the dappled Bucephalus who prances officially in the rear. An immense "Jason" by Van Diepenbeck, a pupil of Rubens, is rather a vacant production.

These three fine works share their supremacy with half a dozen strong portraits, to which, as sources of instruction, we feel

tempted to offer an even more emphatic welcome. The "Miss De Christyn" of Van Dyck stands first among them, and is perhaps the most delicate of the stronger pictures. This portrait is, oddly, the more interesting for being hardly more than a third-rate specimen of the master; for it seems that, if we are to have first-rate names, we are, yet awhile, to have them with abatements. The abatement here is a poverty of coloring, possibly aggravated by time, which the Catalogue but imperfectly disguises under the designation of "extreme delicacy in the tones." This delicacy the picture possesses, but the spectator unfamiliar with Van Dyck may judge of what it lacks by turning to the smaller example, the "Saint Martha interceding for the Cessation of the Plague at Tarascon," and noting the lovely flesh-glow of the tumbling cherubs who uplift the pretty postulant into the blue, and who form, with the warm purple of her robe, the main success of the picture. The subject of the portrait perhaps is half its merit, — a pale, plain-faced, bright-eyed young gentlewoman carrying her ruff and fan with peculiar distinction. The physiognomy is excessively, almost morbidly, refined, and the painter has touched it with proportionate acuteness. Close beside this elegant work hangs a masterpiece of inelegant vigor, "Hille Bobbe of Haarlem," by Franz Hals, — a broadly grinning street-wench dashed upon the canvas by a brush superbly confident of saving science in the midst of its hit-or-miss rapidity. The picture is in hardly more than two or three gradations of brown, but it is instinct with energy and a certain gross truth. The face is a miracle of ugliness; but it is noticeable how little of fantasy, of imaginative irony, there is in the painter's touch. It needed a Dutch Franz Hals — sturdy artist that he was — to attribute to woman such hideousness as a plain matter of course.

Two portraits of equal vigor and of greater delicacy are a "Burgomaster," by Van der Helst, and a "Gentleman," — a perfect gentleman, — by Aadrian de Vries. In the former picture the subject and the artist are rarely well matched, and the result is a work of the most harmonious completeness, — the perfect prose of portraiture. We doubt that the mouth and chin of small local authority were ever more inexorably fixed in their palsy identity than these comfortable attributes of this most respectable Dutchman. It seems almost hyperbolic to talk of Van der Helst as an *artist*; genuine

painter as he was, his process is not so much the common, leisurely, critical return upon reality and truth as a bonded and indissoluble union with it; so that in all his unmitigated verity you detect no faintest throb of invention blossoming into style and straggling across the line which separates a fine likeness from a fine portrait. But it sounds like arrant frivolity to breathe a word of disparagement against this richly literal genius, and we can easily fancy that, if Nature were to give her voice, and appoint once for all her painter-in-ordinary, she would lay a kindly hand on the sturdy shoulder of Van der Helst, and say, "One must choose for the long run: this man I can trust." And yet the really beautiful De Vries proves that a little style spoils nothing. Just a little, this portrait contains; but that little is of the best quality, as may be inferred from the fact that this painter's works were habitually made to pass by the dealers for productions of Rembrandt, to the great curtailment of the author's proper fame. Rembrandt, of whom the Museum contains no specimen, need not have disowned this mellow and vigorous head. It is taking rather a harsh tone, in general, to refer our young painters off-hand to the prime masters, and to expect in their labors a direct and undiluted reflection of Rembrandt and Titian; but here is an artist modes enough to be approached as a peer, and yet of substantial attributes as a teacher. The unpretending firmness of this work gives it a value rarely possessed by clever modern portraits, and sets us wondering once more what mystic and forgotten influence it was that governed the art of portraiture during the happy span of years in which this master and his precursors flourished, and kept success a solemn rule and usage. We are inclined to think that our modern degenerescence — we assume it to be incontestable — is less a loss of skill than a defect of original vision. We know more about human character, and we have less respect for human faces. We take more liberties with those that are offered us; we analyze and theorize and rub off the bloom of their mystery, and when we attempt to reproduce them, are obliged to resolve a swarm of fine conflicting impressions back into the unity and gravity of fact. A painter like this quietly wise De Vries (and *a fortiori* a painter like Van Dyck or like Titian) seems to have received and retained a single massive yet flexible impression, which was part and

parcel, somehow, of a certain natural deference for his subject. There is little in the remaining works of this order, however, that we need despair of equalling. An exceptionally large Terburg (a likeness of the painter) has lost in interest what it has gained in magnitude. The famous white satin dress of Terburg, however, is represented with almost equal brilliancy in a charming Netscher. The head of a "Lady," by Lely, is fairly pleasing and unwontedly decent and *collet-monté*; and a "Duchess of Mazarin, by Nicholas Maas, is worth comparing with the "Miss De Christyn" for an illustration of the difference between factitious and sincere elegance. This portrait, with the Lely in a less degree, has a poverty and impurity of coloring which almost denotes moral turpitude in the painter. The unlovely cadaverous tones of the Nicholas Maas are, for that matter, in perfect harmony with the sinister flimsiness of his Duchess. Portraiture is once more strongly exemplified in the one important Italian work in the collection, a Paris Bordone; a fine-eyed, sweet-mouthed lad in armor, with a scarf of genuine Venetian purple. This is a noble piece of coloring, and stands out in agreeably vivid Venetianism. The picture gains by juxtaposition. We know what it is to have turned with a sort of moral relief, in the galleries of Italy, to some small stray specimen of Dutch patience and conscience, and we have now a chance to repair our discourtesy and do homage to Italian "style." An Italian master, whatever his individual worth, possesses this grace as a matter of course; with the Dutch painters and the smaller Flemings it is a happy accident. With how little genuine strength it may occasionally be allied, may be seen in the three small specimens of that tardy fruit of the Venetian efflorescence, G. B. Tiepolo. Sincerity, and even sense, with this florid master of breezy drapery and fastidious *pose*, is on its last legs; but he retains the instinct of brilliant and elegant arrangement. He offers a desperately faint but not unmusical echo from the azure-hearted ceilings of Paul Veronese. Elegance for elegance, however, we prefer that of the small Sassoferrato, the usual Sanctissima Virgo, breathless with adoration, with her usual hard high polish of creamy white and chilly blue. We confess to a sneaking relish for a good Sassoferrato. It may have but a pinch of sentiment, but it is certain to be a pretty

piece of work. The artist had nothing to offer but "finish," but he offers this in elegant profusion. The French school is adequately represented only by a small Greuze, which, however, is indubitably French in manner,—a finished sketch for the head of one of the daughters in the well-known "Malediction Paternelle." It represents a rustic *minois chiffonné*, as the French say, in tears and dishevelment, and includes the usual gaping kerchief which marks the master and the time. It is at once solid and charming; with a charm owing partly to the skilful clearness of those whitish-gray tones which mark the dawn of the sober coloring of modern French art. The great name of Velasquez is attached to a composition characteristic only in its rugged breadth of touch,—a map of mighty Spanish pomegranates, grapes, and figs, blocked into shape by a masterly brush, upon that gloomy ground-tone which we associate with the Spanish genius in general, and which, in the works of this, with Cervantes, as we suppose, its greatest representative, oppresses and troubles the spectator's soul. This picture may be said to express the roughly imaginative view of fruit; for a most brilliantly literal treatment of the same subject the observer may turn with profit to a noble piece by Franz Snyder, the great Flemish animal-painter. The comparatively modern Spaniard, Goya, contributes a little "Jewess of Tangier,"—a sketch, by a cunning hand, of a doll-like damsel, bundled up in stiff brocade and hung about with jewels. The picture is slight, but salient. The remaining strangers in the gallery demand little notice, and consist chiefly of an indifferent Sir Joshua Reynolds and several questionable specimens of Albani, the painter of allegorical infancy.

The chief strength of the collection resides in a number of those works which we especially associate with the Dutch school,—*genre* subjects, rustic groups, and landscapes. In this line figure several excellent specimens of eminent names,—a superb Teniers, a good example of each of the Van Ostades, a fine Jan Steen, three capital Solomon Ruysdaels, a lovely Berghem, an interesting Hobbema. The little Teniers—the "Lendemain des Noces"—is not only a masterpiece of its kind, but may almost be termed the gem of the Museum. It presents, in remarkable purity, every merit which we commonly attribute to those vivid portrayals of rustic

conviviality which Louis XIV. dismissed with a "Take away those *magots*,—those little monsters": elaborate finish, humor tempered by grace, charm of color, and mingled minuteness and amplitude of design. It swarms with figures, of indescribable vivacity and variety, and glows with an undimmed clearness of tone which promises a long enjoyment of its perfections. May it speak to our children's children with the same silvery accent, and help them to live for an hour, in this alien modern world, the life of old bucolic Flanders! To drink and to dance, to dance and to drink again, was for the imagination of Teniers the great formula of human life; and his little *bonshommes*—picked out in the tenderest tints of gray and blue, russet and yellow—lift their elbows and lock their hands and shake their heels with a rich hilarity which makes each miniature clown of them, whether in jacket or in kerchief, seem a distinct and complete creation. They are assembled here in a great audible swarm before a meadow-side tavern, at a couple of tables spread beneath the trees, and in scattered groups and couples of dancers in the foreground. Genuine boors as they are, however, and full of rustic breadth and roundness, they yet have a touch of grace and *finesse* which separates them widely from the grotesque creations of the two other noted interpreters of similar scenes here present, Jan Steen and Isaac Van Ostade. They pay a certain tribute to elegance. The painter is very far from partaking of the *naïveté* of his figures; he is a humorist, and he observes them from without; and while he pulls the strings which set them dancing, he keeps an eye on the spectator, and cunningly modulates and qualifies his realism. It is an audacious thing to say, doubtless, but we cannot help thinking that Louis XIV. took a narrower view of the matter than befitted his exalted position, when he pronounced the artist capable of producing the little man in the scarlet cap to the right of the present picture a mere painter of *magots*. Teniers has taken the measure of this sturdy reveller, as he falls into step with arms akimbo and eyes askance, with an acuteness which has the advantage of not being blunted by contempt. Isaac Van Ostade, however, with his "Fiddler at the Cottage Door," treats us to *magots* with a vengeance. Never was human hideousness embalmed in a richer medium than the precious atmosphere of this composition. In its lumi-

nous centre is seen the front of a hovel, before which a decrepit fiddler is scraping his instrument for the delectation of a horrible crone who leans over the low half-door, and of several children who come sniffing round him with the motion of so many blind puppies. To the right, in the dark brown foreground, overarched with an equal duskiness, three or four drinkers are gathered round a barrel. The poor little peasants, fixed in this mellow *impasto* as helplessly as flies in amber, with their huge pendulous noses and their groping and bungling gestures, seem stultified with facial deformity. It is impossible to conceive a more unprotestingly sordid view of humanity; and it takes its final stamp from the pitiless ugliness of the innocent children. We can only repeat of this singular genius what we had occasion to say of Franz Hals; that it is a marvel to see the artistic faculty so vigorous, and yet so limited; dealing so freely with the pictorial idea, and yet so servile to base fact. Teniers, beside him, is a Veronese of low life. A work of much greater charm, indeed of the greatest, is the little picture by Aadrian Van Ostade, elder brother and master of Isaac. In this delicious cabinet-piece sits a "Smoker," filling his pipe amid a wealth of mellow shadows. His figure is full of homely truth and finish, but the only bit of detail is a door vaguely opening in the brown gloom behind, to admit a person whom you hardly discern. This work, a veritable gem, is almost misplaced in a general collection. It ought to hang on the library-wall of the most fastidious of amateurs, and be shown solemnly to a chosen friend, who holds his breath for fear of tarnishing its lucid bloom. Of Jan Steen, noted for his vigor and his crudity, there are two strong specimens. One of these, a Dutch "Kermesse," with the usual boors footing it before the usual tavern, is chiefly remarkable for the figure of a buoyant wench, with flying cap-strings, tossing her head to the music, and shaking her skirts with admirable spirit and glee; the other, No. 127, a finer piece of painting, offers as frank a treatment of a coarse subject as often finds its way upon canvas. Mainly noteworthy are the strong handling of the mass of tumbled bedclothes which occupies the foreground, and the broad realization of the face, such as it is, of the Dutch Molly Seagrim, who figures as heroine in the episode. Never was a certain redeeming grace more brutally dispensed with.

This is more than an ugly picture; it is an offensive act. It makes one think more meanly of the human imagination.

The three noble little Solomon Ruysdaels may at once close our enumeration of the important group-pieces and open the list of the landscapes. There are pictures in the collection of a far more exquisite touch than these, but none of a franker and more wholesome veracity; none that help the spectator so effectively to feel the breath of the level and broad-skied landscape of Holland. "A Kermesse," the largest of these three subjects, represents a crowd of country folks collected under a wintry morning sky before a little tavern, beside a broad frozen stream. The festival is apparently not yet under way, for there is little movement in the crowd and certainly no great outlay of invention; yet consisting simply of these stolid little mannikins, — well-wadded burghers, mounted on sturdy nags with buxom wives and sweethearts *en croupe*, and of a roughly brushed effect of clear winter light, the picture has an indefinable fascination. The scene is specialized, as it were, by a dozen coarsely happy touches; it seems timed, to an hour. The huge cold sky, with its diffused light, its streaks of pale blue, and the chill-stiffened drag and stretch of its thin clouds, are admirably rendered, and with a want of what we may call the coquetry of the brush and the palette, which leaves us wondering that any degree of illusion should result from such bald simplicity of means. The painter's means, however, were of course not so simple as they look. The same solid singleness of effect gives his little "Marine" a peculiar charm. A sloop tumbles across a bay; and the toss of the boat, the pulse of the water, the whistle of the breeze, the moist gray light, seem to generate a kind of saline aroma. Never was landscape painted in such prosaic good faith. We should perhaps have given precedence to the great "Italian Landscape," by Cornelis Huysmans, — a work of infinite gravity and amplitude, and fit to hang in the council chamber of a prince. It looks as if it had been lifted straight from the walls of the Doria Gallery at Rome, so full is it of all romantic Italian tradition and allusion. Forests, rivers, crags and vales, castles and temples, shepherds and flocks, — everything finds a place in it and only adds to its academic spaciousness and serenity. Such a work as this is to a clever modern landscape what a fine piece of

descriptive blank-verse of antique rhythm and savor is to a knowing lyric in a magazine. We know nothing of Cornelis Huysmans; but he too was a painter, and he could handle an immense *donnée* in truly heroic style. He has handled a smaller one most charmingly in a picture with the same title (No. 12), to whose absurdly azure cliff, rising in the lovely, bosky distance, we confess to having altogether lost our heart. These works are full to overflowing of style and tone; they would form an inexhaustible fund for our own artistic neophytes to draw upon,—sons of an age which has somehow lost the secret of dignity. The small Hobbema, representing a road through a wood, is pleasing but not brilliant. Hobbema ranks in the Dutch landscape school second only to Jacob Ruysdael, but we doubt if he is ever strictly brilliant. A discreet and chastened grasp of local verisimilitude is his peculiar characteristic. This is achieved in the present case with a notably small expenditure of color. It is a very sober view of nature, though not without a hint of poetry. The little subject is somehow sad,—sad as some sunless hour of the world's youth. A picture in which poetry is to our sense very much more than hinted at is the veritable pearl of a Nicholas Berghem entitled "Rest." We strongly suspect that we overestimate this charming little piece, for we confess that, though it is composed of elements more slender, possibly, than any of its companions, none of these have given us a more unmixed and tranquil pleasure. Surely, if human repose were ever to lose its precarious footing in our Western world, the idea would be tenderly embalmed in this delicious fragment of a pastoral. A bare-legged shepherd, leaning on his staff under a sketchy tree, his wife on the ground nursing her baby, and a couple of meagre sheep, blinking at the noonday light, form the sum of its attractions; but it lives, it smiles, it glows through the chill of time. Its sentiment is hardly more than a graceful trick; but the trick, performed for the hundredth time, still draws tears from the eyes. A picture which has yielded us an almost equal degree of contemplative pleasure, and a far more solid piece of work, is the marvellous representation by Jan Van der Heyden of a "Quay in Leyden." We doubt whether "touch" has ever achieved a more signal victory than in this compact pictorial sonnet, as we may call it, to the homely charms of brick-work. A narrow

canal divides the picture; on each side of it rise a row of plain high-gabled dwellings. On the left, in the shade, stretches a footway, along which a woman in a ruff and hoop leads a little girl; opposite, the tall red houses dip their feet into the sluggish moat. A sort of antique, palpable stillness seems to pervade the scene; the perspective is so delicate and perfect that you fancy the very genius of geometry having retired thither from the academic hum near by, to revolve a proposition. The poetic strain resides in a ruddy golden exhalation from the plumbed and measured surfaces of brick, and in the infinite patience of the handiwork. The picture tells more of Dutch conscience than all its neighbors together. Each individual brick is laid with a sort of mathematical tenderness, squared and nicked and enriched with its proper particle of damp from the canal; and yet in this aggregation of minute touches, space and unity and harmony are cunningly preserved. A tree stands blooming on the edge of the canal, to the elaborate delicacy of whose foliage a microscope alone could do justice. It contains, we confess, more art than nature, and more fine hair-strokes than verdure. Enthusiasm seems almost profane over this exhibition of the very piety of high finish; but scrupulosity has no business to be so charming. The collection contains a very pretty show of examples of this precious refinement of touch. A couple of exquisite Velvet Breughels, with a brace of David Vinckeboons, and a small J. L. DeMarne, a later Flemish master (the latter, "A Gust of Wind," is especially noticeable for the skill with which movement has been combined with fastidious over-finish), represent the supreme of the finical, the sublime of the microscopic. Their air of brittle loveliness suggests that the only proper service for them in the plebeian crush of this world would be to adorn the teacups and chimney-vases of some such exalted personage as that princess of anecdote who conceived cake to be the natural diet of the proletariat during the high bread-rates. It should be distinctly noted, however, that in all these little pictures a large sentiment of landscape survives this excessive condensation. In none of them is there any chance for breadth of color; but the two Breughels have in their degree an amount of "style" not unworthy of the great Cornelis Huysmans. Their miniature skies and hills and woods are quite in the grand

manner. An equally forcible claim to distinction in this line is made by two elegant works by feminine hands ; large and brilliant flower-pieces, signed respectively Rachel Ruysch and Margaret Haverman. They exhibit a magnificent elaboration of detail, an almost masculine grasp of the resources of high finish ; but they offer, too, but the mechanical view of the subject. The poetry, the atmosphere, the metaphysics, as we may say, of flowers, have been better expressed by certain modern talents who, compared with these clever Dutch ladies, are sad bunglers with the brush, but who have at least read Keats and Shelley. We have it at heart to subjoin mention, in another sense—in the way of a “moral”—of two small examples of that forlorn straggler in the march of Venetian art, Francesco Guardi. A Tiepolo of landscape we may call this gentleman. A comparison of his cold, colorless, sceptical reflections of Venetian splendor with the glowing fidelity and sincerity of such a picture as the little “Quay at Leyden” is really a theme for the philosopher. It vividly suggests that painfully frequent phenomenon in mental history, the demoralizing influence of lavish opportunity. The Italian, born amid lovely circumstance, and debauched, as it were, by the very grace of his daily visions, dispenses with effort and insight, and trusts to mere artifice and manner,—and a very light manner at that. He has some shallow faith that the charm of his subjects will save

him. The Dutchman, familiar with a meaner and duskier range of effect, feels that, unless he is faithful, he is nothing. He must confer a charm as well as borrow one ; he must bring his grist to the mill and grind it with his own strength ; and his little picture, therefore, lives and speaks and tells of perfection ; while those of Guardi are as torpid and silent as decay. We can, perhaps, not close our review more aptly than with the wholesome text that half the battle in art is won in the artist’s conscience, that there are no easy triumphs, and that genuine charm is one of the deepest things in the world. We have neglected mention of many still noteworthy pictures ; but we may pay them the compliment of saying that they, for the most part, preach some such sermon as this in good round terms. If we have seemed to exaggerate the merit of their salient companions, our excuse is in our sense of this wholesome moral eloquence. We confess we should be sorry to forget that not an humble masterpiece of them all has anything that one may call imagination. But this makes us none the less willing to hold them up as examples. Imagination is not a quality to recommend ; we bow low to it when we meet it, but we are wary of introducing it into well-regulated intellects. We prefer to assume that our generous young art students possess it, and content ourselves with directing them to the charming little academy in the Fifth Avenue for lessons in observation and execution.

MUSIC.

IN considering the almost innumerable songs and ballads that are continually appearing in sheet form, we find that in one respect, at least, there is a marked improvement upon similar publications that were popular some fifteen or twenty years ago, namely, in the great attention that composers of this class of music now pay to the instrumental accompaniment. Passing over, as not worthy of note, the vast amount of music of the *sentimental* negro-minstrel stamp, music which is about as faithful an exponent of the true negro musical spirit as our sensation dramas, like “Under the Gaslight” and “Across the

Continent” are of the manners and customs of so-called fashionable American society, this feature in the vocal sheet music of to-day seems worthy of notice as indicative of an advance in musical taste and appreciation in our as yet not highly cultivated musical community. Before the songs of Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, and Robert Franz, and the operas of Meyerbeer and Gounod, had become as generally known as they are now, the popular songs and ballads both of English and American composers were generally modelled upon the Dempster ballads,—songs which, if not of any great musical signifi-

cance, were, at least, thoroughly respectable compositions, — or upon the Italian operatic music of Bellini and Donizetti. Old Scotch ballads like "Auld Robin Gray" were not without their imitators; and reflections of the national Scotch and Irish spirit might be found in many songs written both here and in England some years ago. As the star of Dempster's popularity began to wane, the songs of Franz Abt, a composer who has caught much of the Suabian and Tyrolese spirit, came into vogue, and at one time "When the Swallows homeward fly," and a few others of the same stamp, bade fair to banish even such standard favorites as "Auld Robin Gray" and "Comin' thro' the Rye" from the music-racks of our singing amateurs. Although the models after which these various songs were fashioned were naturally widely different in character, they had one great family resemblance. They were all more or less perfect representatives of the national folk-song of their respective countries, and their most striking feature was their purely melodic character. They were as simply harmonized as possible, and the accompaniment acted as little more than the barest support to the voice. The same three or four simple modulations from tonic to dominant or subdominant, with some few minor chords, were to be found in them all; and anything like an accompaniment in itself musically interesting, much less an instrumental *obbligato* standing in contrapuntal relations to the principal theme, was not to be thought of. This simplicity of harmony was not in itself anything derogatory to the musical spirit of the time. Neither the Scotch, Irish, nor German folk-song demanded anything more than the simplest harmonic progressions, and the brilliant and finished vocal writing of the Italian operatic school would have been rather embarrassed than helped by any so-called *learned* harmonizing, or contrapuntal elaboration in the instrumental part. But as the old saw has it, "Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi." The many imitations of national folk-songs and Italian opera came in time to be so much alike that at last their similarity amounted to the dreariest sameness. Sometimes a song-writer would imitate all the different schools at once, and not unfrequently Scotch, Irish, German, English, and Italian characteristics would be huddled together in the same song in most artless confusion, and always with the same old tonic, dominant, subdominant, —

subdominant, dominant, tonic, in the accompaniment. It soon became difficult to tell one song from another. One would begin Scotch, then pass through a phase of Suabian or Tyrolese lightheartedness, and end off with a burst of Italian fire; while another, beginning in the depths of Italian sentimentality, would, by a consoling transition through Scotch or Irish quaintness, come to a happy ending with a reminiscence of the Tyrolese *Jodel*. The result of this curious mixing of styles was that, from being a conglomeration of the melodic characteristics of many countries, the popular ballad came to be a thoroughly characterless form of art which embodied the musical spirit of no country. The vigorous people's-song and the artistically finished Italian opera melody, which were the prime sources of the ballad of to-day, became so diluted and vulgarized that all artistic merit vanished with their distinctive national characteristics, and instead of having a genuine hold upon the popular taste, these feeble imitations of an imitation were forced to content themselves with a mere fashionable notoriety. Real popularity must have some firm foundation in the sincere sympathy and applause of the people, but anything may become *fashionable* if it only have the suffrage, either real or apparent, of some prominent popular favorite. A practice that has always existed to a greater or less degree became unpleasantly prevalent some years ago, namely, the custom for composers and publishers to pay prominent singers to bring certain songs before the public. The *début* which a brilliant performer can give even to the flattest piece of music rarely fails to result in the happy publisher's pecuniary benefit; and people are never wanting who are incapable of distinguishing between a good composition and an effective performance, and when they have heard anything at a concert that particularly pleases them, forthwith rush to the nearest music-seller to buy a copy. Thus hosts of songs have successively become fashionable from no merit of their own, but because some popular singer has chanced to make a *hit* with them. Such a system cannot but have the worst effects upon general musical education, and we are daily feeling its evils to a most lamentable extent in the performances of the various miscellaneous concert-troops that wander about our country.

We have tried to show how the popular ballad of the day is the degenerate, mon-

grel offspring of the old Scotch and Irish ballad, the English ballad through the Dempster songs, the German *Volkslied* through Franz Abt and others, and finally, of the Italian opera melody. But even before Franz Abt's star appeared above our horizon, another influence was at work which was destined sooner or later to have its effect upon popular vocal music in this country. Two or three songs by Franz Schubert became not only widely known, but almost universally popular. The few Schubert songs that were first heard here were, as far as form is concerned, hardly different from the Abt songs that soon followed them; in fact, Abt may be said to have founded his style upon Schubert. But the older composer handled his musical materials with a firm, masterly grasp that was not so easy to imitate as the sentimental mannerisms of his weaker follower. Where Abt daintily appropriated certain naïve turns and peculiarities caught from the national *Volkslied*, and arranged them, not unskillfully, we must admit, to suit the public taste, much as a Parisian milliner copies forms from peasant costumes and catches hints among the mountains for those triumphs of her skill that show themselves on the boulevard, Schubert reproduced with all the added brilliancy with which his fertile genius could surround it the very people's song itself. To the vigorous, sincere melody, drawn from that purest spring of musical inspiration, the heart of the people, he added a richness of harmony and a variety in modulation that place many of his songs in the very first rank among compositions in that form. After we had become acquainted with a few, and by no means the greatest of Schubert's songs, it was some time before the public taste in vocal music made any further advance, and the popular ballad ran its gradual down-hill course unimpeded. But in a few years a new light began to dawn upon us; Robert Schumann, more introspective and moody than Schubert and at times more obscure, in a certain sense more romantic, full of the divine fire, and with such an unconquerable determination to give form to the musico-poetical idea that was strong within him that he was of necessity great, if only from the very violence of his victorious struggle after expression. Next came to us the Robert Franz songs, in which the artistic form of the German *Lied* has attained its highest perfection. These influences, all of them good, worked

quietly, and if slowly all the more surely upon the popular taste. Another influence which we will only hint at in passing has been the public performance of the best orchestral works of the great masters, as well as of the oratorios of Händel, Mendelssohn, and others. But great and good as this influence has been upon the popular taste, it has only indirectly affected our song composers. The good seed sown by the Schubert, Schumann, and Franz songs is already beginning to bear fruit; fruit of rather questionable quality sometimes, for the soil has often been none too congenial, but fruit that shows that efforts are making in the right direction, however faulty they may as yet be. Instead of the old rum-ti-tum guitar chords, we now find songs written with something that deserves the name of an accompaniment. No doubt the passion for abstruse and unexpected modulation will have to run a little wild here as elsewhere, and all manner of violence will be done to musical grammar and form before a reaction sets in which shall bring matters into the proper channel. The great popularity of Gounod's *Faust* has probably given an additional impulse in the direction of reckless modulation, and we doubt whether its influence has been entirely good in this respect. Young composers sometimes seem to think that keys were made to be modulated into much as the school-boy thought that door-knobs were made to be wrenched off, and in the shortest song they will skip from C Major to F $\sharp$ Minor with an easy nonchalance quite wonderful to behold. But even this very extravagance has had one good effect. Fifteen or twenty years ago, it was next to impossible to go to a musical party without having one's ears scorched by hearing some sweet-voiced amateur, generally, we regret to say, of the female sex, sing a popular ditty while her fair fingers went through some mysterious evolutions upon the keyboard, producing a series of distressing sounds which she fondly imagined were the *accompaniment* to her song. Almost all singers have found out a certain simple series of chords in several keys, and in accompanying themselves are too prone to forget that the proper efficacy of a chord, like that of the decimal point, depends in a great measure upon its coming in the right place. But we doubt whether any singer would be adventurous enough to attempt to accompany "by ear" many of the songs that are written nowa-

days. Thank heaven, singers have at last begun to *learn* their accompaniments, or, still better, to let some competent pianist play for them. In spite of all the unnatural harmony, forced modulation, and bad counterpoint with which many of the modern attempts at song-writing abound, we hail these very blunders as indications of improvement, inasmuch as they prove that composers at least take pains. Musically considered, one of Bishop's old ballads with its beautifully finished simple harmony is worth scores of these modern vagaries, and can, as far as form is concerned, be placed beside many Schubert, Schumann, or Franz songs without suffering by the comparison. But we nevertheless hold that the German and even the modern French song-composers, such as Gounod and J. Massenet, unfold to us a wealth of harmony which will in the end better repay study and imitation than Bishop's simple perfection of style.

Among recently published songs* we notice especially Charles Gounod's "Nazareth," with which Mr. Santley made such a marked impression last winter. This is perhaps one of the very best of the composer's songs, written from beginning to end with wonderfully well-sustained *verve*, the ever-increasing figuration of the accompaniment adding renewed brilliancy and power to each successive verse. It is one of the best examples we know of in modern song-writing of a simple theme being gradually and effectively worked up to a really grand climax. Another song by the same composer, published with Charles Kingsley's words, "O that we Two were Maying," is very beautiful, and well ex-

presses the somewhat morbid sadness of the poetry, although in some passages the composer has allowed himself to be led into harmonies rather too sensuous to be quite in keeping with the words. For instance, the music to the words,—

"O, that we two were sleeping
Under the churchyard sod," *et. seq.*,

expresses anything but a desire for so cold a place as the grave. Two songs to Jean Ingelow's "O fair Dove, O fond Dove,"—one by Arthur Sullivan and the other by Alfred Scott Gatty,—are not without merit. Of the two songs Mr. Sullivan's is the more artistically written, though in many places the harmony sounds forced and unnatural. Mr. Gatty's song seems to have been written more spontaneously, though it is at best commonplace in character. "Forevermore" and "Ay!" by Alfred H. Pease, are both pleasing and carefully written. The piano-forte is particularly well treated in both, and the sprightly little refrain of the second is quite taking. "Lay thy weary Head to rest," by Irving Emerson, is a most thoroughly charming lullaby. To a really fascinating melody the composer has united an unusually well-written and quite original accompaniment. In Baumbach's Collection of Sacred Music there is much to praise, although we think it high time that the line of demarcation between secular and church music should be more definitely drawn than it hitherto has been in our churches. All good music is to a certain extent sacred, but we must protest against such barbarisms as the setting of "*Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen*," from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, to the words "Thou art, O God, the life and light." Papageno and Papagena seem hardly in place in the church choir, however charming we may find them on the stage. Nevertheless there is much in the collection that is valuable, especially some very interesting selections from Orlando Gibbons. As we cannot well imagine anything in a book of this character to be intended as a joke, we suppose that the manner in which the words "Shout the glad tidings," etc., have been set to the March from *Tannhäuser* is not meant irreverently; but we confess to having seen nothing more absurdly ludicrous since the appearance of the famous Portuguese English phrase-book.

* *Nazareth*. By CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

O that we Two were Maying! By CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.; also Oliver Ditson & Co.

O fair Dove! O fond Dove! By ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

O fair Dove! O fond Dove. By ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Forevermore. By ALFRED H. PEASE. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Ay! By ALFRED H. PEASE. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Lay thy weary Head to rest. By IRVING EMERSON. Boston: White, Smith, and Perry.

Baumbach's New Collection of Sacred Music. Composed, arranged, and selected by ADOLPH BAUMBACH. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

SCIENCE.

THE theory of natural selection by no means affords the only instance in which the advance of science has been opposed on sentimental grounds. When Galileo, Scheiner, and Fabricius discovered the spots on the sun, the Aristotelians indignantly insisted that the thing was impossible; the appearances must be due to defects in the lens of the telescope or in the eye of the observer. For, said they, it is incompatible with the dignity of the Eye of the Universe that it should be afflicted with vulgar ophthalmia!

Nevertheless, the spots are there, and this "solar ophthalmia" is turning out to be a fact of some consequence in its bearings upon the mutual relations of the members of the solar system, to say nothing of the significance which it may have with reference to the constitution of the sun itself. In 1826 Schwabe began a series of observations which, for patient accuracy and persevering thoroughness, have rarely been matched in the history of astronomy. During more than forty years Schwabe has watched the sun on every day on which it has been visible, counting, describing, and tabulating the spots. The result at which he arrived after a dozen years, and which after another dozen years began to be generally accepted by astronomers, was the discovery of a marked periodicity in the numbers of the spots. During a period of rather more than eleven years, the spots increase steadily, though not quite uniformly in number, until they have attained a maximum at about the middle of the period, after which they steadily decrease to a minimum. But now a remarkable parallelism to this periodicity was observed in the case of certain terrestrial phenomena. The magnetized compass-needle oscillates daily upon its pivot with great uniformity, "the oscillation corresponding to a very slight tendency on the part of that end of the needle which lies nearest to the sun to direct itself towards his place." But every now and then there are sudden disturbances in the regularity of this motion, indicating that a magnetic storm is taking place over a considerable part of the earth's surface. These disturbances of the magnetic needle regularly increase and diminish in frequency through periods corresponding with the

periods of maximum and minimum frequency of the solar spots. When the spots are most numerous, the magnetic disturbance is greatest; when the spots are least numerous, the magnetic disturbance is at its minimum; and in the various degrees between maximum and minimum there is a similar close correspondence. To complete the parallelism, a sudden or extraordinary outbreak of solar spots is accompanied by sudden and unusual magnetic disturbance on the earth. For example, on September 1, 1859, the appearance of two great spots which travelled over the solar surface at the rate of seven thousand miles per minute was immediately followed by the greatest magnetic storm on record. Auroras of extraordinary brilliancy were seen in all parts of the earth, compass-needles were turned quite out of place, and telegraph-wires sent forth severe electric shocks, and in one or two cases set fire to the apparatus attached to them.

From numberless such correspondences it is concluded that some causal connection exists between the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism and the atmospheric disturbances on the sun of which the spots are the indication. Without entering upon the various theories which have been propounded concerning the physical character of the solar spots, we may observe that it is conceded on all hands that they are appearances due to violent tornadoes or cyclones in the gaseous matter surrounding the sun. In view of this admitted fact it becomes interesting to note that there is a second curious parallelism between the behavior of sun-spots and the positions of sundry planets, — notably of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn. Several years ago Professor Wolf observed that, superposed upon the well-marked periods of eleven years, there are minor periods of variation in the spots. These secondary maxima and minima succeed each other at intervals of 7.65 months, or 0.637 of one year, an interval which almost exactly corresponds with the annual period of Venus. But recent careful investigations, conducted by Messrs. Balfour Stewart, De la Rue, and Loewy, have elicited the fact that the average size of a spot is greatest on the side of the sun which is turned away from

Venus or Mercury, and smallest on the side nearest one of these planets. And further, as any spot traverses the central longitude of the disk, its average area is greatest when Venus and the Earth are 180 degrees apart, and least when the two planets are together; and the same order is preserved when Mercury and Jupiter are taken into the account. Mr. Carrington has moreover shown that spots increase in frequency as Jupiter recedes from the sun; and, lastly, M. Wolf has detected a longer period of fifty-six years of spot-variation, in which the maximum answers to the epoch at which the aphelion of Jupiter coincides with that of Saturn.

Putting together these various conclusions, it seems clear that those planets which, either from size or from proximity, exert the greatest gravitative force upon the sun, also affect in a marked degree the phenomena of spots. That no effects have as yet been attributable to the small and distant Mars, or to the large but enormously distant Uranus and Neptune, is a significant item of evidence in favor of the view that it is through simple gravitation, and not through any more mysterious kind of influence, that the other planets produce their notable effects upon the sun's surface. The conclusion seems plainly brought before us, that the variations of the spots are due to tidal movements of the solar atmosphere, caused by planetary gravitation.

An admirable scientific work for popular perusal is Dr. Schellen's "Spectrum Analysis,"* though, when we say "popular perusal," we do not mean to imply that the book can be comfortably or intelligently read by persons ignorant of the rudiments of chemistry, physics, and astronomy. That there is no royal road to the understanding of a subject like spectrum analysis, however simple and beautiful the principle on which it depends, must appear to every one moderately acquainted with physical science. In Dr. Schellen's work the subject gets the fullest and most lucid treatment which it has yet received at the hands of any one, and it is thus the best exposition for general reading, though its intrinsic superiority to the excellent treatise of Pro-

fessor Roscoe is probably no greater than is due to its more recent date and the increased number of observations contained in it.

The names of Professors Huxley, Roscoe, and Balfour Stewart are a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of the series of "Science Primers" which are edited by these gentlemen and published by D. Appleton & Co. We have received two of the series, — the "Chemistry" by Roscoe, and the "Physics" by Balfour Stewart. They are little volumes, containing each from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pages; yet the amount of matter got into this small space is somewhat surprising. In the "Physics," for example, we get not only a general account of gravity, cohesion, and chemism, of the three states of matter, of the properties of solids, liquids, and gases, but also an admirably clear exposition of the principles of energy, of bodies in motion and in undulation, of sound, light, heat, and electricity, and of the transformation of motion. It is to be hoped that the series will be continued. The willingness of such eminent inquirers to write popular books on science, to take the place of the wretched trash with which we were till lately obliged to content ourselves, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.

"The Popular Science Monthly," conducted by E. L. Youmans and published by D. Appleton & Co., meets a real popular want, and, if one may judge from the opening number, it is likely to be highly satisfactory. The articles, indeed, are chiefly by English writers, but that is, in a measure, a necessity which time will do away with. The satisfactory point is that the articles are all good; the weakest one in the number being probably that of M. de Quatrefages, with its antiquated Cuvierian views of species. The leading article, on "The Study of Sociology," is by Herbert Spencer, and it is needless to say that it is both sensible and profound; but it may be well enough to remark that it is very easy and entertaining reading, being designedly written in a popular style. Unlike many epoch-making philosophers, Mr. Spencer's power of lucid exposition fully equals his power of original thinking; and difficult as his more elaborate works are, by reason of the very profundity of the inquiry, no one knows better how to be easy and entertaining when occasion is offered. The publication of this article is an earnest

* *Spectrum Analysis in its Application to Terrestrial Substances and the Physical Constitution of the Heavenly Bodies.* Familiarly explained by DR. H. SCHELLEN; translated from the second enlarged and revised German edition by JANE and CAROLINE LASSELL; edited with Notes by WILLIAM HIGGINS, LL. D., D. C. L., F. R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

of the progress which Mr. Spencer is making in his colossal work. That work is about half finished, the division on psychology wanting but one or two more numbers, while the division on sociology will doubtless soon begin to appear. As a sort of by-play while engaged upon his greater work, Mr. Spencer writes this series of ten or a dozen articles on sociology, which are to appear in Dr. Youmans's journal and will form one of its most attractive features.

Having spoken of popular scientific books which are good, we may for contrast call attention to one which is bad. "The World before the Deluge,"* is one of the many sensational romances which M. Louis Figuier has seen fit to publish under the guise of science. Not that there is no science in the book, or that what science is found there is not sometimes well presented. No doubt there is much which to many readers would be instructive as well as agreeable. But M. Figuier is a thoroughly careless, untrained, and untrustworthy writer. Of scientific method, and of the exigencies of scientific proof, he has no more conception than a young-lady novelist; and he possesses very little of that useful common sense which sometimes renders good service in lieu of rigorous scientific training. Along with an extensive smattering of other men's scientific knowledge, M. Figuier combines more or less of original vagary, and the result is such a book as the one before us, the very title of which is, in the present state of geology, an amusing anachronism.

"How the World was peopled" is the title of a book by the Rev. Edward Fontaine, in which it is maintained that all existing races are the descendants of Adam and Eve. We have not had time to examine this book thoroughly, but we hope the following is not a fair specimen of its accuracy: "The absurdity of the idea that the progenitors of *men* were *monkeys*, or inferior mammalia of some sort, has been exposed sufficiently by Lyell, Agassiz, Mivart, and other naturalists. They have thought the subject worthy of a serious scientific discussion. I *therefore* (!) mention it," etc., etc. Now since Lyell and Mivart both accept the idea that "the progenitors

of men were monkeys," we cannot but think that Mr. Fontaine has too carelessly studied a subject which cannot safely be slighted in treating the question, how the world was peopled. For the benefit of those whose ideas on this point may perhaps partake of the cloudiness of Mr. Fontaine's, we may as well indicate the source of the error. Before 1859 Lyell opposed the development theory of man's origin, as did the majority of naturalists; but after the publication of Mr. Darwin's researches, Lyell changed his opinion, as did the majority of naturalists, and in 1863 he declared himself a Darwinian. Probably Mr. Fontaine has consulted only some old edition of Lyell's "Geology"; but that is a very dangerous thing to do when one is writing about scientific matters. As for Mr. Mivart, he is not a Darwinian; that is, he does not accept the theory of the origin of species by means of natural selection; nevertheless, he is very careful to inform his readers that he does accept the development theory, that is, he does believe that the human organism is physically derived from the organism of an ancient ape. It should be better understood than it seems to be, that the essentially Darwinian part of "Darwinism" is not the theory that man has been evolved from a lower form of mammalian life. Whether true or not, this theory was held by a large proportion of the ablest naturalists during the fifty years preceding the publication of Mr. Darwin's views. What Mr. Darwin did was not to originate the theory, but to give it a scientific character by means of his discovery of natural selection. What Mr. Mivart has done has been to adopt the theory, while seeking to deprive it of its scientific character by rejecting or subordinating the agency of natural selection, and leaving open as large a field as possible for the play of mythologic fancies. It is quite possible, therefore, for a writer to attack Mr. Darwin and still to hold that his grandfather was a monkey; and this, doubtless, did not occur to Mr. Fontaine.

We ought not to conclude without a reference to the republication, by D. Appleton & Co., of Sir John Lubbock's standard treatise on "Pre-historic Times." The excellence of the work is so well known that any praise we could give it would be superfluous.

* *The World before the Deluge*. By Louis FIGUIER. Newly edited and revised by H. W. BRISTOW, F. R. S., F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

POLITICS.

THE fourteen investigation committees of Congress have developed no facts half so damaging to the administration as the results of an investigation which has lately been prosecuted at Washington, before a tribunal composed of very different materials from those of which Congressional committees are made up,—we mean the Supreme Court of the United States. The proceedings of the administration in Utah have at last been thoroughly exposed. And we must say that, looking at them from any point of view, they are to our minds the most extraordinary of the many extraordinary acts in which it has been implicated. The facts, stated without either aggravating or extenuating circumstances, were these. A judge was sent from Washington to Utah to prosecute the Mormons. This judge, having arrived in Utah, began to execute his commission by creating a court of his own, and in it trying, under a code of his own, men over whom he had no jurisdiction. By sitting as a Territorial judge when he needed the support of the Territorial laws, and as a United States judge when the Territorial laws failed him, he managed in a short time to make such confusion in Utah, that, had it not been for the certainty of final redress by the Supreme Court, the Mormons would undoubtedly have taken the law into their own hands and attempted to right themselves by violence. But the illegality of all the proceedings was quite evident from the first. Judge McKean knew quite as well as the Mormons that his proceedings would be upset by the Supreme Court, and that the administration did not know it also is to suppose not only that the President, but that the Attorney-General knows no law.

Judge Hoar has recently written a letter, in which he has shown that the prevailing impression that the appointments of Judges Strong and Bradley to the Supreme Court were political appointments, and that the court was packed to secure a reversal of the legal tender decision, is erroneous. But the lawlessness of Judge McKean's court, the selection of such a man in so delicate a case, and the complete indifference of the administration to his proceedings, show precisely the same spirit which such appointments as these were supposed to indicate.

It has not been difficult at any time to foresee how, if the Alabama claims were to be settled at all, our government would probably extricate itself from the ridiculous position in which our "case" has placed us. It was evident from the first that a foolish sense of national pride and a weak sensitiveness to domestic opinion would prevent the government from withdrawing the indirect claims. There was no reason why these feelings should stand in the way, but it was clear that they did. We had said that we should make a demand, and a demand we would make. To be sure, we knew, and every one knew, that there was nothing in the demand. But what of that? What America had said America would maintain, true or false, reasonable or unreasonable, honorable or dishonorable. Besides, with the Presidential election coming off in the fall, it would never do for the administration to give the opposition such a weapon as the confession of a mistake would be. On the other hand, it would be equally unfortunate for the administration if the English government withdrew from the Geneva arbitration on account of our buncombe demands. It was therefore apparent from the first that the policy of our government would be a policy of make-shifts. To maintain stoutly the integrity of our case, and at the same time to let it be quietly known that part of it was merely put in for the sake of appearances; to insist that everything should go before the Geneva tribunal, but at the same time to allow it to leak out that we should be better pleased to see certain portions of our case fail than succeed;—this was the policy which timidity, and what is amusingly known as a sense of national honor, suggested to the administration; and thus far it has been successfully carried out. England has had the sagacity to read between the lines of our public declarations, and has not withdrawn from the arbitration. Meanwhile a well-meant attempt has been made to fasten upon Mr. Bancroft Davis the responsibility for the American case. It would certainly be very convenient for our government if this attempt could succeed. A better scapegoat could hardly be found. It would be fortunate indeed for the administration if it could say to the world, The

case is indeed preposterous ; but it is entirely the production of Mr. Davis, a sharp lawyer with a reputation much clouded by a former connection with a swindling railroad. What can you expect of such a man ? But the government can say nothing of the kind. Every line of the case prepared by Mr. Davis was sanctioned by those whom he served, and the case which he wrote was laid before the Geneva tribunal as the case of the American government. The responsibility cannot be shifted upon the shoulders of a subaltern.

It is not likely now, unless some sudden convulsion of politics takes place, that England will withdraw from Geneva. The arbitration will probably end in a decorous manner, and both countries will renew their professions of eternal amity. But does any one suppose that, after all the mismanagement and hypocrisy and chicane that there has been on both sides, the two countries will really love each other ? With cries of broken faith still ringing in the air, does any one believe that a few suave diplomatic assurances will pacify the feelings of either England or America ? It will require many long years for that, and it will require many long years, too, for us to forget that it was our own government which poured the latest poison into the still gaping wound.

Two years ago twelve thousand votes were cast in Massachusetts for the workingmen's candidate for the governorship. The size of the vote caused a good deal of wonder, as no one had supposed that Labor Reform, as an independent political movement, could muster so many supporters. An analysis of the vote showed, however, that the greater part of it came from the manufacturing district which General Butler represents in Congress, a shoe-making district, the head-quarters of the Crispin society. This of itself seemed enough to explain the unexpected support which the ticket had received. The "Knights of St. Crispin" had just been before the Legislature of the State, asking for a charter to enable them to hold property, and their application had been refused. The reason why their application had been refused was a provision of the constitution that no member should "take any person to work at any part or parts of the boot and shoe trade who has never worked at any branch of the trade at least twelve calendar months, without the permission of the lodge of which he is a member ; provided

that this shall not be construed to prevent a father learning his own son." The effect of this article, if given a legal operation, would have been to establish an hereditary caste of shoemakers, and this the members of the society themselves avowed in different words to be their object. The Legislature very properly refused to grant their monstrous petition. The Labor-Reform agitation then began, and it was in great measure to the discontent of the Crispins with the treatment they had received from the dominant party that the heavy vote thrown by the Labor-Reformers was at the time attributed. Subsequent events have shown that this explanation was the correct one. The Massachusetts Labor-Reform vote of the succeeding year showed a marked diminution in the strength of the party, and the recent votes of the same party in New Hampshire and Connecticut seem to foreshadow its speedy extinction. There are, no doubt, some people who think that because the International Society is apparently increasing in activity in Europe, some movement of the same kind must be developed here. But there is no similarity between the two cases. The European workingman and the American workingman are two entirely distinct creatures ; and because the one is a socialist or a communist, there is no reason that the other should be. The labor agitation of Europe is the agitation of class against class. But there is no true working class in this country. When we begin to have a population too large for the country, when it is no longer possible for every American to earn an honest livelihood for himself, and the poor find starvation on one hand and crime on the other staring them in the face, then we may have our Internationals and Communes. But that day is as yet far off.

Meanwhile, it is important to observe that in the proposals of those who are engaged in the Labor-Reform movement, whether in Mrs. Woodhull's late section of the International in New York, or in the European councils, the most marked quality which is displayed is a complete ignorance of the fundamental truths of economical and political science. The abolition of the wages system is a thing that may be brought about, and no doubt the world will have made a vast step in advance when it shall have been accomplished. But what shall we say to "the abolition of all industrial corporations which refuse to adopt the co-operative principle" ? The Interna-

tional proposes that interest on money shall cease, and a large party among the Labor-Reformers desire that the institution of private property shall be abolished. The Knights of St. Crispin, with the most childlike simplicity, propose to return at once to the Dark Ages, and establish an hereditary caste,—the very thing which in another walk in life most of them emigrated to America to escape. Every one who has any acquaintance with the laws governing the distribution of wealth and the history of government knows that the interest on money is a natural product which cannot be prevented from accumulating, any more than government can prevent the sun's rays from warming, or the cold of winter from chilling, the earth. The attempt has been made by many governments to interfere with the laws which govern the accumulation of interest, and they have always failed. So, too, of the institution of private property; governments have over and over again tried to prevent certain classes of their subjects from acquiring property, but in the long run these attempts have always failed. The declaration of principles promulgated by the Labor-Reformers are usually a farrago of absurdities such as those we have quoted,

mixed at hap-hazard with sound and wise maxims which probably mean for the majority of those who hold them no more than the absurdities which are paraded in their company. The leaders, too, whom they place at their head, whatever they may be in Europe,—and we have yet to see any reason to believe that Tolain, Fribourg, or even Karl Marx are men of profundity,—are in this country men and women in whom it is impossible for any but the very ignorant to place much confidence. A party headed by Wendell Phillips and Mrs. Woodhull cannot persuade people that it has any very good right to exist. Indeed, the most sensible thing yet done by the International has been to suspend Mrs. Woodhull's lodge for attempting to introduce free-love among the principles of the society. Though for all we see, free-love might really prove the key of the labor mystery, just as well as the abolition of all corporations which refuse to introduce the co-operative principle. Who can tell? In certain parts of the world, there are tribes of men who have for many ages practised free-love, and they have no labor question. To be sure, they did not introduce free-love for the purpose of getting rid of the labor difficulty. But we might.